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THE PRINCESS AND THE DUCKLINGS

LETTERS OF MARIE BALASCHEFF, PRINCESS CANTACUZENE

September 9, 1923

Now I must tell you of a plan which we have made, the Eldest and I, and which my husband approves of. All we have left, from the sale of the boat and so on, cannot last us long with the size of our family and the growing cost of life, but at present it may still just cover the purchase of one hectare of land and a cottage such as the peasants here live in — two or three rooms and a kitchen which is also dining and sitting room, an outhouse or two, a well, a strip of land, and a clump of old trees if possible. By working one hectare very intensively, a peasant here lives quite decently and rears his family. The one condition is to have no hired labor except for the ploughing once a year.

I think I have told you that for twelve years we lived both summer and winter in our country home. The older boys were country-bred, and this kind of thing is familiar to us all. The call of the soil is instinctive and very strong. The Eldest is best fitted for work when living in sea air, and is free from headaches and all the other consequences of his wound received in the war. He says he prefers being a laborer at home to being a well-paid chauffeur in livery — or without it, either — in another man's service. He and I can manage one

hectare, and in the holidays we should have the assistance of the other boys of assorted sizes. As for myself, I quite realize how hard such work will be, but I am not sure that teaching in Lille as I was, tramping day by day in all weathers from house to house for the lessons, living in cheap town lodgings, was not more tiring. I can go to town, now and then, to church and to see the youngsters at school, and make myself small holidays. Having a healthy country home of our own, however small, near the sea, for them to spend their summers in, is a most serious advantage. Altogether, the plan seems wise as well as attractive, and we are waiting for my husband to see what can be done and take the final decision. Whether he works in Paris and runs down to see us, or settles down with us and turns into a peasant too, will depend on circumstances.

I quite understand that for me, personally, this is something of a break, almost a betrayal. It is a change from the state of a refugee, which is being only a rolling stone, to that of a settler or emigrant. But for the young ones I believe it is the best and most stabilizing thing to do. When the day of deliverance comes these roots will not hold them, but in the meantime it is best to *have* roots somewhere.

November 26

Winter

We have actually bought our hectare of land near the bay, where we mean to breed ducks: a strip of grazing land beyond the dike, a mile or more distant from the village. It is fenced in, but devoid of buildings of any description, and as we cannot afford to build a house, we have bought two small *baraquements de guerre* — the army barracks that are being sold so cheaply all over France. These must have been built at the outset of the war, and are not in good repair, but they were the last which remained for sale at Étaples. They are to be brought over here in sections on a motor truck and set up on foundations which we are to prepare. It is too late in the season for stone and cement foundations to go in, so they will stand on wooden supports for the present. By next winter they will probably be quite comfortable, when we have coated them with cement and filled in the interstices between the supports with stone; in the meanwhile, we are quite ready for temporary discomfort cramped up here, for the time will be full of interest and excitement!

Hired labor is the one thing to be avoided here as much as possible, it is so expensive; but fortunately we have plenty of this commodity in the family. The Eldest and my nephew, with the help of the younger boys next summer, must get through the work unaided and make most of the furniture. With time and patience we shall be comfortable, I trust. We are busy and happy, and mean to move into our shanty as soon as it is possible, for now the boys lose so much time going back and forth.

No — never lend us any books! The boys are too intimately in contact with Mother Earth just now to keep them clean. And don't *buy* books for us; but any old English book destined to be thrown away would be a pleasure to four greedy boys.

I must confess that I am doing my housework with extraordinary inefficiency, though with unabated good will. I never have learned to cook decently, and the boys succeed far better than I do at it, but they care less about keeping things tidy than I do. Coal dust, kerosene oil, grease, and muddy boots are my perpetual unconquered enemies. I am afraid I do a lot of grumbling and scolding, but a sense of humor always comes to our rescue. Still, I wonder sometimes, as I scrub, about the speckless beeswaxed floors of our dream farm; clogs will certainly have to be worn about the place and left at the door, like the row of slippers in front of a mosque — do you remember that familiar sight?

The boys drove one hundred and twenty tarred stakes into the ground — old railway sleepers sawed in two — by way of a temporary foundation. Then the weather broke, and sheets of rain came down unceasingly and flooded the road leading to our meadow. The motor truck could get no nearer than two miles or more from the foundation, and all the material was left in a field at the spot where the highway ended. A cart and two strong horses were hired to move the stuff to its destination. It took a week to get through that job, as the horses could do no more than two or three trips a day, and during that week the rain never stopped. The boys would load the cart with great heavy sections of wall, flooring, or ceilings, which loomed gigantic through the rain and fog, and then the cart would start ploughing its way through the mud, sinking axle-deep into loose sticky clay, horses straining, men and boys shoving and supporting the top-heavy contrivance, and making very slow progress. Dim, who is not old and strong enough to be of much use, accompanied the rest, and sank nearly to his waist in the

holes! Then the cart had to be unloaded and the horses rested. When I went out to watch proceedings, the driver told me it was a job for eight strong men. It strained our men's strength and endurance to the breaking point. They came home after dark dog-tired, drenched to the bone, and hardly able to eat their suppers. I felt rather anxious during that week, but in due time it was over, and I was taken out to see Our House standing upright on its black stakes, like a giant centipede.

It was not raining that afternoon, but the meadow looked bare and desolate; a gale was blowing from the sea, bending the scraggy trees and bushes, disporting itself through the barrack, and tearing off strips of tarred paper and playing with them. It had been a black barrack at best; now the paper or cardboard which had covered its outer walls came off in patches, giving the impression of some sort of skin disease. There were gaps and chinks and crevices in every wall, the roof leaked, and the rain had run through cracked ceilings and floors. The wind got under the floor and tried to raise it bodily. One corner seemed inclined to gape open. The north wall threatened to cave in, and it was a hard job to prop it up and make it solid. It looked, on the whole, like the dilapidated booth of a wandering circus. The two carpenters from Étaples had not even tried to join the sections of wall properly, and remarked that these buildings never stood being moved. I dare say they had done their best, but we were glad to be rid of them.

February 1924

It seems evident that a poultry farm is the best thing we can think of. The Eldest has visited the best-known *élevage industrialisé*, got in touch with specialists, and is reading furiously and learning all he can on the subject, and drawing up careful estimates of what

can be done. Books and pencil and paper seem to prove conclusively that a well-regulated poultry farm is very profitable, and that this part of France is propitious for breeding ducks. The two conditions to success are artificial hatching and the complete absence of hired labor. My nephew will throw in his lot with ours, which will make two men and two boys to do the work, with me to keep house. It seems feasible.

When the first three hundred ducklings are hatched out we shall have no warm enough shelter for them, I fear, and yet we cannot put off their appearance and their sale! We were all thankful when the sun came out at last, and some clear, frosty weather is promised.

March

The boys have papered one large room with old newspapers to keep out the wind, and have set up an iron stove in it, four large incubators, and their own beds! Also some packing cases by way of tables. There is a watering trough at the farther end of the meadow, holding some muddy water and a number of frogs—still, it is water. The Eldest and my nephew, with one hundred hens and sixty ducks, are hoping to settle down there next week. I cannot risk it with the youngsters yet; our future dwelling still has so many cracks in floors, ceilings, and walls that it is like a sieve and needs a lot of time and work still to be really habitable. It settled on its stakes and all its joints gape open a bit. I shall wait till April before I move in, as for a time it will mean camping out amid many ducklings and few comforts. The Eldest asked me if I would mind having half the ducklings put into *my* room for a week or two if things grew critical. I gasped and firmly refused, so the question remains open. I never bargained for this: one hundred and fifty ducklings and myself in one room! The

boys' room will hold the incubators and some of the babies, but not all, and I am afraid the parlor will have to be given up to them, since their welfare is all-important, and the kitchen not secluded enough for their safety.

April 8

Here I am, in Paris. The boys asked me to give them a little more time to get the place ready, so, after tidying up the house we have used as winter quarters, I decided to come here.

The house is neither finished nor furnished, but there seems little chance of accomplishing this until some of the ducklings have been reared, fattened, and sold to Paris restaurants, so we are in a state of suspended animation for a couple of months.

John is here now, and it is a great joy having him with me so much. He drops in whenever he can after University hours and talks psychology at me. He is very successful in his work and experiments at the *Institut*, and his professors think highly of him. He is living in a garret and often gives up a meal to buy a book. It is the life of a very poor student, only made possible at all by his having gotten a scholarship and being able to give up the not very successful Morocco experiment. As for me, I am very content to have him nearer; one of the hardest things that refugees have to bear is enforced separation, and the impossibility of getting to each other in case of disaster.

The more I hear of Paris, the more thankful I am to think that we did purchase that hectare of land and our baraquements, for the money they cost would not take very long to spend here; while now every cabbage we plant, every egg our hens lay, is so much toward our upkeep. And to be allowed to live by working the soil seems to me a great blessing. There is something fair and square about it. We may not live

well, but if a hectare will provide for a large French family, there is no reason why it should not do so for us, and give our children muscle and strength and clean surroundings into the bargain — well, the clean kind of dirt, I mean! I still find it pretty hard to get used to, when my sons come in to dinner straight from their work, and I sometimes wonder who they are or where I am.

April 23

Le Crotoy — no street, no address, no postman! One of the boys walks in to town for our letters, which they keep for us at the post office. We are called *La Pâturée Russe*; everyone knows us.

I am actually at home — *chez nous*! It was on the fourteenth of April that I returned from Paris, quite ready to share the boys' life in a barn. But when the boys took me into the house, I could not believe my eyes. My room had been partitioned off and papered, the ceiling mended and painted white, a new double floor made of fresh white planks, also two new windows, an improvised cupboard, a writing table, and a real washstand with a drawer, purchased at a sale. The contrast to the rest of the house made this one room look wonderfully bright and fresh and cozy. I realized all the pains that had been taken with it, and the amount of work it had meant. Many other things had been accomplished, such as making a well, laying drains, and so on, which I heard about later; but in the midst of chaos is a clean, tidy room which *looks* like a room, and the whole family often look in to feast their eyes upon it. Chairs, a real jug and basin on the stand, hooks and a deep shelf behind the curtained-off cupboard — all their pocket money went and they cut down on their food to manage it! I had to dig out all my possessions: bits of material, pictures, photographs, my mother's inkstand and old silver candle-

sticks, and to please the boys I take particular care of this room of mine, and they come there to rest, taking off their heavy boots and clogs at the door.

They served an excellent supper on a real table covered with a new white oil-cloth. Then we sat far into the night, exchanging impressions, making plans.

My room was flooded by moonlight when I went to bed that night. A slight breeze from the sea came in at the open window; it was wonderfully peaceful. I can remember no happier experience in exile than this home-coming. It was perfect, and I love to recall it.

Next day I started planting potatoes with the help of Dim. In some ways Dim is an ill-used chap. Andrick works too hard for his age and lifts weights too heavy for him, but Dim is the odd boy at present. It is just because he has not the strength to share in all his brothers' work that he is made to run all the messages, fetch all the supplies, do all the little things that others have no time or liking for. Weeding is his particular bugbear, and building his ambition!

The nights are still so cold that the room destined to be our kitchen has to be given up to the ducklings just hatched by our incubators, which occupy a large space later to be partitioned off into bedrooms for the boys. At present they sleep with the incubators, which need watching day and night, for we could not afford the self-regulating American machines which save so much work and turn the eggs automatically. In the future kitchen, on a floor of cardboard and fine sand, penned in by boards, dozens and dozens of fluffy balls which pretend to be ducklings and chickens disport themselves round a special stove called *une éleveuse*. A shaggy dog is at the door. Twenty-seven very fine Rouennais ducks waddle about the large enclosure outside and wake me at sunrise,

insisting on food and freedom. A dozen hens lay very few eggs, and hide them in the grass instead of in the seemly places prepared for them, so we have to search the whole place and tread carefully. Behind what will some day be the house, ploughed land — one half hectare of it — stretches out into a distance that makes my heart sink as I do my best with it while the boys build.

Fields and pastures on three sides of us, the sea on the fourth, with a dike between us and the beach — no great beauty, but wide, wind-swept spaces which I like. We often work by the hour silently at different ends of our bit of land, and the width and peace sink in; every daisy near the ditch and every lark in the sky is a joy and a godsend; subconsciously we all feel it. Frankly, I am often tired, and my back aches so much from digging and planting that I wonder how to hold on; but inside, all is well, and manual work of this kind does not interfere with thought and feeling, though it does very distinctly with writing and reading. It is terribly tiring to the body, before one is in training, but wonderfully restful to the soul.

Sandro arrived on a visit, looking very starched, spruce, and clean-shaven, the city air still clinging round him, and disappointed us by not admiring our farm! He developed chicken pox, and as the bed where he was obliged to remain while his temperature was high was in close proximity to the incubator, which was hatching just then, he took a dislike to ducklings in general. Then my nephew and both younger boys sickened with the same disease; they had it violently and felt ill and neglected. The Eldest and I, left short-handed at a critical time, are said to have been most heartless and unsympathetic; beyond dumping down food and drink on a packing case in the sick room, we did nothing to relieve the sufferers.

Early in May

Our ducklings are certainly thriving. They are taken out for an airing daily, and wander into the tall grass, and have to be watched, searched for, and counted; now they have learned to get out of their enclosure and raid the dining room, where we are cooking our meals at present, and follow us about like dogs. I killed one by rising too quickly from my knees after feeding them. I had not noticed a little fellow perched on my sleeve; he tumbled off, and died the same night. It is wonderful that we do not squash dozens of them as we move.

Every duckling who looks poorly is the object of special care and attention. We read up the diagnosis of every ailment a duckling can be subject to, and it usually recovers before we arrive at any conclusion. But ducklings are not clean — they do not exactly smell of lavender. We long for the weather to be warm enough to move them into their own outhouse, but this ought not to be done before the second half of May. One fine warm day we took them over to the watering trough to give them their first swimming lesson, as prescribed in the book. They did n't enjoy it, scrambled out of the water as fast as they could, had convulsions, turned over on their backs, and lay stiff and stark, to all appearances dead. Think of it — the whole lot of our first batch of ducklings! We laid them out in the sun, we wrapped them in flannel and warmed them in the kitchen near the fire, we fussed endlessly over them, till one of them stirred, sneezed, hiccuped, and sat up. All but one recovered in due time. I don't know what went wrong. Was the water too cold or had the temperature of their room been too high? We shall not repeat the experience until they are full-grown.

The boys have started on the foundations. Great quantities of sand and

gravel and broken shells have to be brought from the bay and mixed with cement; barbed wire is stretched along to strengthen the building, and steel clamps screwed into the corner posts. One wheelbarrow collapsed under the weight of sand, but a handcart contrived by the boys is too heavy to move when filled. So tons of sand full of picturesque tiny shells have to be hauled across the dike, a boy-load at a time, and this is what they are building the outer walls with, or rather putting a very thick coating on the wooden framework and plank walls, as fast as the foundations underneath have hardened. They work without scaffoldings, since wood is so scarce and precious; two ladders with a board between and a rope are all they have. The duck dwellings must be treated the same way, so that we can face the winter in a camp of stone and cement.

June

Just now the farm is full of laughter, high spirits, and young voices. My five sons are all with us: Nikola, John, Sandro, Andrick, and Dim; also my nephew; and for six weeks his two young sisters have joined us. The men and boys wear coarse dark blue overalls and the girls print dresses; all are sunburned, active, happy, and doing their best. Their appetites are excellent, and pints of milk and great hunches of bread disappear in a twinkling. Their capacity for enjoyment is boundless as well, and work is now accompanied by songs and laughter.

Some of my housework is being taken over in a very well-meaning and rather amateur fashion by the young people. My nieces take care of the kitchen, but as they are very young and apt to forget things, I have a little more than usual to do sometimes, especially after all the youngsters have been to the casino in town for a dance, — when their day

has not been too hard and tiring, — and come home by moonlight at two or three in the morning.

The farm is a playground now, and I am a spectator. I need not amuse them, I need only stand aside for them to amuse themselves, and I see that boys and girls can amuse themselves very thoroughly without flirting, and set off on foot for a dance, carrying their slippers in a parcel, with the same enjoyment and zest as girls used to feel over real balls when I was young.

My family maintains that the thing I enjoy in our present conditions is that no one bothers me about matters of dress. When I see the trouble my boys take over ironing a collar or the trousers of a Sunday suit, I wonder if this is a good thing or not. It certainly seems a pity to feel uncomfortable over a shabby suit, but it is natural when one is young, as is their wish of bettering their conditions and working back to a more congenial way of living. At my age it is different, and these things lose their significance.

Lots of beans and peas in our garden, lots of hungry young people to devour them with gusto, and I am too weak to refuse and take the things to market instead, as I ought to if I had ever learned to count centimes. I must add that I enjoy eating vegetables too, instead of getting two or three francs a day for them. But it is all wrong: beans and peas and cauliflower should go to market, leaving us the onions and potatoes. We eat our new-laid eggs, we eat our nice fresh vegetables, we devour what the farm produces, and I am delighted that the boys are no longer underfed, as they have been in a degree for years. It makes our life much cheaper, but it is not the way to make money for the future.

My only serious trouble is the thought of the younger boys' education. We are too tired at night to

teach and they to learn, so the idea of teaching them ourselves has come to nothing, and the youngsters have lost a year's schooling. I still believe that they have gained some very useful knowledge in that year, but to let them forget all they know and turn into farmhands for good, at their age, is an idea I cannot resign myself to. So we are hoping, when the summer holiday is over, to get them into schools for Russian boys such as the one near Vichy, an American school with French tuition, a Russian priest and teachers of Russian literature and history, very low prices — and very few vacancies! Dim is growing robust and contented, quite ready to become a little peasant, but Andrick longs passionately to complete his secondary education at least, and takes the present situation rather tragically to heart, though he works exceptionally well.

There was a time when I felt that culture and leisure to read and think were slipping away and I was turning into a mere drudge and beast of burden. Now that I am actually helping to work the land, I find it physically tiring but very wonderful, in that it leaves the soul and mind so free. Your back is bent, your hands occupied, but your whole being is absorbing the sunshine and dew and all the peace around you, blends with the big, simple, real things, and draws stability from them.

Our great problem now is to cheapen the ducks' food, since their appetites cannot be reduced. Excellent food for them is a kind of clam or mussel to be had for nothing at low tide about a mile or two from here. So far, we buy them; but when the building of the farm is completed and time less precious, the boys can fetch them. We shall have our own grain for the old ducks and straw for their beds, but we must build a storehouse for grain and potatoes and build a small ducks' hospital

at some distance from the other birds.

Up to six weeks, ducklings have a fenced-in exercise ground, smooth and sandy. Afterward they are moved over into grassy plots on the other side of the house, with low shelters for bad weather and a small level sandy place in front for feeding. So they have a clover pasture to disport themselves and catch worms and insects in. The fetching of mountains of sand in barrows to keep all this clean and tidy takes time; in our future plan is a swimming bath to be dug out, and the water kept fresh by pumping it into the ditch. Now this is all very well; but when the ducks' toilet arrangements and comfort are assured, I must have a refuge of my own from ducks, dirt, mud, buckets of feed to be mixed, pails of water to be drawn, perpetual backache and all unpleasantness. I want a hot bath daily; pictures, books, flowers, clean hands, a comfortable armchair, a fireplace out of reach of the kitchen smells, white table linen — all the things I professed to care nothing for, the fleshpots of Egypt! Well, I do not always hanker after them, and I never show the boys I do. But it does me good to tell you and let you see me as I am.

July 26

The recent heat wave is over; thunderstorms gather daily, only to pass over our heads and burst elsewhere. The garden is getting very dry; two new wells dug by the boys — deep holes which we call wells — provide some of our vegetable beds with water; the rest, with the potato field, will have to be abandoned to their fate. But my enemies the weeds are as sturdy and prickly as ever; no drought affects *them*. I have never been able to weed or do any sort of work in gloves; consequently my hands are in a disgraceful condition — Tolstoy himself would approve of them.

What incalculable harm that great man did to our young generation, and how terrible was his expiation. He had fervently sought after truth, and was blindly followed even when he strayed farthest from the Church. His disciples believed far more firmly than he ever did in the new creed he professed. As he felt the approach of death, he understood — too late. His last days have always struck me as a great tragedy — this torment of repentance coming too late.

I don't think his last works could have done as much harm abroad as they did at home. My husband was saying not long ago that the young generation makes him think of men who fancy they see a glimmer of light ahead in an underground passage. In order to see this light more distinctly, they hasten to extinguish the torches which lighted their way, and so remain — temporarily, at least — in utter darkness.

But it is only when there is no yearning for light, when men grow indifferent and callous, that the spiritual life seems suspended and things look hopeless. Have you ever noticed that it all begins with denying Evil as an active principle? 'Evil is but the lack of goodness, as cold is a lack of heat or darkness a lack of light; there is no evil principle to fear, only a void not as yet filled in.' Words like these I have heard from men who have done away with Hell and Satan, and hold what they call a broad, enlightened faith. 'When I have taught men to believe that I do not exist, I shall be their master' is the sense of a sentence Satan is supposed to say to Ivan Karamazov in Dostoevsky's wonderful book. The older I grow the better I understand and appreciate Dostoevsky's genius. Many of his words turned out to be prophecies, and none understood the Russian psychology as he did or believed so firmly in the destiny of the Russian

people. After all her sins and iniquity, Russia will sit at Christ's feet, he writes. If I had his books I should translate many passages for you which I cannot remember by heart. To me he is infinitely deeper and greater than Tolstoy.

It is easy for indifferent people to be broad. I feel that I have become narrower since the Church has come to mean so much to me. This should not be so, but it is. A saint is certain to be broad, but the seeker seems to narrow as he goes deeper.

An unbeliever told me once that he was skeptical about the Christian faith mostly on account of the behavior of Christian men and women. 'If it were all true,' he said, 'if you actually believed it to be true, it would be the only thing on earth that mattered at all, and you Christians could not possibly be what you are. You would all radiate it, and would not care for worldly things, or money, or bear ill will to one another.' He could not admit that sincere faith can go with infinite weakness. I wondered whether Mohammedans or Jews live their faith more than we do.

The few things that really matter in our lives are so hard to word that when we find a book in which they are even partially expressed we naturally treasure those pages. But we not only find it hard to voice these things — we often have no time or leisure to *sense* them. In the hurry and bustle we lose even our receptivity.

Do you know, at the age of forty-five I looked into myself to discover an absolute void there. I could see the impressions left by those I have loved and trusted, impressions which I used to take for my own thoughts; they were like the traces of writing on a blotting pad. But of my own there was nothing. I realized then that photographs and plans of the most glorious edifice could not replace the roughest and simplest

structure built with one's own hands — that a crisis had come which must be faced squarely. The only thing left was to start all over, to make and shape and bake bricks, one by one, with which to build a shelter. This happened to me in the very first of our exile. Well — I have tried; all the sorrows and experiences which have come to me can be used as tools. I am a very poor hand at it, but what I build now is at least genuine. Very few things are needful, but they must be real, for the real things are solid; they will not bend to convenience or compromise or convention; they will not be gainsaid or circumvented.

As for the house, the boys hope to have it ready soon to turn over to me for the final coats of paint on doors and window frames. We shall whitewash the messy things as our Podolian peasants do. When our young birds are sold and only one hundred and fifty ducks left, we shall all be able to rest for a bit. And I can say quite frankly to you how tired I sometimes get of ducks and ducklings, their smell, their appetites, their illnesses and sudden deaths, their absurd accidents — like drowning in two inches of water in the drinking trough! We are paying a heavy price for our inexperience, and for the exceptionally stormy summer weather we are now having.

August

Things are going so badly here that they can only change for the better. Cold nights, hurricanes, hourly downpours, hailstorms, the whole place flooded — yard and meadow and the birds' summer dwellings and shelters. We cannot take seven hundred ducklings into the house, and they die by dozens during every storm — all but those in full feather. I consulted a vet, and '*Plus il y en a, plus ils crevent*' was his only comfort. So we repair all the

damages caused by every storm, bury our ducklings, and try to make the best of it, and plan for high and dry floors and well-drained buildings with hot-water pipes for heat, which we hope to have ready for next year, and new ditches to drain our flooded domain; but for the present we are helpless and can only splash about in the puddles and hope for a change of weather. Ducks in full feather seem to enjoy the rain, and the sale of five hundred will cover our winter needs; so my boys work on, in drenched overalls, and suffer from rheumatism, as do all the local inhabitants more or less.

The barrack has turned into a decent gray stone house, which only needs a better roof and some ivy to look quite respectable, but now all the outbuildings and duck quarters must be treated in the same way. And worst of all, a hundred ducks I took so much trouble to rear must now be killed and plucked and sent to Paris. Of course this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, though I had hoped to send them off alive in baskets, with some barley for the journey; but restaurants want plucked fowls. I shall go for a long walk during the slaughter, and the boys hate the prospect as much as I do.

September 3

I shall not speak of ducks this evening — the first batch for sale has been sent to Paris this week, and the fittest who have survived will help us face the coming winter. In a couple of months, when most of the boys leave us, we shall settle down quietly, shut up some rooms, and try to keep the rest warm. We can arrange a workshop where all the things we are short of can be made: a new incubator, shelves and shutters, and what not; mats, too, from the rushes that grow in our ditch. My head is full of plans, and if materials of every kind were less expensive I really

believe we could fix up this house with our own hands to be a credit to anyone. As it is, old packing cases have had to be turned into furniture, except for our little iron beds, of course, which were bought at a sale; and though we are very proud of the result, I am not sure anyone but ourselves would admire it.

Since last I wrote we have had a deluge, our barrack on its high foundations serving as an Ark. All the rest was flooded — the roads leading to us disappeared under water and mud, potatoes rotted underground, most of the barley was spoiled and could not be even cut. From our doorstep we sank into a veritable bog, ankle-deep and more. Most of this year's work is lost, and worst of all, the storeroom and 'barn' and the homes of the ducks were flooded, the result being that all our young birds died except a hundred or so. We lacked the courage to save them by cramming all our bedrooms full of them, and our efforts in bringing quantities of sand, making temporary floors, and putting up extra stoves to warm and dry them, failed. The torrents of rain continued and the water rose steadily, and our kitchen was filled with shipwrecked ducks.

The whole house could not have held half of them, but of course some could have been saved in our bedrooms at the sacrifice of our bourgeois instincts and prejudices. You really cannot make a room clean after ducks have lived in it; scrub as you will, the smell clings to every board. The birds did not actually drown or freeze, but caught chills in the general state of dampness and misery, and died off rapidly. Now that the rains have stopped, all the survivors look so wretched that I am not sure how many of them will recover.

Our first year has ended disastrously, and the boys have to face that disheartening fact after long, tiring days,

drenched hour by hour, working in a bog, fighting the elements. Of course the choice of this shore and this particular low-lying patch of land was the primary mistake. But last summer, when we first saw it, the weather was so fine and dry here that we never suspected what the climate could be like, nor that our farm behind that substantial dike could be flooded. It probably was a mistake, too, to start with so small a capital, but under the circumstances this could not be helped. We had to buy cheap incubators which proved almost worthless, when we should have had a first-class one in a room properly built and kept at an even temperature. Our own eggs should be used for hatching, not eggs which have been subjected to transport. These things one learns from experience; in fact, this has been a year of experiences. We had several hundred birds where we hoped to have several thousand.

This year's disaster must be faced and accepted. There is no doubt that it cripples us far more than our neighbors, who have also suffered from the weather, but who have reserves for such emergencies. Most of them raise cattle, and a flooded pasture is not such a calamity as a flooded poultry farm. A good thing for the boys is that they *must* keep on working. Even if we have to sell the farm, it must first be brought into proper condition, the buildings completed, and the harm done by the water repaired. Of course we are very blue, but we cannot stop to think how we feel; we must keep on! John and Sandro will be glad enough, I dare say, to settle down to their studies in a small room in the *Quartier latin* this winter, but until the schools open they have much to do here.

Should we fail completely and have to scatter in search of work, I should still feel that the time spent here will not have been wholly wasted; it has

done more for the boys than they know, were it only the clean, salt-wind-blown life and the fact of having a home. To see my boys almost their old selves again is enough to make me grateful for this life, failure and all. They have certainly not made a fortune yet, but they have taken care of me and worked to the best of their ability, which means more.

My own difficulties are of a very different order: not to lose one's temper or let little things ruffle one; never to say 'I told you so!' when one has happened to turn out a true prophet; never to croak, but always to meet them with a smile even when the kitchen stove will not burn and the coal is wet and the roof leaks down one's neck — when it comes to keeping it up in practice, well, my dear, I am nowhere! I growl and fuss and snap, and then repent at leisure. It all comes back to the same old question of keeping one's own inner chambers clean. The trouble is that you can never get straight for good by *one* effort or sacrifice; before you know where you are, the same battle has to be fought all over again. And here we have not even the spiritual support of living near a church.

September 17

I am afraid my last letter was a bit dejected. A week's bright sunshine has made me feel more cheerful upon all subjects, and after all, we each have our little immediate tasks and must not worry about what we cannot mend. I was laid up for a bit with a bad cough, which gave me an enforced rest and time to think, and there are many things sadder, I realize, than the premature death of ducks, perhaps even harder than the physical needs and troubles of refugees.

Speaking of material things, I wonder why so many of us Russians fail. Is it inefficiency only, or are we not destined

to succeed in exile? One of your American correspondents says in a recent magazine article that Russian refugees all over the world are broken people and can be of no further account in the question of Russia's future. Well, I believe — and it is a great comfort to me — that Russia's future does not depend on the welfare or survival of a few hundred thousands of us. It is for us exiles that I fear the consequences of losing touch with our country. We certainly have not the solidarity and endurance of the Jews, and we are scattering more and more, instead of forming into colonies with a church and a national school in each. Church is now our one link with home, for there too, in the people's hearts and consciences, nothing else is left standing. All through their sins and downfall, their suffering and expiation, the people at home have still clung to their Church, and this many of us still have in common with them. Religious persecution and compromises like the 'Living Church' have failed, and the civil authorities must recognize the strength of this factor in the people — passive, but deep-rooted and lasting.

November

Even when things are most difficult here and we are prone to grumble at being chained to this patch of land, we realize that it has proved a blessing and that we may pull through. By pulling through I do not mean being well off, but reaching the point where the farm is able to feed, warm, and clothe us to a certain degree, besides giving us shelter. Of course we are too many here, and of course we ought all to live in one room, round one stove and one lamp, instead of enjoying a little privacy and lighting our fires when it freezes — we have a little fire for an hour or two in the evenings in our little iron stoves, and hot water too. The trouble is that we are

only sham peasants after all, and cannot yet form the habit of going to bed with the chickens as real ones do. Luckily, after a spell of cold weather we always have a few mild days to thaw in, and they save coal and comfort us.

By all of which you will see that I have got safely through my autumn attack of the blues!

December

The kitchen should be the living room by rights, if we are to pattern ourselves on the local custom, but ours is put to so many uses! Favorite birds and sick birds live there, linen is washed and dried, ducks plucked before packing, ducks' food prepared. It is so full of miscellaneous objects, all particularly necessary at the moment, that I have given up my dream of a kitchen-sitting-room, cheerful, cozy, and neat.

January 7, 1925

Christmas! A real one this year, too. I have had such a splendid time with my youngsters during their holidays! A Christmas tree, in a box full of earth so as to plant it the very next day in the Refuge; lots of oranges and sweets, roast duck and salad of our own raising, coal to keep the house warm, and above all, the delight of being all together again. Now they are back at school, and I have time to take up my pen and tell you about it.

Of course, lucre is never very plentiful with us, and various necessary trips to Paris with all their attendant expenses had made us wonder how the boys were to come home for Christmas. Then an unexpected bit came in, and we decided to have a very good time! A warm blanket for each, and strong boots and warm socks, one excellent cigar for the Eldest, and a dictionary for me, and even another book or two for us all to share.

Then my husband came down from

Paris after a very long absence, so as to make it a real reunion, and on his way to the station to meet his father the Eldest looked in at the post office and found your parcel. He brought it home with his father's valise and our supper in a complete jumble. We had quite a festival: an *oukha* (a Russian soup made of fish with bits of potato in it), a beefsteak, fried potatoes, cabbage, dried figs, and coffee. Then we cleared the table, lit cigarettes, put on coal, as the weather is cold, and, gathering round the lamp, opened your parcel. I wish you could have seen us at it. Never since my childhood have I enjoyed unwrapping a surprise so much. The green papers and Christmas cards all looked so wonderfully cozy. The customs officials had kept the box for a long time, but did it no harm in the end.

After examining the contents of the little parcels we came to the cross-word puzzle book, and the Eldest and his cousin settled down to the first puzzle, while I said I would leave this occupation to them till I got through my last translation. But I heard them discussing words and letters, and was led to offer a suggestion which happened to be a fortunate one. Then we all went completely mad, and got to bed at impossible hours of the night, and enjoyed ourselves quite absurdly. And now I really must keep those books under lock and key till all the day's work is properly finished, or there will be nothing done on this farm. It is a virulent catching disease, a form of mania, I believe, and we have all caught it! My husband took it a fortnight ago when ill in Paris, over some puzzles in one of the English papers he reads, so he was the most experienced member of our mad family. Is it a passing madness or a lasting one? Very fascinating, at any rate. The children's book we got through quickly and I shall keep it for

the younger boys to do over again. The other will give us plenty of occupation for a long time to come, and it is wonderful practice for our English. My feeble vocabulary ought to revive quickly by its aid.

During the twenty-four hours when we were all here together we called a family council and sat down with a pencil and paper to figure things out. Our bit of land is evidently swamped by rains periodically, and for this reason people more experienced than we were would not buy this farm for raising poultry; neither ducklings nor chickens can flourish in the damp, and the only really dry place in all seasons is the house, because the floors are half a metre above ground. The walls want another hot summer like our first to dry them through and through, but it is still dry enough for young birds. Now the youngsters have a large room which they use only in the holidays; so we have made up our minds to the very thing I considered unendurable, and ducklings and chicks under six weeks old are to be given this room to be born and reared in, right in the midst of the house, with a door made through the outer wall to enable them to go out on fine sunny days. The boys are to live elsewhere together as best they may.

It will be an incentive to keep the bird infants as clean as they possibly can be kept, but the fact remains that they will squeak and smell all over the house! I have stopped protesting, because it is unreasonable to risk another disastrous year, and now that we must begin over again very modestly, we really should do *anything* that will better conditions. It is a question of three or four months' incubation and early rearing, and it is easier to keep an eye on the beastly birds indoors. If we fail with them again, we must turn the whole hectare into a kitchen garden.

There is an element of cheer in the fact that the worst of the winter will be over by the middle of this month; this latitude and longitude differ rather markedly from Russia! Already we have longer light, rather better weather, and will soon be preparing the garden for spring.

I shall draw the house for you some day when it is warmer. Very little remains to remind one of the three boarded shanties, barracks, or sheds — I hardly know what to call them — which we originally bought.

I have been rather tired and hustled and hurried by my work during the past year. When all the boys except the Eldest and my nephew left us, I felt lonely and lost. So few human beings and birds left, so little housework, and so many stormy days when outdoor work was impossible. The whole place seemed to go to sleep, and grew silent and strange all of a sudden. The boys took over drawing water from the well and fetching the milk. After tidying up and sweeping in the morning — the whole house is not a vast job — I was left to face a pile of mending in my own room, and felt stale, flat, and unprofitable. Missing the youngsters was probably at the bottom of it, for every free moment of mine had formerly belonged to them. And let me tell you that I am not a successful peasant woman. I wear sabots and a big blue apron, but have to strain my strength to the utmost to accomplish what a real working woman of my age does with very little effort or outlay of energy on all the farms about us here. I have improved, but a day's digging still gives me a backache and makes me feel asthmatic and inefficient. So, though leisure and rest upset me, — '*l'homme est un animal d'habitude*,' — I shall let the boys work while I merely fuss about for a time.

For I suddenly understood that the time for recuperating has come and that I stand in need of it. So I have settled down to a new and rather lazy life: get up later, stop work at a certain hour, and give myself time to read and think. Work will begin soon enough, but just now I can afford to slacken the physical strain and lay in stores. So it seems as if I could finally turn my attention to something which I promised to do for you — write down a sort of history of my memories, drawing as it were a series of pictures for you of our old life.

I realize that the old life in Russia can never come back, and that our children growing up in exile can never know what I have known at first hand. There has been a complete break, the end of the old life; and yet there was so much in the old Russia which I cannot bear to think lost forever. A former culture is being buried now, but it must, after a period of time, be excavated again if the history of our country is to be complete. Just as the World War was the end and the beginning of an epoch, so the revolution and overturning of a whole system in Russia will soon live only in the memories of us older ones, and especially because so much of Russia has been unknown and misunderstood by the rest of the world. There has been in our intensely national life something cut off, hidden from even our nearest European neighbors. And then I should like those who have become friends since this new phase of my life began to know and understand a little of what makes the background of every new picture, every new experience, for me.

So you can picture me quiet and lazy as to my hands, but with my mind often very far from here. My equipment is a deal chair, a cold room, a dark evening, a small lamp, and a pair of spectacles!

THE MONEY POWER IN POLITICS

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

I

A DOZEN years ago, in a notable speech before the New York Constitutional Convention, Mr. Elihu Root startled his hearers by a dramatic reference to what he called 'our invisible government.' 'What is the government of this state?' he asked. 'The government of the constitution?' 'Oh, no,' he replied. 'Not half the time, nor halfway.' The greater part of it, Mr. Root went on to declare, was government of the invisible variety, a government controlled by forces operating beneath the surface, forces which the great majority of the governed neither see nor understand.

Mr. Root was correct in his portrayal of the driving mechanism in American politics. His characterization can be applied to every branch of government, national, state, or local. All governments, wheresoever they operate, are subject to the pressure of invisible influences. This pressure is unrelenting; it comes from many quarters; it is exerted upon voters, legislatures, executives, and courts alike; and its sources are often so well concealed as to be unrecognizable even by those against whom it is directed.

The study of government and politics has concerned itself too largely with the visible apparatus, with the established structure and the public functions, disregarding the motive power that keeps the whole apparatus going. 'Governments are like clocks,' said William Penn; 'they go from the motion that men give them.' And men

supply the motion because they have ends to serve. Only a small part of what we call 'government' is conducted in the open, or ever becomes a matter of public record. How, then, can the average citizen, absorbed in the task of paying his ever-recurring installments on an automobile, a radio, a frigidaire, and a vacuum cleaner, expect to gain any adequate idea of what his government is or does? It has become far too complex for him to follow, save by devoting to it more time than he can spare. The average citizen is busy. When he is not busy he is tired. His research in the field of government does not go deeper than the newspaper headlines.

Take, for example, the process by which the laws of the land are made. When I ask, 'Who makes the laws?' I am told that Congress and the state legislatures make the laws. They are our institutions for transforming the public will into legislation. But if you will reflect a moment you will realize that our legislatures do not by any means control the whole process of lawmaking. Instead of saying that legislators make the laws, it would be far more nearly correct to say that legislatures merely put the finishing touches on the laws. To say that they 'make the laws' is like saying that books are made by bookbinders, forgetting that there are authors, printers, and proofreaders too.

The motive power in lawmaking is

all supplied from somewhere outside the legislative halls. The making of a law begins with the birth of an idea—somewhere, in somebody's mind. There is no law on the statute books that did not have its beginning in that way. Of itself a government initiates nothing. It merely responds, more or less tardily, to the urgings that are put upon it. The Congress of the United States did not originate the idea of an income tax, or woman suffrage, or national prohibition, or any of the other statutory innovations which now add so mightily to the charm of American life. Some fertile intellect outside the realm of active politics first conceives an idea. It spreads to the minds of other individuals, slowly at first, but gradually gaining momentum. Presently there is an organized movement in its favor; then comes the deluge of propaganda, until the proposal becomes an issue and the politicians begin to take note of it. A law is half made, or more than half made, when a large body of aggressive support has been mobilized among the voters; yet during this part of the process the legislative bodies have nothing whatever to do with it.

Most of the momentum in government is provided, therefore, by the action of various organized groups among the people, groups which have definite interests to serve and which are aggressive in promoting them. These interest-groups, as we may call them, work for the most part within the ranks of the party organizations. Indeed, the chief function of the party organization is to furnish a cover or screen for the political activities of groups which desire to keep their true objectives invisible. When any racial, sectional, or economic element desires to make government serve its own special interest, there is never any open avowal of this design. That would be fatal to the end in view. The special interest

must be, in some way, put forth as identical with the general interest, and must usurp a slogan that suggests democracy, justice, Americanism. Hence when we demand that the laws shall guarantee the worker more than he is worth, we call it social justice. And when the ex-service man proceeds to raid the public treasury he calls it adjusted compensation.

II

From first to last in the history of government the money power, the interest of vested wealth, has been the best organized and, on the whole, the most enlightened determinant of public policy. Racial and sectional groups rise to importance and after a season are placated. Divisions among the people are occasionally moulded by issues of a definitely political sort, such as state rights or foreign policy. But nothing can be plainer to the student of political history than the tolerable regularity with which, in all ages and countries with amazingly few exceptions, the power of the well-to-do has strongly influenced the course of public affairs. It must inevitably be so, and I am not sure that its being so is a matter for either regret or criticism. Indeed, it is this unrelenting guidance by a stabilized, intelligent self-interest that has injected order into the process of political evolution. One might even go so far as to say that without the consistent direction of government by organized wealth throughout the ages we could not have either the form or the spirit of those political institutions which exist in the United States to-day. The Great Charter of 1215 was wrung from a reluctant king by barons and landowners, not by peasants and proletarians. It was the knights of the shire who built up the power of the House of Commons. Hampden, Pym, and Oliver

Cromwell were men of substance, gentlemen of England, not members of any laboring or exploited class. Civil liberty owed far more in the early stages of its development to the landed man than to the landless, and in its later stages it is much more deeply indebted to the leadership of wealth than to the riotous emotionalism of that phantom fellow, the common man.

Some years ago our sociologists announced as a new and startling discovery the doctrine of economic determinism. They burst upon us with the tidings that economic self-interest is, and always has been, the chief determining force in affairs of statecraft. It was in truth no new discovery. Aristotle, twenty centuries ago, pointed out that Greek politics were ruled by economic factors, and almost every writer on political theory since Aristotle's day has adverted to the same obvious phenomenon. The founders of the American republic were by no means oblivious of it. John Adams proclaimed his conviction that the economic status of various elements among the people was the chief factor in determining their attitude on political issues. James Madison averred that property, or the lack of it, formed the inevitable basis of political cleavage. Assuredly there is nothing new in the assertion that the ruling classes in government have been mindful of their own advantage. On the other hand, there is no warrant for the assumption, so commonly made, that the interests of the well-to-do are necessarily inimical to the well-being of the whole people, or that there is an essential antagonism between wealth and the common good. In the main, as history proves, the two have been identical, or measurably identical; they have not usually been in conflict.

The student of political history, when he has traced power to its source,

is too prone to say, with Dante, 'Here we found Wealth, the Great Enemy.' When wealth comes into politics, he believes, virtue must go out. Its influence is pernicious as a self-evident proposition; it is easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for a rich man to be a patriot. Even so distinguished a student of politics as Lord Bryce has said that 'democracy has no more persistent or insidious foe than the money power.' Yet the history of government does not seem to support that proposition. Nor do interpretations of history, although some of the 'new historians' have worked hard to have it so.

It is made a reproach by them, nowadays, that the Constitution of the United States was framed and ratified, one hundred and forty years ago, by men who were large landowners, capitalists, and holders of government bonds — by men who had a direct pecuniary interest in the establishment of a strong centralized authority. A whole volume has been written by a distinguished American scholar to prove — what anyone might have suspected — that the framers of the national Constitution were for the most part men of means, not frontiersmen or factory workers. Washington, who presided at the Convention of 1787, was the richest Virginian of his day, and probably the wealthiest man in the thirteen states. A dozen others were entitled to a high financial rating. At least three fourths of the delegates in the Philadelphia Convention could properly be called opulent according to the standards of the time. There was not a single small farmer or manual laborer among the fifty-five men who helped to make the Constitution. On the other hand, there were many who had bought, during the war, government bonds which had become heavily depreciated, and who stood to profit from the establishment

of a strong government, able to pay its debts.

These facts of history being easily established, the imputation of sinister self-interest is not difficult, if you want to make it. The Founding Fathers had wealth; their controlling motive must have been to protect and to increase it. Holders of bonds, they were naturally governed by the desire to make two coupons sprout where one grew before. Their work must be construed in the light of their motives. Yet the same basis for an imputation of self-seeking is equally warranted in the case of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence, eleven years previously. They also were men of wealth, most of them. John Hancock was probably the richest man in Massachusetts. Thomas Jefferson was a large owner of property. Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris were both of them rich. So were Elbridge Gerry, Robert Treat Paine, and others. No one has yet made an intensive study of the economic status of the Signers, but I will venture the prediction that such a study would show relatively as much wealth represented in this galaxy as in the group which framed the Constitution. It can readily be demonstrated, in fact, that certain important economic interests stood to gain financially, and did gain, through the achievement of independence. Shall we therefore conclude that the Declaration was also motivated by class consciousness or by an ungenerous desire on the part of wealth to promote its own advantage?

Granted that the Constitution was largely the work of the money power and that its ratification was effected by the aggressive support of the same groups. Did the money power thereby render posterity a bad turn? Is there any reason to believe that a constitution framed by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Daniel Shays, and the other

rabble-rousers of their day would have served the nation better during the past fourteen decades? France has had more than one republican constitution given to her by the foes of wealth and property. Let history attest the extent to which they have profited her people.

Not only the Declaration and the Constitution, but most of the landmarks of national legislation during the past century and a half, are the work of men whose affiliations were with big business. Their work began in Washington's first administration under the ægis of Alexander Hamilton, with the funding of the national debt, the inauguration of a tariff policy, and the chartering of the first bank of the United States. Since Hamilton's time the general direction of American national policy by the money power has been fairly consistent, with the exception of a few hectic interludes of which the reign of Andrew Jackson is the best remembered. The outstanding issues of this whole period have been chiefly economic, — the tariff, the banking system, the preservation of the gold standard, regulation of the railroads, labor questions, the curbing of big business, taxation and surtaxes, — all of them calculated to promote the solidarity of the propertied class. Time and circumstance have meanwhile changed the custodians of the money power. Of old it was the landowner who typified big business and the vested interests. To-day it is the corporation, the banker, the railroad operator, the manufacturer, the shipowner, the merchant. The money power has varied its outward semblance, impelled thereto by the industrial transformation of the past hundred years. It will keep changing, no doubt, but there are no signs that its influence will diminish so long as cupidity remains a trait of humankind. Wealth will have power so long as wealth remains.

III

Philip of Macedonia was in the habit of boasting, twenty-two hundred years ago, that he could capture any city on earth by driving into it an ass laden with gold. To-day there are men who can capture city halls and state capitols with the same facility and in the same way — except that it is a 'bagman' who now carries the coin. These bagmen have become an essential part of our invisible government. 'Legislative counsel' is the name by which they are known in polite society.

It is an interesting and significant fact that the whole course of American political development during the past fifty years has served to accentuate and facilitate the accumulation of political power in the hands of these emissaries of the rich. Franchises, patronage, and other gifts from the public authorities are worth a good deal more to the recipients than they used to be. The newer agencies of democracy, such as the direct primary, the initiative, referendum, and recall, the extension of the suffrage to women, and the removal of party designations from the ballot in local elections — all of them have served to increase, not to diminish, the cost of operating our electoral machinery. They have caused the diversion to politics of vastly larger sums than were formerly used. And it ought to be reasonably clear that, in so far as we make our politics more expensive to all who engage in it, we proportionately strengthen the power of those who have the money at their command.

Most of these electoral 'reforms' have been founded upon a false hope. They have been based upon the expectation that the whole people would act wisely, and in their own interest, if they could only be safeguarded against political guidance, leadership,

and influence. Lest leadership develop into bossism, we deprive the people of it. We suggest that they inform themselves, make up their own minds on rival candidates and on complicated issues — which is just what the demos has never done and will never do. People will seek and obtain guidance and leadership from some source, and it is the absence of a leader that produces the boss. The function of informing the voter must be performed by somebody, and it has become a very expensive function. It involves building up an organization and spending large sums of money.

Take the direct primary as an illustration. It is a device intended to make the corruptible put on incorruption. In various ways it has demonstrated its superiority over the older method of nominating candidates by conventions of delegates. There is no doubt that it has at times encouraged independent voters to take a more active interest in the nominating process. It has brought out a larger vote than was customarily cast for delegates to nominating conventions and has helped to raise the tone of politics, especially in local elections. But on the other hand there can be no question as to the expensiveness of the direct primary to all concerned. A stiff primary contest always develops into a publicity *combat à outrance*. Victory demands that the candidate shall 'sell himself' to the people. He must do this by using all the agencies of self-marketing that are open to him; hence the campaign becomes a spirited competition in self-salesmanship and radio perorations.

Those who are unfamiliar with the workings of our invisible government were shocked and surprised, not long ago, when senatorial investigations disclosed what seemed to be unduly large expenditures on behalf of various candidates at some of the state

primaries, more particularly in Pennsylvania and Illinois. The figures ran into the hundreds of thousands. There was a fine display of indignation in purist quarters that so large a 'slush fund' should be spent in 'debauching the electorate.' Yet these revelations afford no occasion for surprise. Democracy is the most expensive form of government known to man; its cost increases as the square of the degree of direct popular participation in it. The adoption of universal suffrage doubled the size of the voters' list and made it far more than twice as costly to cover the ground. Primary campaigns are conducted under the law of increasing cost per capita. The more voters to be reached and informed, the higher is the cost per voter. We say that every candidate for a nomination should appeal to the people on his own merits, but how few of us ever stop to figure what such an appeal involves. It means literally tons of campaign literature, the hiring of halls, paying for space in newspapers, placarding the billboards, the transportation of speakers to rallies all over the state, clerk hire at headquarters, 'messengers' by the hundred, the chartering of radio broadcasting stations, organizing political clubs, getting endorsements, and all the rest of it.

In a word, we make politics a highly organized business and then seem surprised that business involves the spending of money. Broadcasting appeals by radio is a mere incident of the campaign; yet this diversion costs every candidate from fifteen to twenty dollars per minute. When the citizen receives a campaign circular in the mails it does not always occur to him that the cost of sending this missive, including the preparation of the material, the printing, the addressing, and the postage, is about ten cents per voter — in other words that it costs a hundred thousand dollars to reach a million voters with a

single appeal sent through the mails. There are more than two million registered voters in Pennsylvania, and more than three million in Illinois.

I am not trying to justify the amount of money expended by individual candidates in these two commonwealths, much less the manner of spending or the sources from which the campaign funds were derived. I am merely pointing out that our philosophy of a direct appeal to the electorate, as we have embodied it in the state-wide primary, is bound to be regularly associated with big spending — and the money must be furnished by those who have it. The idea that a man of high personal merit, but without an organization, without funds, without powerful interests behind him, can burst into the arena of politics and win a party nomination — that idea is the outstanding hallucination upon which the direct primary rests. It is political poppycock of the first order. The human herd does not seek the thoroughbred and follow him. It trails the bellwether with the loudest clang.

IV

Six years ago the Kenyon Committee of the United States Senate reported that the expenditure of vast sums at primaries and elections was a 'growing menace to the nation.' The menace is relatively no greater to-day than it was fifty years ago. It is estimated that the Republican national organization spent only \$100,000 to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1860; it reported an expenditure of \$3,000,000 to elect Calvin Coolidge in 1924. Thirty times as much! But wait a moment. The population of the country has nearly quadrupled since Lincoln's first election, and woman suffrage has virtually doubled the proportion of qualified voters in it. This alone would warrant an eightfold

increase in campaign expenditures. And the cost of everything connected with political campaigning has also mounted during these sixty-odd years. The cost of advertising, printing, renting halls, clerk hire, transporting speakers, and all the rest has certainly doubled in this interval — in some cases it has more than doubled. Campaign methods have also improved in quality, with the inevitably greater cost that this involves. The crude broadsides and dodgers have given place to lithographed circulars and handsomely printed campaign handbooks. All in all, therefore, an expenditure of three millions in 1924 is relatively not much larger than the increase of population, voters, prices, and the improved quality of campaigning would seem to warrant. It is certainly not so great an increase over the modest figure of 1860 as to warrant its being called a menace to the nation.

V

But it is not merely at primaries and elections that the money power is said to show its pernicious hand. There are the lobbyists who frequent the legislative halls, endeavoring to coerce or cajole the lawmakers as the tactics of the moment may dictate. And it is a nation-wide impression that these lobbyists represent only the vested interests — that is, the railroads, the big business corporations, the beneficiaries of a high tariff, Wall Street, and the public utility companies. The plain citizen is egged on by the hinky-dinks and the yellow press to boo at the packers and the profiteers, the trusts and the stock exchanges, the money octopus in general. It has become a national recreation. In earlier days, when men wanted to work off their surplus animosity they were encouraged to burn heretics, whip witches, or bait the Jews. Nowadays many of

them seem to find just as much enjoyment in assailing the open shop and the company union, baiting the supersur-tax victims, and taking pot shots at the World Court. We are expected to believe that righteousness is always on the side of the dirt farmer or the horny-handed fellow in the factories, and that it is he who always gets the short end of the lawmaker's solicitude in Congress and elsewhere.

Yet the fact is that the most formidable lobby which has functioned in Washington during the past half-dozen years is the one which represents the American Farm Bureau Federation. It is the most formidable because it has the widest ramifications and the least compunction in putting the screws on senators and congressmen from the agricultural states. The lobby of the Anti-Saloon League runs it a close second. And that of the American Federation of Labor, in the extent and effectiveness of its coercive power, deserves third place. None of these three organizations, be it observed, is controlled by big business; two of them are avowedly hostile. The money power, in its tussles with clodhoppers from the hookworm belt and labor lobbyists from the industrial cities, has chalked up more defeats than victories. It would have fared worse during the past decade but for the superior adroitness of its political strategy.

Mark you, I am not trying to whitewash the plutocrat in politics. It would be a thankless task, for nobody loves him. It would be an impossible task, for there are too many sins on his conduct-sheet. The money power is no myth in American political life; it is an active, relentless, and for the most part an invisible factor there. But a good deal of the popular antipathy to it rests upon a myth — on the illusion that the money power is all-dominating in politics, and that its activities are

invariably detrimental to the best interests of the people as a whole. It is with this contention that I take issue.

It was the money power that rallied to the Revolution from motives of sheer patriotism and carried the cause of independence through the darkest days. It was the money power that secured the ratification of the Constitution by the several states; committed the country to the policy of protection, and thus laid the basis of our present industrial supremacy; established the

American banking system; gridironed the continent with railroads; secured the resumption of specie payments after the Civil War; and preserved the gold standard in 1896. Vested wealth in politics has often sinned against both the truth and the light, but it is by no means the scarlet woman that our self-constituted tribunes of the common man would have us believe. In the great crises of political history its own interests have often coincided with those of the people.

REVISITING A RIVER

BY BLISS PERRY

To revisit a river is like trying to redream a dream. You are aware, of course, that you have changed and that the river must have changed and that no two dreams are precisely alike. Yet the identities are more profound than the differences, and the moment you are on the stream you have the old illusion of timelessness. This mortal has put on immortality. Some hundreds of miles to the south of you your secretary is saying firmly: 'No, he cannot be reached by telephone or letters or telegrams. He expects to come out in about a month.' There may be other ways of securing such absolute freedom from this most relative of worlds, but if a man has sense enough to know when he is happy, is there anything like that moment when the guide has packed the duffle bags and rods and tent and provisions into the canoe, seen that she trims well with your weight in the bow, and pushes off! '*Au large!*' he may exclaim

if he is a Frenchman. If he is an Indian or a dour Scot he will e'en just say nothing. But what is there to say? The cup is full.

I

Let us have a little geography, but not too much. The river which I am revisiting after five years' absence is in New Brunswick, and where we take the water we are one hundred and fifty miles from the sea and fifty miles above 'the settlements,' with only two rough hunting and fishing shacks on that stretch of fifty miles. The river is the only road. There are larger streams in the Province, and a few where the salmon and sea trout are heavier, but none that runs through wilder country. On the Crown Lands map you will find the region of C. E. B. C.'s camp indicated by the words 'Tungsten and Salmon' in red letters. But the tungsten mine, worked

for a time during the World War, is now abandoned, and a saturnine hedgehog, the sole watchman over all that costly machinery, lies curled on the rotting rafters above the main shaft. Prospectors for gold and radium have come here likewise, but they are all gone now, like the caribou. Once or twice a week, during the summer, a fisherman's canoe slips up or down the river, and in October there are a few hunters in quest of moose and bear.

Two of the three guides waiting for us are old friends. All three are Scotchmen, born and bred on this river, like their fathers and grandfathers before them — lumbering in the winter, driving logs in the spring, guiding fishermen in the short summers, and hunting in the fall. They are a wiry, tough breed, used to what they call 'brutin' work,' though there is not much of that in store for them at Burnt Hill, whither we are bound.

I miss the log canoes this year — those old thirty-foot dugouts, hollowed from a single stick of pine. Down by the settlements you still see a few of them, but almost never a new one. The primeval pines were burned in the great fire that swept up the river a century ago, and, though the pines are slowly coming back, there are few big enough to make a dugout. But these log canoes were steady, strong, and good for thirty or forty years of rough work. Poled by two men, they are surprisingly quick in the water: indeed, this very summer we were visited by a tall, lean guide who had poled his 'log' alone twenty-nine miles upriver in five hours and a half. Fast going! And you can stand up in them to cast for salmon far more securely than in a canvas canoe.

Our three 'canvases,' this year, are shod on the outside with extra longitudinal ribs to protect them in this rockiest of rivers. The water is low,

and the bigger rapids, though seemingly less formidable than usual, require dexterous poling as well as that special knowledge of channels and currents which is the priceless inheritance of guides who have spent their whole lives upon one stream. You do not realize their expertness until you watch canoes manned by good men, though strange to this river, pick their way cautiously through the fast water by our camp. They may be Frenchmen or Indians or Tobique or St. John men — seasoned guides, of course, who can be trusted, even in new territory, to pick up a trail or find a spring. But how gingerly they pole past Orr's Rock and Dyer's Hole and the Lower Pitch! This is no job for a mere general practitioner. It calls for a specialist.

Were the salmon already running up? Yes! That strange wireless telegraphy by which every dweller on a salmon stream knows precisely who killed the fish this morning — perhaps forty miles away — is working accurately. And there are reports of a big run of grilse, too — a grilse being a three-year-old salmon, making his first trip back from salt water to his native river. Last season he was only a four- or five-inch parr, swarming in every trout brook that pours into a salmon river, and often rising voraciously to a salmon fly in the river itself. But now, after only a few months in the Atlantic, he weighs from three to six pounds, and every ounce of him is full of fight.

As we slip downstream, watching warily for everything from a mink to a moose, it is evident that the season is two or three weeks late. Pale wild roses are still in bloom, and blue iris. Bluebells are waving everywhere in the crevices of the gray rocks, and the pink sheep laurel covers the sunnier, higher ledges. Not a huckleberry yet

anywhere. My guide whispers: 'On the right; way down!' and there is the first deer, with his head quite under water as he munches the short green moss on the submerged rocks. There is the first fish hawk, and when we go ashore for lunch and pull a trout rod from the case and make the first cast after many a month of abstinence — *bang!* There is the first squaretail! C. E. B. C., whose canoe is ahead of G.'s and mine, is lucky enough, as we near Burnt Hill, to see a huge black bear standing up on his hind legs by the shore — the very bear, perhaps, that sneaked into the camp last year and stole all the fresh doughnuts.

We round the last bend of the river, catch the steady roar of Burnt Hill Brook on the left, shoot the last rapids, and there — as if we had left it only yesterday — is the old camp, a fishing shack built thirty years ago for Joseph Jefferson. 'Mr.' Jefferson, I notice the older guides say, and never 'Joe.' They were very fond of him, though he had stern prejudices against spearing salmon by torchlight and shooting deer out of season. On the east end of the porch — where the boards are gnawed by hedgehogs and split off by hunters in too great a hurry, on October evenings, to get a fire started in the cookstove inside the cabin — thousands of salmon have been flung down. A few of the biggest have had their outlines rudely carved on boards, nailed up outside and inside the cabin, with the captor's name and the date. Two women fishermen, in gracious recognition of the rights of the owner of these best pools on the river, have added the words 'By courtesy of C. E. B. C.' Laurence Hutton — a friend of Mr. Jefferson and of nearly everybody else — used to say that there was one difference between persons even more marked than Charles Lamb's distinction between the men who borrow and the

men who lend — the difference, namely, between those who forget to say 'Thank you' and those who remember.

The twilights are long here, and after the tents were pitched on the bluff and supper eaten in the cabin there was light enough to hook — and lose — the first salmon. As it slowly darkened, the nighthawks began to circle above the stream, the deer stole out to drink, and the ripples along the faster water began to weave their fantastic patterns of black velvet shot with silver. A whippoorwill, the first I remember hearing as far north as this, is calling from the white birches behind the tents. The thermometer registers 43, and we crawl into our sleeping bags and listen for a few happy minutes to the roar of the river — and the next thing I know a golden-coated three-year-old buck is pawing and snorting just outside the tent, in the broad morning sunshine. We have come home.

II

How wayward are a fisherman's memories! I recall that buck far more vividly than the first day's fishing, and indeed I have to turn to the log book to discover that for three or four days the fishing was hardly worth recording. The water was still falling and the days were bright and hot. I watched for certain friends made on the previous trip, and found the marvelous clusters of mourning bride butterflies still circling about the hollow of the ledges, just out of reach of the rapids. There was a great flight of big yellow *Turnus* butterflies also. The kingfishers still haunt the river, flying, G. says, 'as if they were going somewhere.' But the purple finches that used to swarm about the cabin five years ago had dwindled to a single pair. The rabbits were not so friendly, and there was not a partridge to be seen.

There are hours in these long tranquil days when salmon fishing is a fierce obsession, and you cast greedily, insatiably; but there are other hours when all you seem to want is to watch the butterflies on the rocks, to try to recall the names of plants, and to bewail your general ignorance. 'The advantage of going into the woods,' said a Maine guide to me once, 'is that you learn something new each day.' That is true enough, but what you learn is pitifully small compared with what you would like to learn. The guides can set you straight on rare varieties of trees, for they are born lumbermen, but I have never known one possessed of more than a child's knowledge of birds and flowers. This river is one of the richest fields for a mineralogist, but the guides know only that the quartz veins begin a couple of miles above the camp, and that schist and granite are just schist and granite. An angler ought really to be rich enough to lead a captive botanist and ornithologist and geologist in his train to answer questions — provided they would not complain too much of the black flies, and would keep out of the way of his backcast!

No angler could ask for better company, it is true, than G. and C. E. B. C. They sit on the cabin porch for hours during the glaring middle of the day, discoursing learnedly about the relative advantages of Hoff and Hardy reels, and the precise number of ounces that a dry-fly salmon rod should weigh, and whether a certain imported English line is really too light or too heavy for a certain Leonard rod. They know all about knots. They have read the latest treatises on fishing. Their fly-books are a Paradise of Dainty Devices, and they argue amiably about patterns and sizes and double-pointed hooks and all the other tangible aspects of this old art and mystery of angling. It is with unfeigned humility, after listening to them,

that I reach into the pocket of a disreputable fishing coat, faded with the rains and sunshine of a dozen summers, and pull out a cheap water-stained fly-book which I have carried for thirty years. Alas, I find that I am 'short' of this or that approved pattern for the day, and that I cannot remember the names of half the flies in the book. Worse yet, I am secretly aware that there are some battered lucky flies there, on which I have killed fish year after year, although I know well enough that the loops are liable to pull out if I strike a heavy salmon. I ought, of course, to weed them out, and have a new pigskin book, properly filled with this year's flies, all as neatly arranged as a museum. And I ought to sort my leaders more carefully, and record the exact number of pounds each is warranted to pull. I am getting lower and lower in my mind. To think that I once ventured to grade myself as a 'C+' fisherman! 'D-' would be nearer the truth.

III

Just then, curiously enough, my guide Henry passes the porch, axe in hand and a young birch tree, for firewood, balanced on his shoulder. As I recall something Henry happened to say last night, my humility alters suddenly into a whimsical inverted pride. I had lent him my rod, to see if he could hook a fish that I had raised once but could not tempt again. Henry tacitly hooked and landed him, as simply as if there were no approved theories to be observed and it was just a question of catching one more fish and salting him down for the winter. I asked him how he liked the reel — a borrowed one, costing \$52.50. 'It's all right,' said Henry laconically and without enthusiasm. And then he added, with a proud shyness which I liked: 'I bought a reel

myself this spring. Paid five dollars for it. I can take it apart with my jack-knife and fix the drag just to suit me. For *fishing*, it's just as good as that fifty-two-dollar one.'

'For *fishing*!' Is not that, after all, the test? I am not foolish enough to believe that it is the country boy's traditional cut pole and bent pin that give him the advantage over the 'city fellow' on a trout brook. His advantage does not lie in inferiority of apparent equipment, but in superiority of real equipment — in which tackle is only a minor element. If the Lord made that country boy a fisherman to begin with, and he knows the brook, he has already won more than half the battle. A good marksman with a poor rifle can outshoot a poor marksman with a good rifle. I reckon that superior excellence of tackle makes about ten per cent of one's fortune in fishing. Now a thrifty angler will not readily surrender that ten per cent of advantage. Chill penury should not repress his noble rage for the best outfit he can afford, even though he be, in Donald's phrase, 'too poor to make the first payment on a fishhook.' It is silly for him to mar his pleasure and his chances by using a reel that is liable to 'skip' or bind or backlash at precisely the wrong moment. But the point is that if your rod is supple enough to put out the line easily, and strong enough to hold your fish, you had better forget who built it and how much you paid for it, and concentrate your attention upon the far more important ninety per cent of the business, which depends not upon your outfit but upon yourself.

I fished a certain pool in Nova Scotia once with three New Yorkers. Our tackle was costly and correct, and we had all had a fair amount of experience. We never raised a fish. Just as we were moving upstream a lady appeared upon the bank, followed by a slouching

fellow carrying a gaff. She wore a black hat with a red feather, a dark skirt that came to her ankles, and she looked oddly out of place upon a salmon river. But she produced a light greenheart rod of native manufacture, spliced with electric tape, selected a fly from a small brown pasteboard box, and made a side-arm cast or two, to work her line out, which opened my eyes a little. And they were opened still wider when the lady tranquilly proceeded to hook and bring to the gaff two very fine salmon. Now I do not affirm that she killed those fish because she used an old-fashioned spliced rod. If she had traded rods with one of us she might have had even greater success. But her intangible equipment 'for *fishing*' was infinitely better than ours. (I learned later that she lived on the first farm above the pool.)

In short, one must know a hundred things which are not set down in the Hardy or Mills catalogues of tackle, and which cannot be passed over the counter by the smoothest salesman that ever outfitted a green millionaire. Here, at this moment, is an illustration. Fifty yards in front of that cabin porch where we have been discussing theory and technique is the Cocktail Pool. Down toward the foot of it, by an egg-shaped blue rock that breaks the glassy current, I catch sight of the back fin and tail of a gently rising salmon. I pick up my rod and sneak down through the alders. My self-respect is beginning to return. In starting after that fish, inexperienced as I am, I have one advantage over the most perfectly outfitted stranger: for I have fished that pool some hundreds of times and know precisely the distance for each cast and every trick of the current. Yet what I should like even better than hooking this particular salmon would be to know the answers to the unanswerable questions: Why is the salmon rising at

this moment? Why should he rise again five minutes from now, as I trust he will, when the fly swings around the lower left-hand curve of that blue rock? Will it be a proof of hunger? Of curiosity? Of irritation? Of the play instinct? There are dozens of scientific chapters written on this topic, and no two of them agree. And why should he rise to-day to an artificial fly of one special color and pattern, and to no other, when none of the flies resemble closely any natural fly that can be seen in New Brunswick this month? And — apparently a far simpler question — why should salmon after salmon, in an endless procession, prefer the north side of that special blue rock? I took one there last night, and here is another! (I *lost him*; but we will forget that.)

Where the Clearwater joins the Miramichi, there is a flat white rock on the sandy bottom, so low and level that your eye cannot perceive that it gives any shelter; and yet for the last score of years, if there have been grilse in the river, one has been lying beside that white rock. Two summers ago I watched for an hour a superb salmon under Ross's Bridge on the Margaree. A piece of white cardboard had blown off the bridge and sunk to the bottom, in about fifteen feet of water. That king salmon hovered just above it, moving twenty feet upstream at intervals of about two minutes, turning always at precisely the same point, like a restless tiger in a cage, and then drifting back downstream to his post above that sodden bit of paper. Was it a landmark for him? Or was there a dead point in the current which had allowed the paper to sink, and which made it easier for the salmon to hover exactly there? We may have our guesses on all these matters, but we do not know. It is ninety years since the wisest of American writers gently reminded us that

'we are as much strangers in Nature as we are aliens from God. We do not understand the notes of birds. The fox and the deer run away from us.'

IV

Many nature-lovers are keenly conscious of the impression of changelessness, of timelessness, conveyed by any running stream. Carlyle writes of Annan Water in *Sartor*: 'It struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of History. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even as at the midday when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* dry, this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas, or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen.'

One has this feeling often in the northern wilderness, where Indians are spearing and netting fish to-day from the same rocks on which Indians were standing when the canoes of the first *coureurs de bois* paddled up the St. Maurice or the Ottawa. Nothing seems to change, if you are only far enough north. The learned Cambridge chemists and physicists are now inclined to put the age of our planet — on the evidence furnished by the intricate and unhurried process by which nature manufactures radium — at about 1,600,000,000 years. Reflecting on their calculations, last summer, and watching the huge glacial boulder left stranded on the point near the head of Lake Nicotaus, I remarked to old John Sibley, the guide, 'John, that rock has been there a long time.' 'Yes, sir,' said John

confidently, 'I don't see that that rock has changed *any* in the fifty years that I've known it.' If I had had a trained captive geologist in the canoe, he could have taught John that fifty years in the world of his science are less than a moment in the life of a lumberman.

Yet one of the discoveries that one makes in revisiting a river — even one whose banks and bed are largely worn out of the solid rock — is that the river is altering visibly from year to year. It is not the fact that we are now grown up which makes the 'old swimming hole' of our boyhood days so strangely shallow. The truer explanation is that the hole has filled up with sand and gravel, in the ceaseless process of erosion. On a swift river like the Miramichi there are ice jams and freshets to be reckoned with, to say nothing of the occasional dynamite used in the spring drive. 'That pool has been no good since the freshet of 1923,' say the guides, meaning that the rocks have been rolled down the ancient channels, filling in here and scooping out there, altering the currents, and disturbing, in some way we cannot fathom, the preferences of the fish. Five years, in fact, have made more changes in certain favorite pools of ours than I should have supposed were possible in five hundred. Some of the humble have been exalted and some of the mighty have been brought low. I confess that I have never noticed until this year, and then only when Donald pointed it out, that the big rocks which survive this age-long annual pressure of the ice jam are the ones whose upper surfaces slope upstream. The descending ice slides on up and over them, whereas a square rock which took the full force of that terrific impact would be torn from its bed. It is a curious instance of fitness for survival.

Even when your eye can detect no

difference in the pool, the salmon find causes for dissatisfaction or for content. Sometimes, of course, you can reason the thing out, after a fashion: you can see that the colder water pouring in from Burnt Hill Brook, for instance, and traceable for two or three miles down the north shore of the river, has been diverted by some new heap of boulders, so that the salmon in search of the 'brook water' — which the guides distinguish sharply from what they call the 'sour' river water — will now shelter themselves under a different ledge or hover in a deeper or shallower 'run.' Every trout fisherman knows that there are certain favorite places in a stream where the fish find the right food and shelter, and that these spots are moved into like the best rooms in a hotel. When one trout 'checks out,' either upstream or by capture, another promptly takes possession. Now a salmon, who almost certainly takes no food while in the river, — except perhaps the juice of some fly squeezed between his jaws and rapidly ejected, — chooses his temporary quarters in an apparently arbitrary fashion, with far less obvious attention to shelter than a trout. Many a skillful fly-caster who does not know these changes in the pools will be tempted to cast 'over the fish's head' for a salmon that may be lying not fifteen feet away from him. In fact anybody who has fished a strange salmon river alone, and then gone over the ground again with a competent guide, will admit his humiliation at having fished so stupidly at first, though his only real error lay in not knowing what it was impossible that he should know.

V

And no two summers are just alike. A year ago this week, according to C. E. B. C.'s log book, under precisely

the same conditions as to weather and water, the Burnt Hill salmon were rising plentifully to dry flies. This year they take the wet fly when they are taking anything. Last year there was only an average run of grilse; this year the river is full of them, and they are bigger and stouter in battle than for a score of years. What happened to them out in the mysterious Atlantic? Anglers will always have their moments of glory and their hours, or it may be whole days, of shame, but the moods of one visit to a river can never be repeated in the next. I am not sure, however, that the pleasures of recognition are not as deep as the joys of discovery. One remembers exactly where a big fish rose, — it may be five years ago or thirty, — and as you put your fly over what looks like the same ripple, you expect, in defiance of the laws of logic, that the miracle will happen again. And it often does — though this proves, perhaps, that fishing is an art and not a magic. An angler is bound to believe in the causes of effects. There was a reason for that fish's rising, once before, and now it is your privilege to juggle with the causes until you can reproduce the effect. Yet what inconsistent reasoners we are! If the fish comes up in accordance with your carefully worked-out plan of campaign, it seems a triumphant demonstration of the beneficent laws of the universe. If he does not rise, how easy it is to slip back into the psychology of the gambler or the medicine man, and to content yourself with phrases about luck! Or you may turn materialist, blaming the wind or the light or the barometer, or settle down into the hopeless fatalism of declaring that they are not 'taking' to-day.

When this last mood is on you, the remedy is to say casually to the head guide, 'Donald, it's fifty cents to a

dime that *you* can't raise a salmon.' The Scotchman is game. He borrows your rod, glances through your disorderly fly-book, selects a fly as different as possible from the one you have been using, and in a minute he is at it, with that inimitable coaxing, wheedling, teasing cast, very light and not too long, covering each yard of water once and once only, until suddenly there is a flash, an oath, — '*Holy Lazarus!*' — and before your duller senses have registered either the flash or the oath, Donald has struck him! Donald will lose that half dollar playing forty-five with the other guides to-night, but what of it? He has cured your fatalism.

I missed old John S. on the river this year. He must be nearly eighty, and being a notoriously reckless and shiftless guide, I suspect that no one engaged him and that he was forced to stay in the settlements. But I could have put up with his poor cooking for the sake of seeing again his unique method of fly-casting. As he starts his backcast, he inhales a long rapt breath as if he were going into a trance, lifting his ribs and his elbows very high, like some strange old bird about to take flight. As the cast starts forward, he seems to breathe it out softly across the river, as gently as a child blowing dandelion seed. He gets an incredible distance, but I never saw him raise a fish.

Yet the story of John S.'s salmon at the mouth of the Clearwater deserves to be set down. Improvident as ever, he was fishing with a frayed leader and with the one fly he owned, when he hooked and lost a big salmon — the leader parting. John was cast down but not destroyed. In his hat was a rusty long-shanked pickerel hook, and in the sand bank above the pool was the hole of a kingfisher. John puts in his hand cautiously and captures the mother bird on her nest, pulls out two or three

feathers, — taking pains, he says, to hurt her feelings as little as possible, and replacing her gently on the eggs, — ties those feathers on the pickerel hook in imitation of a big Blue Doctor, and at the third cast he hooks and lands the identical runaway salmon, with the other fly and the broken leader still in its mouth! Whether there were reliable witnesses to this exploit I cannot say, but the sand bank is still there, and on the thirtieth of July, 1926, there was a hole in it which strongly suggested a kingfisher.

I miss also, this year, the companionship of a painter with whom I have fished many a stream, and whose eye was far quicker than mine in noting the changing colors of the water. There are no claybanks here, or rich alluvial meadows to help stain the river ten minutes after a shower. The Miramichi alters little at first, except to turn a slightly darker brown, while the bubbles and raindrops spoil its transparency. But as the rain comes more heavily, and the Burnt Hill Brook and the Clearwater begin to pour their brighter torrents into the main river, you can distinguish the brook water for a long distance on the north bank, and on the spring drive, I am told, the rivermen can trace it for a dozen miles — only they do not have, like my painter friend, a color vocabulary, any more than trout or salmon.

How under-vocabularied are most fishermen, likewise, in recording the charm of the changing sounds as the river falls or rises! When it is 'holding,' it seems hushed at noon, louder at dusk and lower at dawn, but I am not sure. Certainly it grows hoarser and deeper with rising water, until the flood covers most of the boulders, and then it seems strangely quieter, except for the dull crumbling reverberation of the loose rocks as they are rolled along the deep-worn channels. I wish that Thoreau,

whose ear was so acute for any sound in the woods, and whose 'tree fall' sentence in the *Maine Woods* volume is one of the most perfect things in literature, had spent more time on big rocky rivers and less on the quiet, brimming Concord streams. He could have detected tones and overtones that are too subtle for my ear to catch distinctly. But what happiness, even for a dullard, to wake at night in your tent on the bluff above the rapids, and guess by the sound whether the river is rising or falling, or — by the sound again — whether the next day will be muggy or crystal-clear!

VI

The guides, naturally, are far more weatherwise than we. They accept philosophically the long days of waiting for the river to come up or go down sufficiently to give us the best fishing, for they are paid by the day and the work here is light. But they are as eager as we for a successful trip, and they like a cold night or a strong wind to stir up the fish and set them traveling; and they hate as much as we the ghastliness of very low water, where all the bones of the starved stream stick out, and you scan the northwest in vain for thunderheads. To these guides, infinitely more than to any transient sportsman, the river is a living, sentient creature. It is to them what 'Mother Earth' was to the Greeks. They were born on the river and they will die on it, like their fathers. They draw all their livelihood from it and from the forests to which it is the only path. Highlanders by race, and settled here since their ancestors drove out the French in the old wars, they keep alive the history and romance of the river by oral tradition. Nothing is lost, and it may be that here and there the Celtic imagination adds something.

What talk I have heard, in low tones,

as the camp fire burns out and the fog rises ghostlike along the river! Not that these Scotchmen believe in ghosts; but they do believe in 'forerunners.' Were not three of them playing cards one night in our cabin, when they heard Sandy W.'s step on the west end of the porch? The step neared the door, and paused. 'Hullo, Sandy,' said the guides, scarcely looking up from the cards. Then they dropped the cards. *There was no one on the porch at all.* And Sandy W. had died that night, in Boston. That was a forerunner. And how about the fellow that owned the old camp by the spring opposite the mouth of the Clearwater? Two guides camping at the outlet, one autumn night, heard him call: 'I want to come over!' They poled across in their log canoes, and as they poled he called again: 'I want to come over!' But there was nobody in the old camp, and the owner, as they learned a month later, was five hundred miles away that night, crossing a far darker and deeper river than the Miramichi! The cry they heard was a forerunner.

Did not Donald himself, a Scotchman with nerve enough to stay alone one winter as watchman of the now abandoned tungsten mine, across the river from our camp, hear, late one afternoon, a call for 'Help!' in the woods above the mine? It was thirty below zero, but he put on his snowshoes and climbed the hill, followed by his black cat. And there was just nothing, but as he neared the mine on his way back he heard that despairing cry once more. This time he stopped to make himself a cup of tea, and then took his rifle. And again there was nothing on the hilltop. But Donald did not sleep that night, and the next morning he tramped out to Maple Grove, to find that a friend of his had frozen to death the evening before, on top of his load of logs, some twenty miles from the

mine. Now no man's voice can be heard for twenty miles, even in the silence of the winter woods. Donald knows that well enough; what he heard was a forerunner.

Have you ever heard of a 'blood-stopper'? There are ghastly injuries every season in the logging camps, even among this race of skilled axemen, and the surgery is rude. When a man is bleeding to death, the only hope lies in the services of a blood-stopper — a man who possesses the mysterious power of causing the flow of blood to cease. The secret of this power can be passed on from a man to a woman or from a woman to a man, but — as I understand it — only one person in a family can exercise it in any generation. He must be brought as near as possible to the wounded man, must whisper the charmed syllables, — I was told with awe that they were 'Bible words,' — and then the blood instantly stops flowing. Only, mind you, if there is *any running water* between the blood-stopper and the wounded man, the charm fails. Not until the hastily summoned blood-stopper has crossed the last river or the last brook that lies between him and the sufferer does his magic gift prevail. What potency of evil, what enmity of healing power, can there be in a running stream? I do not know. But I have seen a blood-stopper and a man saved by him from death on last spring's drive — unless these Scotchmen are in error. Around the camp fire it is easier than elsewhere to indulge in that 'willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.'

The truth is that to these men of the Miramichi the love of the river and the fear of the river, the history and romance and superstition and toil and tragedy of the river, are blended inextricably. Their stories of Dead Man's Brook and of the Island

Mystery, of treasure buried by fleeing Frenchmen nearly two hundred years ago and dug for at intervals ever since, their memories of cold and hunger, of poaching and fighting and triumphant hunting, pass into the blood of the listener. Five years ago, a few hundred yards up Burnt Hill Brook, I saw a paddle nailed crosswise to a tree. On it was scribbled the name of a young Frenchman, drowned there on the spring drive, with the date. This summer both name and date have been washed out by the rain, but no human hand will ever touch that rude cross, and no Miramichi man forgets it. Life on the river shares in the immense dignity of Death.

VII

Let us come back to our fishing. Among all these constant reminders of our ignorance, these equally constant but tiny accretions to our knowledge of the woods and the river, there are strange flashes of self-knowledge, too. Perhaps it is the sort of revelation for which hermits once tarried long in waste and solitary places. You come back to yourself. Companionship in the woods is essential if one is to keep his sanity, but a few hours of absolute solitude make for sanity also. Here you are, the same person that fished here five years or a score of years before, with the same slender collection of virtues, possibly, but certainly with the same large assortment of faults. Are you cursed with impatience, indecision, pedantry, envy, covetousness, and idolatry? An evening's fishing will betray you as remorselessly as the Day of Judgment.

I confess to wonderment and irritation over the fisherman — though there are legions of his type — who is always certain that he has done the right thing in the right way. If he loses a fish,

it is demonstrably the fault of the fish or of the reel or of the fast water or of the guide who was too slow with the gaff. I like much better the lad who asks, 'Dad, did I strike that laker too quick, or was I too slow?' Note that he does not blame either the fish or the tackle, but only himself! And we debate the question hour after hour, while the boat swings at anchor on our little Vermont lake and we wait for another strike. Neither of us knows the right answer, and both of us are entirely happy — having inherited an inquiring strain of blood, some ability for seeing both sides of a question, and a deep respect for 'hunches.'

It was a fisherman on our lake, by the way, who once gave me a thoroughly local interpretation of the story of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. In this lake the biggest trout lie in pockets along the edge of the ledges, sixty or seventy feet down, and it takes a good eye for landmarks to anchor the boat precisely in the right spot. Often one side of the boat, when two men are fishing, will have all the luck — that four or five feet of difference in latitude or longitude meaning success or failure in reaching the big lakers with your minnow. Hence my old friend's cautious and entirely reverent attempt at New Testament exegesis: 'Mr. Perry, don't you think that when Our Lord told the disciples to let down the net on the other side of the boat, *He had a hunch that they was anchored just on the aide of a laidge?*'

I cannot say that there was anything miraculous about our draught of fishes on the Miramichi this summer, unless it be in the number and size and splendid fighting quality of the grilse. The salmon fishing was below the average. But somehow the great pork barrel on the east porch of the cabin kept filling steadily with salted fish, and by and

by we began to feel the premonitions of departure. Ominous yellow leaves appear on the tips of the young white birches across the river. We have no other calendar with us than such signs of the passing weeks, and a hint from the cook that we must hold back a little on this or that delicacy. I notice that G., who expects some trout fishing elsewhere in August, begins to talk about the fun of dry-fly fishing with your very lightest tackle on some brimming meadow brook where there would be no danger of a rushing grilse or salmon wrecking your rod. Alas for the inconsistency of fishermen! We hook and release every day, here on the river, trout that would astonish our friends at home, and already, with shoulder blades still aching with swinging a salmon rod, we are dreaming of meadow brooks in New England. And nothing is more certain than that when we are floating our tiniest flies again over one of those brooks we shall dream of the sudden sullen plunge of a salmon!

The final morning comes, and that 'one more' cast, which every angler knows. For me it is always an excessively solemn rite and is usually unattended with any luck whatever. But on this occasion, as I was slowly reeling in, a besotted salmon, hovering in the ripple not six yards below me, seemed to decide from the melancholy look upon my face that it was now or never! I struck, for once, just as he flashed, and he was so well hooked that even I could not have lost him. He weighed only ten pounds, but I am sure that he possessed a most magnanimous soul.

Reluctantly we settled ourselves into the canoes at last, at the head of the 'Pond,' bound homeward. As I took a final look at the rough water between my canoe and the ledge on the opposite shore, a huge salmon leaped, as if with an ironic gesture of farewell. He looked exactly like the monster that had carried off my Dusty Miller and a bit of broken leader, in that very spot, ten days before. Well, I hope now that he will rub that fly off upon the rocks long before the spawning season! I had hated to lose him, but I cannot help admiring, this morning, that sardonic parting assertion of superiority. 'Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?' he seems to shout as he plunges down, while the river, for a moment, seems strangely flat and empty.

'Perhaps not, old fellow,' I whisper to him, as I pick up the bow paddle instead of a rod and we head downstream. 'Perhaps not, but there is another summer coming! *Au revoir!* May no poacher's net entangle you or otter tear you. May you not linger under the river ice all winter and become a mere "black salmon" to rise hungrily in the broad eddies at any lure next spring. May you rather go down proudly into the North Atlantic and take your lordly ease in the great deep until some full tide next June. Then may you make gallantly the long uphill climb against one hundred and thirty miles of tumbling water and settle again in the old pool under the gray ledge. And if in some soft July twilight you swirl up once more at a Dusty Miller or a Silver Doctor, may it be a fair fight, and may the leader hold!'

AMENITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

BY H. H. POWERS

I

IN the course of a morning walk while waiting for my friends in the little Japanese inn to be ready for breakfast, I climbed a neighboring hill for its view over the Inland Sea. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a rustling noise, accompanied by little squeaks, in the grass near by. Looking in the direction indicated, I saw a beautiful snake with markings such as I had never seen before, making his way through the grass with a frog he had seized, who was uttering the squeaks that I had heard. As the frog's legs were spread wide on either side, the snake found it impossible to push him ahead through the grass, and so he was wriggling backward and dragging the frog after him. I had never seen a snake move backward and had never heard a frog squeak, so I watched them with interest for the brief moment before they disappeared from view. Then I returned to the inn and recounted my adventure to the little group of friends with whom I was traveling. They listened with such interest as the incident merited, but the reaction in one case was unexpected. A charming young woman said with tears in her voice, 'Did n't you help the frog?'

We smiled at this exhibition of sympathy, but liked her the better for it. Yet no one seconded her suggestion or seemed to think that I ought to have helped the frog. They seemed to realize that sympathy should be tempered by discrimination. The impulse to

help the under dog is universal among associated beings. There can be no human society, not even a wolf pack, without a certain mitigation of the competitive struggle. Hence the impulse to take the side of the weak against the strong. But the strong may have the right of it. Nay, in the long run theirs is manifestly the better case. For it is not for the interest of the race that the weak should inherit the earth.

I am prompted to these suggestions by recent developments in our international relations. Our situation as a nation is peculiar. We are, or believe ourselves to be, the most powerful nation in the world. We are at the same time the most detached. We feel international responsibilities less than any other nation and our criticisms of national policies are restrained by neither experience nor fear. The facetious advice to young debaters always to debate questions they know nothing about, as they would thus be less hampered by facts, quite fits our case. In foreign affairs America is the paradise of the doctrinaire and the sentimentalist, the champion of the under dog.

China seems for the moment to be the under dog. Foreign Powers have compelled her to open her doors to their commerce, they have restricted her right to tax their imports, they have compelled her to set aside districts in which their nationals may live and which they may develop and govern as they see fit, and they have compelled

her to grant them within these areas, and in a measure wherever they go, the privilege of living under their own laws and of administering these laws through courts of their own creation. In other words, foreign Powers have moved into China, bag and baggage, and have carried their national cultural establishments with them. While they avoid the term 'annexation,' and recognize in Chinese sovereignty a certain reverent right to these territories when they are through with them, that sovereignty is for the present entirely in abeyance in the 'concessions,' those marvelous settlements which the Western Powers have created on Chinese soil. Even outside the concessions the foreigner, in a sense, plants his national flag on the spot where he stands. And all this he seems well content to continue, and shows no sign either of leaving or of surrendering his privileges. Such is the Chinese indictment, which, barring certain large omissions, fairly states the facts.

All this went on comparatively unnoticed for half a century simply because our attention was not called to it. But of late this attitude has changed. China has found a voice in a small but growing class impregnated with Western ideas that deeply resents the unreciprocal relation and demands for China the same recognition of sovereignty which is accorded to other nations. This means the recognition of no other law or police authority than that of China in Chinese territory. It means the end of consular courts and of restrictions upon taxation. And generous impulse among us is prompt to respond to the appeal. We are exhorted to stop bullying China.

There is not one of the Western nations to-day that is not willing and eager to do that very thing.

How do we know this? Because in an analogous case they did it, and did

it without coercion or exhortation; because, further, the system is costly and vexatious. The Powers do not establish concessions and organize a police force and maintain consular courts for the fun of it. They have no more desire to do these things in Shanghai than they have to do them in New York. It is a burden to maintain these establishments. Only the uninitiated regard it as a privilege. If the Powers hesitate to abolish them it is for reasons of historic import which it behoves us to consider.

II

The system did not originate in China. It is much more ancient — how ancient we cannot say. I suspect that the Greek quarter in Memphis on the banks of the Nile three thousand years ago was much like a Chinese concession. Japan, too, had similar settlements in Korea centuries ago. We have little knowledge of the arrangements governing these settlements, but we may safely assume that they were under the control of their own inhabitants and governed by their customs and laws.

The system first appears in clear outline in connection with the Venetian empire. When Venice joined the crusades she made it a condition of her coöperation that a portion of every city captured should be placed under her jurisdiction. Here she established a Venetian quarter, building warehouses, docks, and all the essentials of commerce. Here, too, her law was established with all the machinery for its administration. It became a Venice in miniature, sometimes more. The Venetian quarter in Constantinople, a concession voluntarily granted, is said to have contained two hundred thousand inhabitants, a population equal to that of Venice herself. Eventually these settlements dotted every island and coast of the Mediterranean.

Whatever may have been the motive for establishing these settlements, their justification is to be found in the fact that Venice had developed a body of commercial law and a system of administration which was infinitely superior to that of the countries with which she had to deal. Many of them had no body of law and were ruled by edict — that is, by autocratic caprice tempered by ill-defined custom. Even with good intentions such procedure was incapable of regulating the complex relations which the highly developed commerce of Venice involved.

When the Turks fell heir to the East, they had no thought of abolishing this system, but sought rather to encourage and extend it. With the long-coveted Constantinople now in their possession, but shrunk to a tenth of its former size and with grass growing in its streets, they turned to this system of privileged settlements as the means of restoring its commercial supremacy. Not at all under compulsion, but with eagerness and an eye to commercial advantage, they renewed and enlarged these privileges of self-government. It did not seem at all an unreasonable thing that commercial communities of highly developed peoples should live under their own laws and regulate their affairs in a manner suited to their needs. These privileges were therefore in the strictest sense concessions granted by a Power, perhaps the strongest in Europe, in the interest of its own convenience and advantage. These concessions were eventually extended to all foreigners as well as to the subject Christian populations, all in the interest of the State. It allowed these populations to live under laws with which they were familiar, and saved the Turks the trouble of regulating affairs which they did not understand. Above all it gave the merchant the necessary inducement to restore the prosperity of the State.

The system continued with little change until its abolition during the World War. But changes in the nations themselves greatly modified its character. Turkey decayed, while the Western Powers grew strong. As the gulf widened between the unadaptable Turk and the progressive West, the foreigner increasingly prized his independence and exploited his privileged position. The 'capitulations,' as the system was called, thus came to be recognized as the normal relation between nations whose social and legal systems were widely divergent.

When, about the middle of the nineteenth century, China and Japan were brought within the orbit of Western commerce, the system of extritoriality was adopted as a matter of necessity. I shall not recall the incidents of this transaction, which involved several wars and a naval demonstration on our part which failed of becoming a war only because it cowed the Japanese into submission. If I were to challenge the policy of the Western Powers I think I should choose this point for attack. If we ever wronged the Eastern nations it was when we insisted upon trading with them at a time when they were unwilling that we should do so. But to discuss the legitimacy of a commercial expansion which no power on earth could have prevented and to which all peoples are now reconciled is as futile as to discuss the ethics of the solar system. I will pass this period with but the single remark that there never was an opium war properly so designated — that is, a war in which the use of opium by the Chinese was either the object aimed at or the chief object attained. It is unfortunate that Britain was obliged to establish the most fundamental of all commercial principles, the right of property against confiscation, in connection with a commodity since fallen into deserved discredit, but

the principle was worth the struggle, worth even the obloquy and inevitable misrepresentation.

If commercial relations were to be established there was but one possible way to do it. China and Japan had a highly developed civilization, but one whose whole orientation was unsuited to the new relation. In Japan, commerce was tolerated but despised. Gifts from a merchant, though accepted by a shrine, would not be admitted inside the temple. Foreign commerce was practically unknown, and no laws existed for its regulation. Conditions in China, though different, were no more favorable. The trader had no rights and found no body of law or custom to regulate his dealings with the people. More fundamental still, he found the physical conditions of life such as he could not accept. Permanent commercial relations involved, then as always, resident agents and ultimately a large foreign community. Wives and children followed their husbands and legitimately sought the decencies of European life. Was it too much for Europe to ask — was it too much for China to grant — that they should have the privilege of peaceably creating these conditions?

The privilege was granted, albeit but grudgingly, and in the ocean seaports, up the mighty Yangtze, and in strategic sites all over the empire, some of them previously uninhabited, appeared these oases of alien civilization. Harbors were dredged, docks and warehouses built, broad streets laid out, schools established, churches erected, and the whole fabric of our civilization created. The fisher hamlet of Yokohama grew into a handsome city of half a million. On vacant ground, along a sluggish tributary of the lower Yangtze, rose Shanghai, model city of the East. Outside the walls of ancient Tientsin appeared its modern

double, with miles upon miles of broad streets and modern homes surrounded with shrubbery and flowers. The desert islet of Hong-Kong, a barren rock haunted by pirates, became an earthly paradise where, under the Midas touch of British justice, two thirds of a million Chinese have risen to an affluence undreamed of under their own government a few miles away. And at Kiukiang, the city of porcelain, at Ichang where the foaming river pours through the gorges the melted snows of the Himalayas, at Chungking beyond the gorges, and at scores of other spots we find these far-flung outposts of civilization.

I wish that every American could visit one of these settlements, perhaps Hankow, the centre of recent disturbances and of antforeign agitation. It is six hundred miles up the Yangtze, one of the most majestic of rivers. Great ocean steamers from London sail up these six hundred miles and anchor at Hankow. It is as central as Chicago and almost as accessible as New York. Here, at the confluence of the Yangtze and the Han, are the three 'Wu-Han' cities, Hankow, Han-yang, and Wuchang, the last a provincial capital and the recently chosen Cantonese or nationalist capital of China. All are essentially one city, no more separated than Brooklyn and New York, except that there are neither bridges nor tunnels nor steam ferries.

Few things will impress the traveler more than the 'Bund' of Hankow. It stretches, a magnificent esplanade perhaps two hundred feet wide, for a couple of miles along the river facing the concessions — British, French, Russian, German, and Japanese. Imposing buildings succeed one another for a mile or more — not crowded together, nor yet of the traditional commercial type, but broad-spaced and mansion-like, their deep verandahs

filled with flowerpots and the whole set in spacious lawns and shrubbery. When I saw them first I thought of Euclid Avenue as I knew it in my youth. Yet these buildings bore the names of steamship companies, banks, commercial agencies, and other enterprises that I had not hitherto associated with lawns and flowers. Farther on, two splendid American structures were nearing completion, the property of well-known New York banks. They were more ambitious and, I am sorry to say, more commercial in appearance than the others, but I found they were fundamentally the same. Indeed it was from them that I learned the secret of the domestic appearance of the others. Fine housekeeping suites were being finished off in the upper stories, where the young married employees not only could find protection against coolie mobs and social disturbances, but could preserve the integrity of the Anglo-Saxon home. For business has learned in China, if not at home, that its interests are rooted in something deeper than salaries and contracts.

Behind the Bund are other streets with stores that would do honor to any American city. There are schools and churches, too, in familiar guise. On the edge of the concession I found a country club, a model institution of its kind, where I saw assembled the beauty and the chivalry of Hankow.

And then I visited 'Chinatown' and crossed over to venerable Wuchang, whose temple-crowned hill had beckoned enticingly. It seemed to embody the romance of the dreamy East. Perhaps it did, but we did n't find it. We climbed from the landing place through the slopes of the water carriers who, in endless procession, supplied the coffee-colored, germ-laden water to the householders for domestic use. We saw the squalor of the homes, the littered streets, and the human offal borne open

through the city. We heard the fire-crackers exploded to scare away the demons from a wedding or a funeral. What we had taken for temples proved to be gambling dens, while a gay kiosk near by was occupied by a fantastically clad diviner or luck man whose lucrative occupation it was to find the lucky places to dig graves, the lucky time to start building or to undertake a journey. We saw — but why continue? I could not describe what one sees in a Chinese city, nor would the reader thank me if I did. It is but fair to add that behind it all is the battered wreck of much that once was great; that hidden from the traveler's view there is much of present elegance and of comfort for those who are wonted to Chinese ways. Finally it is to be noted that all this is changing, especially where the Chinese are in contact with the concessions. But, when all is said, it remains true that between the two modes of life a gulf is fixed which the Westerner cannot cross without hardship and demoralization.

III

I have dealt only with the outward aspect of the concession, the aspect most easily seen and portrayed. Its more vital aspect — its soul, so to speak — is in the system of law and administrative procedure, the product of centuries of struggle with the problems which here have found so large a measure of solution. This legal framework, and still more this body of instincts, habits, and ideals which are the essence of our Western civilization — these are not indigenous to Chinese soil. Reared under hothouse protection in the concessions, it remains to be seen whether they will survive with this protection removed. Let us hope so, but those of us who have seen their present flower and fruit may be pardoned if we face the transfer with misgivings.

And now that the transfer seems imminent let us ask somewhat carefully just what China wants and what are the grounds for hesitation in granting her request. The demand is for complete sovereignty as accorded to other nations. *As accorded to other nations!* Just what do we accord to other nations?

The most fundamental obligation devolving upon any government is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. These are the two basic interests. All else derives from these or is subordinate to them. Nothing can absolve government from this obligation except action of the individual in contravention of government authority. In an age when foreign trade and industry are universally recognized as legitimate, the need and the obligation of protection are not limited by national frontiers. Wherever the citizen goes the duty to protect him goes with him. Government may fail in its efforts. In so far it fails as government. But it can never repudiate the obligation.

The modern comity of nations to which China aspires rests upon the recognition of this obligation. As a matter of convenience and economy of effort, governments exchange these trusts with one another when assured that they can do so safely. If we do not establish an American concession in London and demand the right of setting up our own courts and police protection for our citizens there it is because we are perfectly sure that Britain will protect them quite as well as we could, and we find it much more economical to protect her citizens residing here in exchange. It is a perfectly reciprocal arrangement based on identical principles and fairly equivalent facilities.

There is not a nation in the world that does not prefer this reciprocal arrangement wherever possible. When Japan and China were opened to

Western trade it was obviously impossible. Neither country had recognized for centuries the obligation to protect foreigners within its limits. In both countries there was a prejudice against their presence which it was doubtful if the government could control. In both countries the attitude and good faith of the government were in question. No reciprocity was possible. The Western Powers did not delegate their responsibilities, but followed their citizens abroad and built about them and their belongings the home safeguards. To have done less would have been a breach of trust.

The arrangement was provisional. Its abrogation depended on the development of the conditions of reciprocity. With amazing energy and wisdom Japan set about the task. Her entire legal system, devised for a hermit nation with no dealings outside her borders, had to be reconstructed. This entailed political, military, and economic reorganization, the abolition of long-sanctioned class distinctions, and ultimately the complete reconstruction both of Japanese society and of the mentality of the Japanese people. The task was an heroic one and it involved unparalleled sacrifice and determination. The result was apparent when, a generation after the great resolve, Japan successfully resisted mighty Russia, and astonished Europe discovered that a Western nation had arisen in the East. The demand for recognition on the basis of reciprocity was promptly granted. There were misgivings, but they were few and brief. The sneer is sometimes heard that Japan obtained the coveted recognition only when she had sharpened her sword and made herself feared. Possibly. The imputation of cowardice as the sole motive of seeming justice and generosity is a favorite with those whose temperament suggests such

explanations. The fact would seem to be that the successful prosecution of a great war against a superior enemy implies not only military power but national unity, discipline, and organization. These were the guaranties that laws promulgated and promises made would be carried into effect. They have been, and no one now regrets Japanese recognition.

Why has not China followed suit? Simply because she was not like Japan. Though alike unprepared at the outset for the new relation of reciprocity with Europe, the two nations were otherwise totally unlike. Ever since the sixteenth century Japan has enjoyed one of the most perfectly organized governments on record. For two centuries and a half this government, the work of two superlative statesmen, maintained unity and order with a minimum of tyranny and corruption, establishing the traditions of discipline and obedience to central authority which have since rendered such remarkable service. Though reluctant to come out of her seclusion, she emerged with herself perfectly in hand and ready for the crisis.

China had no such background. Never closely organized, she was in full decadence when confronted with the new situation. With a central government devoid of authority, and an almost complete lack of the organs of modern government, China faced the exigencies of the commercial era with the government machinery of the primitive clan. Her military impotence but reflects her helplessness in every department of the social organism. Imagine a people whose soldiers, when taken prisoners, unhesitatingly enroll in the other army on assurance of food and pay. Think of a country without roads opening its doors to commerce. When the rain gullies the peasant's precious field he goes out into the narrow path which does duty for a road

and digs up the earth needed to repair the damage. The traveler who later finds a mud hole in his path gets his vengeance by making a new path through the peasant's field. More completely than any other people the Chinese have gotten along without government, without machinery, without national organization. Said the headman of a Chinese village to the interpreter of an invading army in the Boxer Rebellion: 'We pay taxes to the Manchus. We would just as soon pay taxes to you if we can get the same thing in return. We pay taxes to be let alone. If you can guarantee that we will be let alone we would just as soon pay to you.' That is thoroughly Chinese. The ideal is nonintervention. That government is best that governs least. Taxes are paid to bribe the government to inaction.

It is not asserted that these are altogether the ideals of to-day, least of all the ideals of that limited nationalist element which of late has made itself the vocal exponent of China's demands. It is rather the historic attitude, the mute instinct of the uncounted millions with whom the inertia of habit so far outweighs all reasoned choice.

IV

The generous-hearted demand that we accord to China the recognition due to a modern nation is sometimes made in oversight of the fundamental elements in the problem. We do not recognize peoples or countries, but governments. Recognition of peoples is a private affair. There is nothing to prevent Americans recognizing Chinese to any extent that they choose. But governments can only recognize governments. Where is the Chinese government? It is an open secret that there has been difficulty for some years in locating that important entity.

There is much reason to believe that no Chinese government exists. The foreigner in China deals chiefly with local authorities not recognized, perhaps, ten miles away. At the port of entry he deals with the Maritime Customs, an institution imposed by treaty and presided over by foreigners. In the capital he deals with the municipal government, largely controlled by the foreign legations. Finally and chiefly, in various centres he deals with a military free lance who exercises within his sphere of influence the unauthorized authority of force. The alleged government at Peking is the puppet of one of these chieftains. That of to-morrow will be the puppet of another. Present recognition could only be of one of these self-constituted authorities. Recognition of each would be a powerful influence in favor of the partition of China. Effective recognition of one would be a potent interference in domestic affairs. Under these conditions does not that very deference to the Chinese people which is so feelingly invoked require us to withhold rather than to grant recognition?

Further, it is not always remembered that recognition is not an amenity, but a trust. Recognition such as is demanded implies a mutual delegation of the basic responsibilities of government. For a government to delegate its responsibilities to those who lack either the will or the authority or the facilities to discharge those responsibilities is a violation of trust. The present relation is condemned as unreciprocal. Would a mutual arrangement without effective guaranties on China's part be any less so?

It is inevitable that the present system should pass away. Provisional in its very nature and involving an essentially abnormal exercise of foreign power, its perpetuation would prevent that development of Chinese responsi-

bility which is the recognized need of the world. The harassed governments of the West are more than willing to rid themselves of these remote jurisdictions. But there is a lively realization on their part, as there is a slumbering, instinctive conviction in the minds of their peoples, that these fundamental responsibilities of government must not lapse. Whatever the cost and whatever the delay, the transfer must be made only to trustworthy hands. Great principles and great interests, interests as legitimate as any in the homeland, are at stake. These settlements, if aggregated, would make a modern nation equal in population and superior in wealth and intelligence to nations now members of the League and eligible to a seat on its Council. No American municipality is governed so well as Shanghai. The wealth that these men have won they have created, and more, very much more, which has inured to the benefit of their Chinese neighbors, millions of whom owe them both livelihood and fortune.

By what right are these things adjudged less sacred here than elsewhere? Who stands to profit by the precipitate surrender of all this to a government whose identity is unestablished and whose existence is doubtful, a government whose only certainty is its incompetence? The rising tide of race consciousness in China at a time when her people are as yet unequipped with adequate organs of government renders extremely difficult the safeguarding of these interests during this trying period of transition. But if the Western Powers are forced to precipitate action, and the great structure of civilization so laboriously reared in the East by missionary and merchant goes down in ruin and possibly in blood, I fear the chief responsibility will rest, not with Young China, but with her doctrinaire partisans in the West.

THE CLASSIC MASQUE

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

I

SHARP, jagged lines stabbed at the sky through fog and smoke; the air was acrid with the bitterness of dirt and oils and rotted, water-soaked wood. Vittoria, leaning on the rail of the incoming steamer, smelled her roses to dispel the odors and shut out what her eyes had seen. Her idea of it all had been far different.

'It's a rotten day,' said Mr. Tempest anxiously. 'I'm afraid it's given you the wrong impression. Generally this is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.'

Vittoria was ready to admit it; she had not the habit of comparisons, and anyway she was not observant enough to bother. It was a feeling, not an observation; the stab of those mammoth buildings was in her side, not in her eyes.

'Will you receive the reporters in your sitting room?' Tempest began again. He had just been rounding them up, and had left them there in charge of Vittoria's large and noisy crowd of dependents.

She came with him willingly enough. It seemed to be so abysmally unimportant whether she did or not. The fog and drizzle were in her brain, or her heart — she could not tell which.

In the sitting room Madame Magini, perspiring a vigorous red, was in struggle with the reporters.

'Madonna!' she exclaimed as Vittoria entered. 'Here are men who have never heard of me — of me, the

Magini! Twenty-five years ago their grandfathers lost their sausage heads over me. And now — Madonna!'

Magini was astonishingly fat, and her little beady eyes looked astonishingly small by comparison with their setting. Her nose was a commanding feature, presiding superciliously over the rest of her face like a cathedral in a slum. Her voice squeaked indignation in oddly assorted Italian and French. The reporters, some ten or twelve of them, of all ages and descriptions, looked at her with considerable alarm.

Vittoria sat down and folded her hands in her lap. She had been prepared for this; there was no flutter of embarrassment about her.

The reporters looked at each other significantly. To most of them she was a species unexpected, legendary: she was an opera singer of fame, and she was undeniably beautiful. Her face had the repose, the ageless purity of Greek marble; and her burnished bronze hair, when she removed her hat, clustered at her neck like grapes overripe.

'I make my *début* on the twelfth of November, as Isolde,' she told them evenly. Her English was the precise, uncolored idiom of the educated foreigner; it was as correct and accentless as a history book.

'Yes, I was born in this country. At Springfield, in the Massachusetts. My father was a violinist in a traveling opera troupe; my mother sang. She

was Italian. He was American. Named Holmar. They are dead.'

With a tranquil, unemotional affection, she paraded her eyes over the indignant figure of Magini, spread across the largest chair in the room.

'Madame Magini has been my father and my mother,' she stated with a certain mathematical precision (five hundred and seventy-three plus eighty-four equals six hundred and fifty-seven). 'She was one of the greatest artists of her generation, and she has taught me everything I know. Not everything she knows. I still have a great deal to learn.'

They smiled politely at this. But they wrote it all down.

'No, I am not married. I never have been. I am thirty-three, and I do not see why I should marry. Perhaps, when I am sixty-five. . . .

'No, I do not disbelieve in marriage. Or believe in it. Or believe or disbelieve in anything. I have enough to do to sing. I have no time for believing or disbelieving in things. . . .

'I do not remember America at all. I was only five years old when I left here. . . . Yes, it is very impressive, the harbor. . . . No, I do not think it is beautiful. It is something, yes; but it is not beautiful. . . . Yes, I shall be here all season. In the spring, Paris and Covent Garden. In the summer, Bayreuth. Here I shall sing Isolde, Iphigénie en Aulide, Sieglinde, Elsa, Elisabeth, Donna Anna, the Contessa in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Other things, perhaps. . . . I have been singing for ten years. Everywhere. All the Italian houses; German ones, too; French, Spanish. The Scala at Milan is the best house I know. . . . I know nothing about woman's suffrage. . . . I have no pets, but Madame Magini has a cat. . . . I have forty-one pieces of luggage. . . . No, I shall not miss wines very much; but is it certain

that I shall not have them? . . . The Metropolitan is a very great house; I am glad to come here. . . . Yes, I have heard that my wage is very high. I do not know if it is the highest offered a new singer; I do not care. I am not permitted to say what it is. The contract is for one year; there is an option for five more years.'

They were photographed on the top deck, Vittoria many times, once with Madame Magini and her saffron-colored husband, Artemidoro. Mr. Tempest hovered about, apprehensive, thoughtful; he distrusted this unregulated publicity, like a good Metropolitan attaché, and felt that a dignified silence was more in keeping with the traditions of the house. When questions about marriage and prohibition were in the air, you never could tell what these singers would say, especially when they were new to the country.

Vittoria went through it all unmoved, and as silent as the circumstances allowed. The mist and the cold would not leave her; the skyline maintained its terrifying gesture. She was in the presence of the totally unfamiliar, the completely new; it depressed without exciting her. She could not be puzzled, for she never asked herself questions; it was only that same deaf pressure on the chest, a crushing of inexplicable foreboding. She could not fear what could not hurt her; but if she had ever known what it was to be afraid, she would have been then, perhaps.

An apartment spacious enough for twenty had been reserved for them at the Ritz; Magini and Artemidoro, with a maid and a voluble, decrepit valet de chambre, one of Magini's innumerable relics, established themselves with much inefficient excitement while Vittoria locked herself wearily into her room and went to sleep.

II

She met Henry Morehouse the next day at a tea given for her by the wife of one of the Metropolitan's directors.

It was the usual musical-literary-social business there, as she had seen it everywhere from Munich to Buenos Ayres, and for the first time in twenty-four hours she felt no disturbing unfamiliarity about her. There was less of the musical and literary here, and more of the social, perhaps; but it was essentially the same. Even many of the people were the same; the Russian Jewish violinist, the Hungarian pianist, the earnest-eyed, horse-faced young British composer, had not changed in translation to New York. The women belonged, mostly, to the universally established type characterized as lion-hunters; they were a necessary evil of the career, blessed only in their exquisite absence. One felt at home, in the vague way of the homeless who carry their world with them. Henry Morehouse alone was unlike anything else.

Not that he was unmusical, unliterary, or unsocial. If he had been, he would not have been there. He talked, in a more or less self-contained way, of much the same things as the rest of them; but the difference was none the less apparent for that. It was partly his clothes, his unpretentious correctness, and partly the restraint of his attitudes, which belonged to neither the tall-hat nor the long-haired school of behavior. But most of all the difference resided in the lines of his jaw and mouth, the fineness of nostril allied to the strength of feature, the distant awareness of his eyes. He appeared to have penetration, acumen, and humor — three qualities which have no business at a gathering of musical celebrities and their assiduous appreciators. Vittoria resented him distinctly for the

first fifteen minutes. His intelligence was almost insulting; it made a spectator out of him. After they had talked a little of music here and there, and of the plans for the season, she asked him if he was a composer. In that category he might just conceivably fit.

'No,' he answered with an amused grin. 'I'm only, temporarily, a man of business. In Wall Street. I'm not anything concerned with music or the theatre. I believe I'm probably what you would call The Public.'

She looked at him gravely, her wide, indeterminate dark eyes reflecting upon his presence. There was no humor in her; she studied him intently.

'Madonna!' she said at last. 'I have been looking for you for ten years. And I have never met you until to-day. I have often wondered about you, but when I have thought to be meeting you, you have always turned out to be — *that!*'

She indicated the swarm of people in the room. His glance followed hers; he seemed a little disconcerted at the seriousness of her attack.

'Oh, I'm a good fellow, really,' he said, a shade of embarrassment coming over him. 'Not awfully musical, perhaps, but not too ignorant either. I'm just about the same anywhere — a plugging, sincere, earnest soul. There are millions of me.'

'I know,' she thought aloud. 'Rows upon rows of you, paying large sums of money to hear us sing or watch us walk the tight rope. If I were not a singer I should never listen to other singers. I often wonder why you do. If you like singing, why don't you do it yourselves? In Munich you come because of the good beer in the intervals, and because the arguments afterward give you chances to talk; in Paris you come because you want to see all the pretty women; in London you come to be able to say you have been. Only in Italy do

you come because you sing yourself and like to imagine you are doing it on the stage. You are very strange, Public.'

'In New York, I come to see and be seen, I suppose,' he said. 'But I like the reflection, too, that mine is the best opera company money can buy in the whole world. I am like that. All the millions of me.'

His eyes did not lose their penetration; he seemed to be aware of her in a completer sense than anybody she had ever known, and yet oddly unmoved by her beauty or her actuality. He belonged, with a destructive certainty, to the world of the unfamiliar and the new — he belonged to the skyscrapers and the November drizzle. Yet he gave evidence of a sort of mind and training which were neither unfamiliar nor new; in a way, he bridged the Atlantic. Not that Vittoria thought of it thus specifically; indeed, she hardly thought of it at all. She asked him to lunch with her the next day, and barely observed the touch of reluctance with which he accepted. . . .

Morehouse at luncheon was monopolized by Magini. Magini had found at last somebody who had heard of her, of her glorious past: somebody who could remember how she had sung *Norma* and *L'Africana* at the Metropolitan twenty-five years ago. It made no difference to Magini that he was too polite to be really interested; his deferential manner hid, perhaps, colossal boredom. She raced on, eating vast quantities of food and spilling reminiscence after reminiscence into the already overflowing monologue. She was at times embarrassingly frank; the men who had succeeded one another in her capacious affections had as much place in her memory as the rôles she had sung, and she scanted nothing.

Vittoria never remembered having experienced any impatience or annoyance with Magini before. It was as

new as everything else, this feeling that there was something wrong, that Magini was somehow not the person to be talking to Morehouse — that he remained, even at the luncheon table, The Public, separated from the rest of them by a row of footlights and an interplanetary space.

After luncheon Magini went on a shopping expedition with her Artemidoro. Morehouse lingered almost unwillingly; there were liqueurs, but no conversation. Vittoria went to the piano in her drawing room and sang to him. When puzzles presented themselves, she could always sing.

He kept his eyes on his little glass of brandy while she did it. The sound of it, rich and smooth and full, was everywhere in the little room, pervasive even in a whisper. 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,' she said, 'weisst was ich leide. . . .'

When she had finished, she sat there a moment indifferently. The tones had come gratefully out of her throat; she knew from the hum of them in her chest, the echo of them in her ears afterward, that she had done very well indeed.

As she turned round, Morehouse rose to leave. He was very much disturbed, too disturbed to be polite. He hardly thanked her; he seemed nervous and only anxious to get away. She walked with him to the door and closed it behind him slowly. As she turned back to the piano it seemed to her that she understood things even less than before.

In a week's time she knew. She was in love.

III

At first it seemed too ridiculous to be believed, even for a moment. But it could not be dismissed; it was a force, an eccentric, disintegrating thing. Nothing had ever been like it. No man. She had been 'in love' before, of course;

love was a joyous, natural phenomenon, not in the least like this. Love came and went, like the seasons passing over the white marble of a statue, mellowing and caressing; love touched and vanished, and with its departure were forever added new tones to the voice, new heights, and the magic of new color. Everything had contributed to the glory of her voice, the rising and the setting of the sun, winds over a marsh, men and books and music and the rainy salt of an open sea. They had all seasoned, enriched; no tone but represented the flavor of life, full and unafraid. Love had always given a radiance; this thing was fierce and destructive, like age clawing at the throat.

At the first rehearsal of *Isolde* sick horror laid hold of Vittoria. She was singing very badly; there were weary notes and raucous notes, inadequate and tired. Most desperate was the knowledge that it did not essentially matter; she had no longer the whole-hearted rapture in making what music could come from her. She was no longer a perfect instrument — she was Vittoria sick and fearful.

‘Furchtbar, schrecklich!’ she said dully to the hook-nosed conductor at the end of the rehearsal.

He looked at her from his height of wisdom.

‘It is best, my child,’ he told her in his fiercely gentle way. ‘You will be a great *Isolde* whatever happens.’

This was cryptic and unnecessary; Vittoria knew how bad it had been, and what Magini, squeezed horror-stricken into one of the orchestra stalls, was ready and waiting to say to her.

For from the beginning Morehouse had made it plain that it was impossible. Not that they had said much of anything; he had come twice to her hotel, and once he had driven her for dinner to a restaurant far out on Long Island. Each time he had had spells

of talking feverishly about the things they had in common, followed by spells of complete silence. She was nearly always speechless with him; the feeling of his bitter hostility, not to her, but to something of which she was, perhaps, a part or a symbol, froze everything she might have said. It was no help to realize, as Vittoria did definitely realize, that he loved her. His hungry, nervous eyes, and the look of sleepless worry that had come over him, told a good deal; the sound of his voice sometimes, when he was most under restraint, told more. The night before the first *Isolde* rehearsal, at dinner in the Long Island roadhouse, he had most closely approached revelation of what was in his mind.

‘I’m on the fence,’ he put it, fingering his champagne glass, ‘between two worlds. Always have been, I suppose. And I’m forty now, and it’s too late to get off. For the outside, at least, I’ve chosen. . . . We’re like that often, we whom you call The Public. Sometimes it’s only circumstance makes us what we are, and we don’t know it until we have our own grooves. . . . Position, wife, children, and the things we call collectively honor. . . . It might be better to be a Russian Jewish violinist, I suppose.’

She felt very sure of what he was talking about; it was like a ton weight, depressing the breadth of her chest.

He came again the night before her debut. They drove again to the roadhouse on Long Island.

Vittoria’s change had equaled his; she knew it. She was a beautiful woman always; the look of other people as she passed them could have told her so if she had never seen a mirror. The heavy clusters of her hair still cast shadows over the white of her neck; but her eyes were deeper and darker. There was a drawn look about the mouth, too; she had seen it in the glass, and did not

care. She wore a dress of severe black and silver; her shoulders kept their magnificence, but her whole beauty had grown definitely older in two weeks. Not older, either, exactly; but what had been as ageless as a statue had now taken on the human stamp of its years. She did not care; definitively, she knew she did not care for anything at all. Except for what was impossible.

'I'm sailing for Europe Saturday with my wife,' he mentioned, as casually as could be. He was looking through the window at the lashing rain. 'She needs a vacation, she seems to think, and I'm sure I do. We mean to run down to Philadelphia to-morrow for some leave-takings.'

Vittoria put her hand, for one moment, to her side. It was a strictly physical pain she felt there, sharp and restless.

'You will not hear me, then, to-morrow night?' she asked. Her voice sounded a little muffled, as if her teeth had suddenly filled all her mouth.

'No,' he answered. He turned round toward her again, and his miserable eyes looked at her fairly. 'I could n't,' he added. 'I could n't.'

They drove back through the angry rain, mile after mile of silence. Vittoria could feel, through her furs, the slight touch of his shoulder. The headlights made sudden wet drifts of light against the solemn black all around. He drove fast at first, but later very slowly; with the jagged, stabbing pain in her side, Vittoria felt the inevitability of what was coming. They had seen each other nine times, all told. Two weeks. Relentless and certain, like death itself. At the end of this black road. Drive fast or drive slow, the end could not be changed. It was there, waiting.

At the Ritz he took her through the lobby, but paused before the elevator.

'I'm going now,' he said quietly,

looking long at her. 'I've got to go. Good-bye.'

She turned to him and staggered very slightly. The brutal, certain inevitability. Nothing to be done against it. Cry out until the voice was torn, and the heart too. No good — the end of the road.

'You are going?' she asked.

'Yes,' he said. He bent over swiftly, took her hand, and held it to his lips. With the accomplishment of the gesture, he was gone. The lobby was empty; gilt and brocade leered.

She walked into the elevator. The physical pain was in her chest, the reiteration of it in her head, revolving dully. A brutal, inevitable fact. Perhaps — she could not possibly know — a truth. Honor, wife, children. Children, wife, honor. Good-bye.

She went into her room and locked the door. It was past daylight when she fell asleep.

IV

At five in the afternoon she woke up again. Magini was in the room, looking at her anxiously.

'*Accidente!* I was afraid you would sleep forever! In another minute I should have wakened you. It is well to sleep as much as possible, Torina, but it is five o'clock now. You must be ready at seven. A bath, a hot bath! Ay! Ay! Rosaccia!'

The maid prepared the bath; eggs and tea were brought in. Magini chattered on shrewdly; she did not know what had happened, but it must be forgotten. Many people had come during the day, she said, the general manager of the company among them. She had warded them all off. Vittoria must have rest, *poveretta*.

In her dressing room Vittoria put on her costume and jewels slowly, carefully, mechanically. With Magini she had done half an hour's exercises before

leaving the hotel. The voice was dull and lifeless. Suddenly, terribly, it mattered; if the voice went, too, what was left? Magini was prostrate and profane with nervousness; she had never heard Vittoria sing so badly. No kindness could hide her alarm.

Vittoria sent them out into the house shortly before eight. The conductor came in to see her, and rapped her sharply on the hand with his skinny fingers.

'Sing, my child,' he commanded thunderously. 'Nothing is important but that. Sing everything you have — *everything*. Let it out. It is a big house. You can be a great Isolde; all the rest is *Schweinerei*.'

She studied herself in the mirror. Her eyes were tired, brilliant, and she looked almost haggard. But she was beautiful, almost more beautiful than three weeks ago. That was something. Suddenly she remembered what that fool Borelli, the poet man in Milan, had written of her once six or eight years before. A poem called the *Maschera Classica*, the *Classic Masque*, le *Masque Classique*. How did it go? She was a masque in a Greek garden, he had said; the seasons touched her only with love, and everything was nothing to her marble serenity. She could not even remember what language it was written in. Borelli. . . . How many years. . . . He had said that the masque would break one day: fall upon reality and break. With it had broken something else, she thought; it was what people called the heart. Or the courage of life, perhaps. No masque looked at her from the mirror. There was reality there, at last.

That fool Borelli!

She took her place on the stage. The ship, Tristan's ship, was set against a sky of hieratic blue. The contralto who was to sing Brängane looked at Vittoria pityingly.

'Courage,' she said, in a voluminous German way. 'Courage. You are very great. You need not fear the dumb brutes out there. Sing as you sang in Bayreuth last year. You will conquer them easily.'

The woman actually thought she was afraid. Vittoria threw back her head as the curtains swept apart.

From the first notes she sang she knew that her day of power had come. It was no longer easy and joyous singing, the making of great, beautiful tones; it was drawn out of her ruthlessly now, muscle and brain and blood, until there was nothing of her left for thinking. She went through it with the meaning of ten years; at the end, when the vast conglomerate roar came to her from the crowded house, she knew that it could not matter any more. She would sing because she could not help it; they would cheer because they could not help it; it was no longer a thing she did, an effect she achieved. Singer and listener, they were part of an inevitability. Like death. Waiting.

After the second act she was exhausted and very old. She could take no more curtain calls; she lay with her eyelids closed on the couch in her dressing room. Rosaccia piled up flowers, unheeded. Magini came in, breathless and tearful. When she saw the motionless figure on the couch she went away again and closed the door softly behind her.

'Artemidoro! Artemidoro!' she sobbed comfortably; the whole massive grotesque of her fell into the arms of her wraith-like little man. 'I have seen and heard a great artist, a very great artist. Dio, Dio, I am sorry for her, my little Toruccia!'

Artemidoro's saffron-colored face was mournful as ever. He put one arm about the Magini obediently. He was used to these scenes.

The Liebestod was the end of every-

thing. Nothing could ever happen to her afterward, Vittoria knew. Weak, trembling, uncertain, she found her way to her dressing room. Willing hands helped her; adoring eyes followed her. No voice and no singing like this had stirred the dusty backstage echoes for at least a generation.

Magini felt, somehow, what had happened. Her competent, if slightly hysterical, person warded off hosts of visitors again; she found an attaché and posted him at a vantage point to say, 'Madame Vittoria is tired and can see nobody.'

They went out by the Thirty-ninth Street entrance, through the press bureau. There was a great crowd churning about there; cheers welled up, German, Italian, English. As she got into the car waiting for her, Vittoria tried to smile and bow. It was a wan effort. She was tired and old, old and tired. Lived out.

In the hotel she locked herself in her room. Magini and Artemidoro had ordered food for themselves; she could hear them squabbling about the sauce for the spaghetti.

She walked to the window and leaned against it. The street below was still alive with passing cars and hurrying people; the huge, impersonal roar of subway and elevated and chattering voices, the yells of newsboys and the submerged noise of marching feet, came up massed and sickening. Building after building poked through the murky sky; lights blazed from them at strange altitudes, a monstrous Walpurgisnacht.

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One push, and she could be a part of the cruel clamor. She could fall swiftly, blessedly, certainly, to the street beneath. Nothing more. Death.

Or she could turn her back upon it and join Magini. . . . Magini! Magini had been a great artist, too; Magini had known all there was to be known of triumph. Magini sat out there now, eating spaghetti and drinking Chianti; weeping, no doubt, noisily as she ate, reminiscing. Joy over, there remained food and drink. And reminiscence. One went on in a world too beautiful, and one fell upon a fact. The classic masque smashed, lying in fragments over the pattern of a garden walk. After that, nothing. Nothing but age and appetite — the years taking beauty and leaving its bewildering memory. One could go on, triumph to triumph. No joy left, but appetite. Fat and sentimental. The voice torn out of one unconsciously by remembered things from a haunted place. Fame, certainly, and fortune. Age, at last, and death.

The street was clamoring, would be always clamoring, in its terrible depths. Its noise invited; it could give an end as ugly as itself — swift, real, true. With no beauty or dignity in it. One could fall vertiginously into its ugliness, surrender to its jagged edges and its stony yawn.

Vittoria turned away into the other room. Magini sat there, a platter of spaghetti before her. Artemidoro was silent as always, eating.

'Ring for the waiter, *cara*,' Vittoria said, 'and order more spaghetti. Spaghetti, I want, and wine.'

DEFENDING A BAD CAUSE

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

ON Sunday, February 1, 1623, Archbishop Laud recorded in his diary that he had that day stood by the most illustrious Prince Charles Stuart, at dinner. The Prince 'was then very merry, and talked occasionally of many things with his attendants. Among other things, he said that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession of life he could not be a lawyer, adding his reasons: "I cannot (saith he) defend a bad, nor yield in a good cause."'

Twenty-six years afterward, almost to the day, the former Prince, then Charles I, was beheaded at Whitehall, though whether in a good or a bad cause — whether as a glorious martyr or an inglorious tyrant — is a question about which honorable and patriotic Englishmen contested with one another, on the field of battle as well as in debate, for more than a century after his death, and came at last to peace and a mutual toleration rather than to agreement.

The cause of King Charles has passed, never to be finally decided, into the realm of old, unhappy, far-off things. His theory of the divine right of kings is dead, — or at least has been transmuted into a theory of the divine right of the legislature to make police regulations, — but his opinion about the practice of law is as representative of the opinions of a large number of intelligent men and women to-day as it doubtless was when he made his casual statement of it on that Sunday morning three hundred years ago.

I have listened a score of times to informal discussions among laymen about the ethics of the legal profession. Sometimes no more is expressed than a mere personal disinclination to be a lawyer, as on the part of Prince Charles, because of the necessity of urging unconscionable claims and defenses. Sometimes a question is asked like that which Boswell addressed to Dr. Johnson: 'But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?' Sometimes an apologist argues in the words of Dr. Paley, the English theologian, that 'there are falsehoods that are no lies . . . a criminal pleading not guilty; an advocate asserting the justice, or his belief in the justice, of his client's cause . . . no confidence is destroyed, because none is reposed; no promise to speak the truth is violated, because none is given.'

I must confess to a dislike for this last piece of casuistry. I object to the reference to advocates immediately after criminals; and I do not relish the implications of the statement that the falsehoods of an advocate are not to be regarded as lies because nobody will believe them. But, whatever form of words may be used, the truth is that many people feel — I am persuaded that some of the readers of the *Atlantic* feel — that the successful practice of law, particularly in criminal cases, is incompatible with conduct which is, in the highest degree, honorable, and with speech and thought which are, in the highest degree, candid. And the further truth is that this feeling is

centred about the supposed duty of a lawyer in what are commonly referred to as 'unjust causes.'

The accepted legal canons defining that duty have been stated many times, but, unfortunately, for the most part in books which are to be found only in the hands of lawyers and students of law. The purpose of this paper is not so much to restate them as to set down my own observations about the problem of unjust causes during a professional experience of more than fifteen years in a small American city. If what I have to say is almost entirely concerned with the defense of accused persons, the reason lies in the fact that criminal practice, as all the world knows, presents the question under consideration in its most acute and debatable form. Like most lawyers in active practice in small cities, I have tried all sorts of cases for all sorts of clients, often with an intimate knowledge of surrounding circumstances and an opportunity for insight into hidden motives that are not possible of attainment in our larger centres of population; but, apart from this experience, I cannot claim to speak with any special authority, either as a lawyer or as a moralist. I am comforted, however, by the conviction that, at all events, I know as much about the practice of morality as Dr. Paley did about the practice of law.

I

There are four sources of information from which a lawyer representing a defendant in a criminal prosecution may be said, with any degree of accuracy, to 'know that his client is guilty': (1) the entry of a plea of guilty in open court; (2) personal observation, as by having actually witnessed the commission of the offense; (3) a confession privately made by the client;

and (4) such an 'assemblage of probabilities,' whether resulting from the weight of the evidence in favor of conviction or otherwise, as to amount to a moral certainty. This classification appears to me to be exhaustive, and it is obvious that, in the first case supposed, no question of legal ethics is involved, since a defendant, in pleading guilty, instantly brings to an end the prosecution against him by his own solemn and deliberate act. It is likewise obvious that, in the second case supposed, the ethical question involved is a very simple one — no man ought, in the same proceeding, to appear both as a witness and as an advocate, and, accordingly, a lawyer should refuse professional employment in a cause in which he has such a knowledge of the facts at first hand as might require him to offer himself for examination on the witness stand.

The duty of a lawyer to whom a client has made a private confession of guilt is, in theory at least, equally simple — he ought to advise his client to plead guilty, and, if the client refuses to do so, he ought to withdraw from the case. In practice private confessions are much less common than is generally supposed, and I can give but two instances from my own experience.

On the first occasion, I was retained by a Negro who had been indicted for larceny. I asked him what his defense was, and he replied that he was guilty, but that he guessed he 'had better deny it in court,' and that, if he did so, his 'word would be as good as hers' (the prosecutrix's). I told him that he would have to plead guilty, and after only a very little hesitation he did so with the utmost good humor.

On the second occasion, I was consulted by an intelligent white man who was being prosecuted for conducting a gambling house. He told me that the

prosecution against him was a frame-up; he did run a gambling house, but the game was straight and his arrest was the act of players who had lost their money and who had proved to be poor losers. I asked him whether the general public frequented his house and whether he got a rake-off on the game, and he answered both questions in the affirmative. I then said to him that, on his own statement, it was manifest that he was violating the statute, and that there was nothing for him to do except to enter a plea of guilty. He went out of the office without making any special comment on what I had told him, and some weeks afterward it was brought to my attention that he had retained other counsel. Under the circumstances, I felt sufficiently interested in the case to make it my business to find out what happened at the trial. The defendant testified that friends of his sometimes came to his house to play poker and sometimes played for money, but that the public was not admitted; that the game was straight; and that he did not get a rake-off. The verdict of the jury was 'Not guilty.' I do not think for a moment that the reputable and experienced advocate who tried the case for the defense acted improperly. I am satisfied, on the contrary, that the defendant learned some law during the course of his conference with me, and, having duly digested it, amended his story to meet the requirements of an acquittal.

A somewhat novel view, though one not fundamentally inconsistent with what has been said, was expressed by the Earl of Birkenhead, former Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, in an address delivered at a banquet of the American Bar Association, on August 31, 1923. 'If,' he said, 'you take the extremest case of all, the case where it has been put at its strongest against

the ethical situation of our profession, the case where a confession has been made by a prisoner to an advocate — I would meet that case without hesitation. It arose once at a critical stage of a great English litigation. I would meet that by saying, "You are not to be the judge of whether that confession is made under an aberration, under a delusion, in hysteria; you are to put the whole facts of that case as those facts are known to you before the jury and before the judge, and they and not you are to decide as to the facts that have been proved, and as to the reliability of that which has been admitted." This amounts to saying to the defendant, 'Do not plead guilty, because guilt and innocence are matters of law which you are incompetent to decide. Tell the whole truth in open court, and the judge and jury will draw the proper conclusion.' I am bound to say that this point of view seems to me to be ethically unobjectionable, and I am disposed to think that I should adopt it in a capital case, because false confessions of guilt, whether induced by mental abnormalities or an unselfish, though perhaps misguided, wish to shield the real offender, are not particularly uncommon. But in cases of minor importance, where the facts are comparatively simple and there is no reason to suspect hysteria or deliberate deception, it seems to me unnecessarily scrupulous to oppose the defendant's willingness to enter a formal plea of guilty.

The 'great English litigation' to which Lord Birkenhead referred was doubtless that resulting from the death of Lord William Russell, an old man who was found murdered in his bed in May 1840. His valet, Courvoisier, was suspected and tried for the murder, and was defended by Mr. Philips, an eminent barrister. The defendant denied his guilt, and the evidence against him was purely circumstantial. In the

course of the trial, which lasted three days, Courvoisier suddenly demanded an interview with his counsel, confessed that he had murdered his master, but insisted that Philips should defend him to the uttermost. What happened thereafter is, unfortunately, disputed, but I state the facts as Philips contended them to be. In great distress of mind, Philips consulted a number of famous judges and barristers. They were unanimous in advising him that, under the circumstances, he was bound to go on with the case. Courvoisier was entitled to a trial by jury and was entitled to be represented by counsel. The facts were too complicated to permit a new lawyer to take charge of the case without preparation. Philips had accepted the employment and consequently was bound to proceed. This Philips did. Courvoisier was found guilty and duly executed.

With every respect for the learned judges and barristers who were consulted, I cannot accept their conclusion. Philips was Courvoisier's attorney, and on that account was in duty bound to express to the court and jury his client's version of the facts. If this version changed during the course of the trial, Courvoisier could not complain, as I see it, if his attorney's expression of it underwent a similar change. I think Philips should have withdrawn from the case, unless Courvoisier had been willing to tell on the witness stand exactly what he had told Philips in private.

The circumstances of this case are, of course, altogether extraordinary. Most accused persons protest to their lawyers that they are innocent. A few confess their guilt. I doubt whether there is another instance on record of a defendant actually on trial making a private confession of guilt, while continuing to profess his innocence in public.

II

But though one accused of crime persist in a denial of the charge against him both in public and in private, the evidence of his guilt may be little short of overwhelming. Moreover, his statement of what occurred may be inherently improbable, and his reputation, both generally and in connection with the previous commission of offenses like the one concerned, may be equivocal or notorious. These considerations and a hundred others, slighter perhaps, but none the less persuasive, may create a settled conviction in the mind of his attorney that the accused is indeed 'guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted.' Of course, a lawyer is not in the position of an innkeeper and a common carrier—that is, bound to render service to whosoever claims it—and he is professionally free to withdraw from such a case. He is likewise professionally free to proceed with it.¹ But is he morally free to do so?

It is, I think, here, rather than in the instance of a private confession, that the current of public opinion sets 'at its strongest against the ethical situation' of the legal profession. A lawyer who continues to defend a client from whose lips he has received a private confession of guilt is, after all, only a dishonest lawyer; but a lawyer who urges a defense which he believes to be false may be held, arguably enough, to be, at the least, a disingenuous man, and his disingenuousness may well appear the more significant and corroding because he is subjected to no sort of professional discipline or

¹ 'It is the right of the lawyer to undertake the defense of a person accused of crime, regardless of his personal opinion as to the guilt of the accused; otherwise innocent persons, victims only of suspicious circumstances, might be denied proper defense.'—Canons of Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association

censure on account of it. The first judgment condemns only the particular advocate who has been false to his trust, but the second condemns all advocates, and calls into question not only trial by jury but every system of administering justice of which advocacy is a part.

Whatever the system may be, the *dramatis personæ* of all criminal prosecutions are the same, an accuser and an accused person, and the problems presented are those of determining what actually happened in respect to the matters with which the defendant stands charged and what the consequences to the defendant ought to be. Our ancestors experimented with a number of ways of solving these problems, such as trial by ordeal and by wager of battle, and finally adopted the expedient of submitting disputed matters of fact to the finding of twelve laymen and matters of law to the decision of a single judge. It so happens that I am a very warm and convinced believer in the jury system, particularly where it exists in its traditional and characteristic form and unanimous verdicts are required, but, as may be freely admitted, it sometimes results in the conviction of the innocent and sometimes in the acquittal of the guilty. With its merits and defects, however, I am not at the moment concerned. Let it suffice, for present purposes, that trial by jury is our method of answering the question, 'What happened?' and that this question must be answered somehow whenever a criminal accusation is made on the one hand and denied on the other.

In the conduct of trial by jury, 'the advocate,' as Dr. Johnson said, 'is not to usurp the functions of the judge; the advocate is to make himself the mouth-piece of him who is accused.' He is likewise not to usurp the functions of the jury, and to suggest that he ought to do so is, in effect, to propose that

the jury system be replaced by some other method of finding facts. When, therefore, the argument is advanced — as I heard it advanced not long ago by a professor in a theological seminary — that a lawyer ought not to defend a prisoner whom 'all the decent people in the community know to be guilty,' the criticism really intended is rather of due process of law, as at present constituted in the United States, than of the conduct of any particular lawyer or even of lawyers in general. Since the defendant in the case giving rise to the discussion had in fact been acquitted, the form of the criticism is perhaps to be attributed to righteous indignation at a real or supposed miscarriage of justice. Certainly the substitution of what 'all the decent people in the community know' for the verdict of a jury which has at least listened to evidence and had an opportunity of seeing the parties face to face would seem to amount to a reversal of the classical precedent by appealing from Philip sober to Philip drunk. But, in any event, it is contrary to a common sense of fairness to try accused persons more than once for the same offense. If we really regard it as desirable that their legal guilt or innocence be determined by the judgment of public opinion, let us amend our laws accordingly. But until we do so, and until we make a law that a man shall be deemed guilty when his defense does not succeed in convincing his own lawyer, an advocate has no more justification for sitting in judgment on his client's cause than the members of a jury have for assuming the rôles of partisans, or than a judge has for passing upon the credibility of witnesses.

But the assumption by a lawyer of a judicial attitude is not merely bad as a matter of logic. It is bad in practice as well, because a lawyer's opinion as to guilt or innocence is as fallible as that

of anyone else. One of the first criminal cases in which I ever took part was a prosecution in which I was retained by the defendant, who had been indicted for stealing a dog. I asked him what his defense was and he told me that the dog had been given to him by a man whose name he had forgotten. Since the defendant had been in jail awaiting trial for about six weeks and presumably had had ample time to think matters over, this lapse of memory on his part appeared to me exceedingly odd. Moreover, the defense on which he relied is humorously referred to by lawyers as the 'mysterious stranger' defense, and there is a tradition that when it is interposed unsuccessfully, as it almost invariably is, the court is accustomed to add a few months to the usual sentence, on the theory that the defendant is not only guilty, but gifted with very poor powers of invention besides. In brief, I did not believe a word of what my client told me, and, being somewhat influenced by that fact as well as very inexperienced, I tried the case badly. For some reason which I have never been able to understand the defendant was acquitted. Perhaps the jury thought that, under the law, he was entitled to a better lawyer.

About six months afterward an accident put me in possession of the true facts of the case. The story told by my client was, as I had suspected, false, but he was, nevertheless, entirely innocent. The dog had been stolen by his sister's husband, and the defendant, who was unmarried, had come to the conclusion that, with winter coming on, it would be better for him to go to jail than to have his sister and her children deprived of the support and comfort to be expected from his erring brother-in-law.

Perhaps it may fairly be asked whether this incident is better suited to 'point a moral or adorn a tale,' and whether a proper answer would not

confine it to the latter purpose. Certainly its hero, though he was innocent of being a thief, was an unabashed perjurer, who remains, so far as I know, unrepentant to this very hour. And yet when, as happens from time to time, I see him working at his trade as a stonemason on some building in course of erection and he waves a greeting to me as I pass, I cannot help feeling grateful that the legal conviction of a defendant is not made to depend upon the conscientious conviction of his attorney.

III

That 'the advocate is to make himself the mouthpiece' of his client is a figure of speech which must be accepted with certain obvious qualifications, as, for instance, — to borrow an example which has frequently been used by legal writers, — that an advocate must speak for his client within and not without the bounds of the law, and cannot, therefore, justify the use of abusive language toward the opposing party on the theory that his client would be equally abusive if he were permitted to speak.

But, taking the figure at its strongest, we are still a long way from the conclusions of Dr. Paley. According to that authority, a lawyer may assert 'his belief in the justice of his client's cause,' and, though the assertion be a 'falsehood,' it is, nevertheless, 'no lie.' Any respectable lawyer can preach a simpler and sounder doctrine.² It is his duty to present to the court and jury his client's version of the facts, as well as every argument and inference which may fairly be drawn in the latter's favor. It is the duty of the jury to decide the case on the evidence as it

² 'It is improper for a lawyer to assert in argument his personal belief in his client's innocence or in the justice of his cause.' — Canons of Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association

comes from the mouths of the witnesses and the law as it comes from the mouth of the trial judge. If, therefore, an advocate makes, by way of argument, an honest statement of his opinion, he nevertheless acts improperly, since his opinion is either relevant, — as it might be on the subject of previous good character, — in which event he ought to have been sworn as a witness, or irrelevant, in which event he ought to be silent. If, on the other hand, his statement is dishonestly made, he is in no different position, either personally or professionally, from any other man who makes dishonest statements.

Perhaps no formal code of ethics can do more than to condemn the expression by an advocate of his personal beliefs about the character and conduct of his client; but to stop here is nevertheless to leave something unsaid. Everyone who has sat for any considerable period of time in a courtroom has listened to the closing speech of at least one lawyer, who, like the player in *Hamlet*,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole figure suiting
With forms to his conceit.

Whatever words may be used by such a pleader, it is obvious that he makes a representation as to the state of his emotions which is intended to incline the scales in his client's favor by the weight of his own influence. Jury speeches of this kind are, I believe, both less common and less generally effective than they were a half century ago — a result

which is, no doubt, to be attributed as much to an improved taste as to a regenerated morality. The degree of conscious deception involved differs, of course, in individual cases, and no hard and fast rule can be laid down.

In this and in every like connection there is, however, one proposition from which no escape can be found. There is no room for an esoteric morality in the legal profession or in any other. Sir Edward Coke's classic definition of a burglar is 'he that by night breaketh and entereth into a mansion house with intent to commit a felony,' and, accordingly, one indicted for burglary at common law was entitled to an acquittal upon showing that he broke into a mansion house by day instead of by night, or that he entered with the consent of the owner instead of by breaking, or that he broke into a shop instead of a mansion house, or that his original breaking was without intent to commit a felony.

It is beside the point to say that these are technical defenses. The answer is that they are no more technical than the crime itself, and that crime will always be, to a greater or less degree, a technical matter. But sin is not a technical matter, and the conscience is a more sacred tribunal than any court. A righteous lawyer is first of all a righteous man. What is candid and honorable in private life retains those characteristics before a judge and jury, and no principle of ethics is sound which declares a liar to be a less despicable figure in a courtroom than anywhere else.

WEST AFRICAN MELODIES

BY AQUAH LALUAH

NATIVITY

WITHIN a native hut, ere stirred the dawn,
Unto the Pure one was an Infant born;
Wrapped in blue lappah that His mother dyed,
Laid on His father's home-tanned deerskin hide,
The Babe still slept, by all things glorified.
Spirits of black bards burst their bonds and sang
'Peace upon earth' until the heavens rang.
All the black babies who from earth had fled
Peeped through the clouds — then gathered round His head.
Telling of things a baby needs to do,
When first he opes his eyes on wonders new;
Telling Him that to sleep was sweetest rest,
All comfort came from His black mother's breast.
Their gift was Love, caught from the springing sod,
Whilst tears and laughter were the gifts of God.
Then all the Wise Men of the past stood forth,
Filling the air East, West, and South and North;
And told Him of the joy that wisdom brings
To mortals in their earthly wanderings.
The children of the past shook down each bough,
Wreathed frangipani blossoms for His brow;
They put pink lilies in His mother's hand,
And heaped for both the first fruits of the land.
His father cut some palm fronds, that the air
Be coaxed to zephyrs while He rested there.

WEST AFRICAN MELODIES

Birds trilled their hallelujahs; all the dew
Trembled with laughter, till the Babe laughed too.
All the black women brought their love so wise,
And kissed their motherhood into His mother's eyes.

THE SERVING GIRL

THE calabash wherein she served my food
Was as smooth and polished as sandalwood;
Fish, as white as foam from the sea,
Peppered, and golden fried for me;
She brought palm wine, that carelessly slips
From the sleeping palm tree's honeyed lips.
But who can guess, or even surmise,
Of the countless things she served with her eyes?

THE SOULS OF BLACK AND WHITE

THE souls of black and white were made
By the selfsame God of the selfsame shade.
God made both pure, and He left one white;
God laughed o'er the other, and wrapped it in night.

Said He, 'I've a flower, and none can unfold it;
I've a breath of great mystery, nothing can hold it.
Spirit so illusive the wind cannot sway it,
A force of such might even death cannot slay it.'

But so that He might conceal its glow
He wrapped it in darkness, that men might not know.
Oh, the wonderful souls of both black and white
Were made by one God, of one sod, on one night.

THE RED-HAIRED CITY

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

IN one of those old fairy books that belong to the vivid actualities of childhood is a story which recounts how a girl found herself, to her bitter chagrin, without the easy power to attract that so many of her sisters possessed — a power she had grown up to regard as her feminine birthright. Though neither ill-favored nor ill-natured, she was insignificant, apt to be left out; had on social occasions to play the part of wallflower, and did not like it. Desperate, she sought the aid of an Enchanter. The Enchanter, as happens in such tales, had a curious passion for collecting souls. What he did with them no one knew; there, after all, he was like other collectors then and since. As the price of giving the girl power over the eyes and hearts of men he demanded her soul. She hesitated. He told her he would make her beautiful and at the same time different, so that even among beautiful women she would possess something they had not, which would exercise an instant and irresistible fascination. As to the thing she was to part with in exchange, that, he assured her, would never be noticed. He offered to give her red hair — hair that in its brightness held the lustre of the sun, and in its darkness the sombre glow of bronze, shot with mysterious gleams of purple. In a glass he held the image she might see every day and show to others. Finally she agreed to his bargain. She got her red hair, and paid the price put upon it.

This was at one time a parable — but now the time gives it proof. Is not red hair, in a beautiful woman, the final touch of wonder? Does it not lift its possessor up and out above her rivals, render her visibly sister and daughter of the sun? Does it not make even the moderately pretty in form and feature pass as lovely, and to the generously gifted add wonder and excitement? Socially, does it not spell success without effort? Display is superfluous; the red-haired woman has only to be there to be seen. Fashion may change and veer, but red hair is independent of it. Its appeal must tell so long as color continues to move us. When a man says he dislikes it, he is but paying inverted tribute to something primitive in himself which at once thrills him and makes him afraid. When a woman says the same, no one believes her, and rightly not. And yet, behind the fear of the one and the envy of the other, there lurks something deeper, to which neither may be able or willing to give tongue. In some way the red-haired woman is different, and the difference goes deeper than the pigmentation of her hair.

That it is not only the color can easily be proved. No one has ever felt either mystery or attraction in red hair in men. Red-headed boys are described as 'carrot'; red-headed men cut their hair exceptionally short, as if in the hope of concealing it. Judas is supposed to have had it, and —

perhaps for that reason — the heroes of sentimental novels are sometimes thus disguised, under a misleading veil of ugliness subsequently withdrawn to reveal more fully the white light of a pure soul. But even then the red hair is not enough in itself; in a man it has no distinct significance — none of the significance it has in a woman.

In her we all know it means something. As to what it means there is, no doubt, little agreement. But I believe that if the red-haired women one knows are submitted to an impartial comparative scrutiny it will be found that there is something, difficult to define, impossible not to feel, which all of them lack. It is the harder to distinguish in that few of them are destitute of attraction; yet the ruthless analysis of close contact will, in nine cases out of ten, bring the attracted up against some ultimate blind spot, some chord that does not sound, some insensitiveness that cannot be moved. Until one gets near, probes deep, cares much, one may not discover it; but as one does one will. There is something inaccessible, something that does not respond, something, above all, that rejects responsibility.

There is a word for this thing the red-haired woman has not got, though it is one that has gone out of fashion and will probably be hailed with contempt. A soul. The red-haired woman has no soul.

Much as we delight to mention the unmentionable and touch the untouchable, we have got frightened of some of the words our ancestors used with a cruel candor. Especially is this the case with the words that indicate, without pretending to analyze or exhaust, spiritual facts and forces. So the word 'soul,' though it still figures, for want of a better, in our vocabularies, makes us shy. We say we do not know what it means. And yet, for all our

cleverness and our superconsciousness, we have evolved no other word that does its work. Sentimentalism may mask realities from us, but there is a thing behind it, nevertheless, which it caricatures, whose absence can be felt, though its outline is hard to draw. Being soulful is not the same thing as having a soul; being selfish is not the same thing as being without one. There are men and women who have souls; there are men and women who have not; and we know them when we meet them. Red-haired women belong to the latter class; and there is no other form of words which will cover their peculiarities except that which declares that they have no souls.

Puzzling things, if they have enough charm to keep us intrigued by the riddle they set us, are still likened to women. It is so with ships, engines, nations, cities. But we have passed away from the days when it could be imagined that to describe a city or anything else as a woman is to tell one much about it. Women are as various as men, and no one has yet succeeded in laying his finger on any single quality common to all women as women, and thereby distinguishing them from men. True things may be said of certain kinds of women as of certain kinds of men — not of women as such. Or of cities as such. They are not all charming, any more than are women. Some are, however; and among them none is more richly endowed with both charm and wonder, with that quality which sets one puzzling and keeps one so, than New York. It makes one want to talk; one can no more be restrained from talking about it by one's ignorance than about a beautiful woman, of whose fascination one is afraid, in whose past may be hid some revealing secret. New York need have no fear of its past; its secrets, whether fearful or beautiful, or both, are in the future;

and in talking of it one is constantly impelled to be looking there.

II

As happens when one meets a lovely red-haired woman, fear and admiration mingle in the mind; more than a touch of envy, and, behind that, a hesitating doubt. New York has so much that one boggles at saying that anything is missing; and yet this sense of something missing will persist. Behind wonder, admiration, envy, dread, the mind fumbles for the clue that may relate them, and can neither find it nor cease from searching.

More than any other city in the world, New York is an embodied question mark. The approach from overseas presents this aspect vividly. No other thrusts itself, with such arrogant and challenging beauty, right upon one. To others one comes gradually, out of stations, through tunnels, across country, from amid a bewilderment of docks and wharves. Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Budapest, have aspects as remarkable, which can be found. In each case, however, they need finding. New York is there. One comes upon a thing defined, rounded off, from the start. What one sees across the water is not an aspect; it is the city as it remains. Looking expectantly over the bay, one watches the great buildings rising, high enough, assured enough in outline, arresting enough in design and combination, to tell even against its superb sweep. There, facing one, is an image that persists and is genuinely symbolic of what is to come. On the very threshold one is confronted by a picture composed, not by the accidental beauties of situation and atmosphere, but by the resolute will of man, of which it is the expression. The situation, of course, is always there, but on nine days out of ten there is, in

our European sense, little or no atmosphere. The lines are etched on an air of crystalline clearness, blue and white. Unveiled, the city looks at one.

Before it one shrinks, dwindles, quails. One grows smaller and smaller as it looms up before one. Questions, thoughts, preconceptions, are overpowered; judgment is dominated; standards are pushed aside. Here is the not-self multiplied and aggrandized to the point of terror; here is something one could not have imagined and does not understand. It is not only that one sinks and shrinks under sheer size, height, mass, and solidity of specification, though that plays its part; the element of fear is driven home by the awful authority of rectilinear pattern and perpetual right angles. Evasion is impossible. The fluid mind is seized and held in the clasp of geometric design. Things rise up, before one, around one, above one; they are there — more than one is one's self. One is a mere rounded bundle of softness; they have risen out of the water, out of the earth, in a form that asserts, at every turn, an alien dominance. The ordinary subterfuges of dismissal and equivocation fail. Even the aesthetic canon betrays, for, with a final turn of the screw, the beauty of these strange structures overwhelms, and a perverse delight is mingled with one's terror. For they have beauty, a new beauty, fearsome as that of the Pyramids, because, like theirs, it seems to be at once the supreme expression and the supreme denial of human will.

Nature, time, the slow accumulating pressure of event and experience, have made the capitals of Europe. New York has made itself. Under one's eyes it is remaking itself. Buildings here do not change or decay. Overnight they are torn down; next morning new erections are rising in their places, 'pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'

They have the right to rise; the right of their fresh compelling beauty. Architecture is the proudest of the arts; nowhere is its pride so salient as in New York. It sets endless questions, but knows none. Men have heaped these stones one upon another, climbing to the sky; one can watch the gangs of Italians, transformed out of their Latin *dolce far niente*, subdued to what they work in, creating towers high as that of Babel; and one asks, as one watches, at what point the creature becomes the creator. Men have made this city, but it seems, in the very act of being created, to deny them significance. The scurrying lines of indistinguishable atoms moving under the shadow of the skyscrapers seem their servants rather than their masters. The triumph of matter is complete. Soaring stone, glass, concrete, steel, make a sounding screen for the metallic clangor of the streets, and this clangor drives into the nerves and makes part of their tissue the sense of the control of things over the puny human spirit.

Our world is ruled by capitalism. Elsewhere one feels its shadow. New York gives the thing itself. In other cities the impression is broken and refracted by the brooding atmosphere of the past; in New York it is continuous and direct. In other cities one can escape; in New York there is no escape. Mechanics enclose and dominate. The comparisons to which its citizens are markedly addicted tend always to be expressed in terms of things. To ask about anything is to be told that there is more of it here than in any other city of the globe. Very soon it becomes impossible to resist the trick of quantitative analysis. It is only by a clutch at older habits of thought that one remembers the existence of elements in life that cannot be so weighed and summed up. Let a thing be a thing and one can find it here.

'Finding' is, indeed, an inappropriate word in this connection. New York does nothing by stealth. Beauty flaunts, too magnificently sure of itself for vulgarity in the ordinary sense. Look at the gold, green, and purple of the Radiator Building, seen against the thick blues of the night sky; or the wonder of the myriad lighted windows of the vast office or apartment blocks. So does ugliness. I am not thinking of the jazz decorations of Broadway, — for which there is much to be said, — but of the squalor of the avenues east and west of the central oblong of which one thinks when one says New York, though it is in fact but a small segment of the city. Nothing picturesque in the broken pavements, the slush and garbage heaped up against the supports of the Elevated, or the mean and ragged outline of the houses into whose windows one stares as one passes along. In Europe poverty and misery are, in the main, in hiding. Not so here. Here nothing hides. New York does not deal in secrets or in silence. There is the story of the multimillionaire who, in order to find it, had to construct for himself a soundproof chamber in the heart of an immense building. For the ordinary man the only discoverable silence is the silence of his own soul. Loneliness, of course, there is; but privacy is a more difficult achievement where gregariousness is the ruling note.

The universal and, to the English visitor, the uncomfortable open door is the formal intimation of the habit of publicity. To work in an island of plate glass; to talk with the door thrown wide — that, for us, is awkward. True, the drafts that threaten from the chilly English passages have no terrors in the steam-heated house; but the difficulty is not merely one of temperature. To us the 'settling down' that belongs to an intimate and truly social atmosphere is hardly possible

when the open door offers its perpetual suggestion of coming and going. Also, most of us like, at times, not only to be alone, but to be secure against incursion. New York gives its inhabitants endless opportunities of escaping from themselves, comparatively few for escaping from one another.

III

Neither capitalism, the dominance of mechanics, nor an emphasized gregariousness distinguishes New York, except in degree, from other capital cities. Something does, however. I feel her a red-haired city because of this something which insists on being felt while it evades description. In the effort to describe it one searches one's impressions. In that process some curiosities emerge which demand fuller analysis than can here be given. In its default one takes freedom to be crudely dogmatic. Speaking thus, I find New York lacking in what, as measured against the European capitals, may be called the sex atmosphere. Publicity of reference has an ambiguous result. The thing is there, of course; but not its aroma. What used to be called the 'secrets of the toilette' fill an extraordinarily high proportion of every advertisement column; sky signs reveal them and they are shown in action daily in restaurant and train. Women are instructed, in screaming capitals, how they may get rid of superfluous hair and superfluous fat; men are reminded that bad-smelling breath or the signs of dandruff on the coat collar may lose them executive positions. Cosmetics dominate the magazines. There is no detail of marital familiarity that is not canvassed with entire frankness, from birth to death. Ingenious morticians appeal to the 'prospective widow' to select the last home for her partner with his assistance now. As in

Europe, the theatre, the movie, the novel, and the newspaper are perpetually preoccupied with sex, but here the terms of this preoccupation are of a distinguished explicitness, a most arresting naïveté, and as a consequence the sex atmosphere is not there. Take one illustrative phenomenon. What is known in England as the 'glad eye' is almost never cast. One could live for days in the subway or the street without meeting it. The business to which the 'glad eye' is the invitation exists, but it has its own time, its own place. It is provided for, scheduled, organized. It is there, but its atmosphere is not. New York has its night life, planned, like the day life, in a high glare of publicity, but, for good or evil, there is nothing of the glamour of sex that floats in and out of the air of Paris, Vienna, London, Brussels, or even Berlin. Look at the novel, that sensitive thermometer of social temperature, and you will find the sex adventure there reduced to its lowest common measure of explicitness; a story, essentially, of swift and swiftly sated possession, not of pursuit.

Woman dominates New York, but hers is a curious kind of dominance. She is without her most dangerous weapons. Mystery, glamour, and romance belong, if they belong anywhere, to business, not to sex. The fastnesses of the city, its controlling nerve ganglia, are immune from her interference. Woman may be seen in Wall Street, but she does not count as a disturbing force. She dominates the city, but she is not its centre, not the substance of its dreams.

But when one is comparing the impression made by New York with that made by the capitals of Europe one must note another difference in atmosphere that certainly goes far deeper than the presence, or absence, of a romantic sense of sex; deeper, even, than the division that separates the

young from the old, although these elements contribute to it. A case to bring up sharply what I feel is that of Prague. Prague as a capital is a young city. Yet it has something New York has not. Is it not that it has a central nerve to which everything in it corresponds — the nerve of nationality? Through each European capital that same nerve vibrates. I do not feel it in New York.

New York 'is not America.' There is more than a merely negative warning in that remark. It explains much. It explains in part why, in this city, one feels about so vaguely for a central cohesive idea, and cannot quite discover it. Therefore the European misses what he finds in other cities, though because it is there so familiar, taken so for granted, he can hardly give it a name. People say, 'I know that Paris is not France, that London is not England'; but in saying it they know that, in the deeper sense, the remark is untrue. Paris *is* France, London *is* England, inasmuch as it is through them that the central currents run which make and express the nation. Not the currents of pride only; the currents of feeling, the stored and checkered experience of the race. Shared experience gives to nations the ultimate cohesion we call a soul, as it gives mystery and significance to the cities where the nations dwell. What experiences have New Yorkers shared? One word sums them up — success. Success is the substance of their dreams and of their story. In itself it carries limitation with it. Of all human adventures, that of success has least of the quality of fellowship. Its lessons, like its technique, are lessons of separation rather than of cohesion.

So New York seems to me to have what the red-haired woman has and to miss what she misses. One wonders, admires, at times loves her, yet,

in that very movement of spontaneous affection, is aware of a certain arrest. There is something that this lovely, young, triumphant, successful city does not give one, does not seem to know. The sense of cruelty forced on one by the very splendor of its inhuman architecture goes deeper than its angular outline. Is it not connected somehow with the experience the city has not yet won, despite all the experience it affords? Why, being so beautiful and so strange, is it not more romantic? What element is lacking in the tribute of astonished applause it commands? Is there, here, a blind spot, like the blind spot in the red-haired woman who hurts the man who loves her? Something that it is easier and perhaps happier not to see, that the complete human being yet must see, though the sight sear his vision?

To a European to-day, a city whose accent is one of success may well seem alien. Why, however, is his sense here not purely envious? Surely because in this accent certain deeper human notes are missing. Success at some stage brings the successful up against its limitations; suggests its exclusions as well as its inclusions. So, compared with the cities of Europe, the atmosphere of New York has a certain tenuousness which derives from the experiences it has not known. Chief among them is the experience of suffering. Think of the life story of Rome, of London, of Vienna, of Paris, of Berlin; of the plague and famine, war, revolution, and catastrophe which have swept over them and which, thanks to some quality in themselves, they have survived. The harsh realities of the struggle of man against destiny are written in their stones, on the scarred faces of their public buildings, and embodied in the memories that walk their streets like ghosts. Out of this suffering their souls have come

to birth. What does New York know of it? Like the red-haired woman of the legend, she smiles, and assures us that she gets on very well without it. Is it of any use to quote *Othello* and say of her beauty, 'This hand . . . hath felt no age nor known no sorrow'? Probably not. Yet this limitation in experience, which carries with it a limitation in sympathy, means that certain deep human notes fail to sound fully. There are times when one is fain not to hear them; times when

one is envious of those to whom they are unknown; times when one would gladly spare knowledge of them to a creature whose beauty and whose splendor excite such glad admiration. At such times any reminder of them seems an unkind impertinence. Yet one knows they wait, even for the youngest and most brilliant. They wait for New York. Her red hair will turn gray. In that process she may lose something. But out of it her soul will come to birth.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I

In the last ten years a notable movement has appeared in secondary education. Our academies, seminaries, and even our high schools have been offering their graduates an additional two years of study of college grade, enabling them to enter college as juniors instead of as freshmen. This advance work, known as the Junior College course, is optional and does not interfere with the regular curriculum, which continues what it has always been, the regular students possibly somewhat stimulated by association with those of superior rank. The movement began tentatively and advanced for a time slowly, but lately has become a torrent. The latest official figures I have seen give 375 Junior Colleges already established and an average increase of something like five a month. I do not guarantee these figures. They look large, startling even. I have no means of

verifying them. Though called official, I think we must treat them as only approximate.

Nothing is more striking in this movement than its escape from criticism. I at least have heard no word of doubt. Such silence alarms me. I want to hear discussion. I am like the mother who, when little Johnnie is quiet, knows that some mischief is at hand. We need controversy. But wherever teachers gather they assume the Junior College to be a long step onward and mourn that their funds are not large enough to allow them to adopt it. This temper does them credit. They are intellectually ambitious. Their regular work has been largely one of routine, where year after year they have gone over the same elementary ground. Here something more thought-provoking appears. Then too a teacher looks sadly on a pupil who has begun

to taste the joys of an intellectual life and now, with books abruptly closed, is drawn off by a parent to the ballroom or business. Even though no decision for a full college course could at that time be reached, might not decision be postponed and a year or two more be allowed at school? Perhaps entrance to college might then become possible.

Colleges too are in general not unfavorable to the movement. Their professors are annoyed by the amount of elementary work which must now be done by freshmen and sophomores before they are fit for the research and independent thought for which the final years are planned. In Germany that preliminary work is done in a Gymnasium. If we too could relegate all this preparation to a Junior College at a distance from the campus, our intellectual atmosphere would be improved.

Naturally enough, then, those who are considering the immediate effects of the Junior College — what we may call the movement in its short run — regard it as a notable advance in American education. In the many reports of teachers' meetings which I have read I have not met an adverse word. On all other accounts than the heavy new financial burdens, it is assumed as a matter of course to be a blessing. In this paper I want to question this assumption and invite attention to the effects of it in the long run. In my judgment it is more likely to bring disaster than anything which has happened in our world of education during the last fifty years. I call on the public to see whether there is still time to lessen this damage and I acknowledge my own fault in not having protested before. Perhaps some excuse may be found for a very old man already burdened with other heavy cares.

II

Let me point out first a few of the lesser evils. While, in any academy, — Bradford, for example, — the girl who was not going to college might in this way get a taste of what college would be, it would be a very small taste and at the cost of the girl who might have tasted the real thing. No one will pretend that the instruction had in a secondary school will generally be as valuable as that given by college professors. And certainly there is a great difference in the surroundings. At Bradford the great majority of the associates of a Junior College girl must be her inferiors, mere schoolgirls. More than three fourths of those she meets at college will be her superiors. Can there be any question which is the more maturing atmosphere? Or again, however irksome a professor finds it to be spending time over half-prepared freshmen, there are advantages in it if he is looking toward fashioning intellectual character. That is difficult business at best. Even after four years many young men graduate without bearing any distinct mark of their college life. Could that life, then, be safely cut in two? I doubt it.

It is agreed, however, that as soon as Junior Colleges become usual, universities will drop their freshman and sophomore years. This has already occurred at Johns Hopkins and Stanford. Other universities are preparing for it. But they are not likely to stop there. They will feel the need of the longer disciplinary time of which I have just spoken and will substitute for the dropped years two advanced or graduate years. Certainly this looks like a clear gain in our education, putting us on a genuine level with education abroad. But it is precisely on that fact that I base my strongest objection. Almost certainly the Junior College will

in the long run blot out what I regard as the precious distinction of the American university in contrast to the European. But to demonstrate this as a fact and show why it would be a calamity is a long affair and will require the entire remainder of this paper.

Hitherto, in America, rather more than half of our college graduates have gone into business. A small group, chiefly in art and literature, gives itself up to the private pursuit of these tastes. The rest enter some one or other of the professional schools. But no sharp line is drawn separating men of affairs from scholars. In every city between the two oceans are men and women who, though not members of any profession, have in passing through some college acquired an interest in scholarly things, and use their times of leisure for carrying this interest on. They are known as cultivated persons, caring for much besides money-making. Centres of civilization we may call them, to whom their communities look for leadership in all idealistic matters. They become trustees of libraries, museums, galleries, schools. They plan and support organizations for the protection of the poor and feeble-minded. They watch over the beauty of their town, guarding its trees and parks from neglect and encroachment. They are honored with the hate of the local politicians, and when that corrupt tribe becomes intolerable these dreamers organize and secure a brief decency. All my readers will recognize this public-minded class and will feel that its influence, while auxiliary to what is best among the lawyers, doctors, teachers, and ministers, differs from that and is perhaps more pervasive. They are our true aristocrats, keeping our precious democracy wholesome.

Now if the Junior College system should ever become complete, our colleges would turn into professional

schools and this important class of amateur scholars would disappear. America is the only country which has ventured to interpose four years of culture study between its day schools and its professional training. For the essential topic to which the college is given is the student himself. In James Russell Lowell's fine phrase, it aims at teaching nothing useful, and so by its presence in a society disposed to measure everything by material standards it becomes a factor of extremest use. The student in these formative years directly faces his mind and examines its working in many fields. Here he is transformed from boy to man. His countenance, figure, speech, and bearing undergo a maturing process before he is subjected to professional discipline.

There is nothing like this in any other country, and nowhere is the double tutelage so much needed. Elsewhere one or the other is sacrificed, the professional school or the cultural school. England can hardly be said to have professional schools. The study of divinity in the Established Church is more elementary than with us, than with the Dissenters, or with the Catholics. The intending lawyer reads his Blackstone or Maitland in the office of someone already in practice. The medical student enters a hospital and picks up what he can from books, dissections, and the unsystematic supervision of the doctors in charge. That there are advantages in leaving the student so largely to himself must be acknowledged. But I think most Americans will consider them outweighed by our dual system of guidance.

The universities of the Continent, on the other hand, are entirely professional. There is no pretense of culture training. Some years ago I asked the professor of education at the Sorbonne how many men were then there for purposes of culture. He answered, 'Not

one.' I put the same question to Professor Villari in Florence. He said he thought he had seen two. He was not sure. They might have been studying art for professional purposes. The French, German, or Italian university is a mere group of professional schools, yet so centralized in government supervision that at one time a French Minister of Education could boast that at any given hour he knew just what lecture was being given in every university of France.

III

It is plain, then, why the Junior College, when fully established, must exterminate our scholarly amateur. No doubt he could pick up much cultural matter in a law school or scientific school. So he could now, but he does not go there. His ideal interests are not often aroused till the last years of his college course. A professional school, too, while serving his purpose only incidentally, will oblige him to postpone for six years his entering business life. He will do nothing of the kind. He will go directly from school to business, and the glorious peculiarity of American education will disappear.

And with its disappearance will go, not only the quiet spread of civilization over the dark places of our land, but also the principal means of support of the colleges themselves. Those four years in a cultural college are generally the radiant period in the life of whoever passes through them. Youthful pulses are astir; all possibilities open before us; nowhere else have we met so many worth-while friends; talk with them awakens our thought, our aspirations; he is an unusual person who does not come upon some study that stirs him and discloses something of the joy of knowledge; then the sports, the concerts, clubs, with the hundred interests he never dreamed of before; and above

all the sense of being merged in an historic university in whose behalf each member counts his own life cheap—all these things melt together into memory with a glow such as nothing else can equal. The graduate looks back to this as the halcyon period of his life. He returns to the sacred spot as often as possible and, as soon as he acquires wealth, gratefully joins the company of preceding donors. By such loving devotion many of our colleges were founded and all are now maintained. What shall we do when, through the working out of Junior College schemes, it ceases?

Presumably we shall do what European universities have done—rely on the State. Gifts to higher education from individuals are hardly known on the Continent. The comparatively small number of universities there are state institutions; new ones are seldom founded. Their professors hold by government appointment, and the subjects taught must have the sanction of the Minister of Education. Are these educational conditions what we want? Shall we count them an advance on what we have at present? Is it wise to drift into them without criticism, following a popular cry?

It may be said that we already have state universities and they do us no harm. In my judgment they do us much good. But they do not stand alone. A state that supports one of them has ordinarily at least half a dozen others of diverse types in its neighborhood. Feeling the influence of these, the state university draws into its curriculum as many cultural subjects as the legislature is willing to pay for. This in several states is as many as any cultural college offers. Accordingly our state university is never a mere group of advanced professional schools. A large part of its work is of the most 'useful' sort. The common people who

vote money for its support properly expect that their sons and daughters shall be taught the 'practical' matters which would be required in making an average living. No other college does this work so well. As most of these universities are in states predominantly agricultural, the rudest details of farming appear on their programmes side by side with literature, philosophy, and history. This is as it should be. I merely adduce it to show that there is no analogy between our state university and the state university of Europe. When our Junior Colleges attain their goal it will be nothing of this widely beneficial sort. It will remove learning from the common people. It will not bring it to their doors. A European university can keep up the number of its students by prescribing a degree as a condition for political appointment.

I hope the purpose and limitations of this paper will be clearly seen. One must not turn to it for instruction on conditions of study in Europe. I have not been there since the war. The enjoyment and profit of my sixteen previous visits were so great that I have not been willing to go back and look on desolation. About as great changes must have come in the intellectual scenery as in the physical. What I have stated, therefore, as facts cannot be minutely trusted. All that I would insist upon is that between the higher education of Europe and of America there is a substantial and important

difference which the Junior Colleges, if unchecked, will break down. I write merely to start inquiry. The more fully I am proved in error, the more pleased I shall be. I cannot myself detect that error. The steps through which my argument has passed are tolerably simple and the conclusion is for me inevitable. Wherever Junior Colleges are strong, colleges will drop their first two years and will add two graduate years, chiefly of professional study. The unique intermediate culture college of America will disappear, and with it the great troop of men and women who, having had contact with scholarship, have become leaders in idealism and centres of civilization for our waste places. The financial backing of these persons, the main support of our colleges hitherto, now ceasing, we must, like the universities of Europe, come into dependence on the State and let our politicians refuse money if we teach such science as they do not like. I do not detect the flaw in this argument. Will someone point it out?

My only desire is to awaken thought. This paper is an impassioned cry to superintendents to mind what they are doing, to regard ultimate consequences rather than attractive immediate issues. Whoever will show that I am unduly alarmed and that it is wise to break down the distinction between American and European education will earn my gratitude. I don't want to think as I do, but I can't help it.

THE PATHOS AND HUMOR OF DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

WE are apt to think of this great book as the work of a pious, not overclean old scholar, much given to talk and tea, and somewhat too fond of abusing people. It will come, therefore, as a surprise to some to learn that the Dictionary was the work of 'an obscure young man' (I am quoting Dr. Burney, Fanny's father), who, 'single-handed' and alone, began it when he was little more than thirty-six years of age; that he had completed it before he had received any degree from any university; that he kept back the title-page until the authorities at Oxford had time to confer upon him a small degree, that of Master of Arts; that it was many years later that finally and forever he became 'Dr. Johnson.'

It was Robert Dodsley, the publisher, who first made the suggestion that Johnson should undertake the work, but Johnson told Boswell that he had long thought of it himself; and it was another publisher, Andrew Millar, who, associated with Dodsley and others, carried on the negotiations which led to Johnson's receiving fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds for the complete work, out of which he was to pay the expenses of his six amanuenses while the book was in progress. It was not much, but Johnson never complained: he said he hated a complainer, and years later, when Boswell remarked that he was sorry he had not received more for his work, his reply was,

'I am sorry, too, but it was very well; the booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men; they are the true patrons of literature.'

Johnson, when he made his bargain with the booksellers, expected that he would be able to complete the work in about three years, and, when a friend pointed out that it took the French Academy, which consisted of forty members, forty years to compile its Dictionary, replied, 'This, then, is the proportion: forty times forty is sixteen hundred; as three is to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.' But it took him, in fact, seven years: when he first began his labors he was living in Holborn, but he soon took a large house (still standing) at 17 Gough Square, just off Fleet Street, in the garret of which, fitted up like a rude counting-house, he carried to completion his work.

William Strahan, the printer of the Dictionary, had his printing establishment not far off, and it was to be near him that Johnson indulged himself with the most commodious residence he ever had; and, moreover, had he not just been promised fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds? — which he may have thought a magnificent sum. Poor fellow! He little thought that after the completion of his great undertaking he would be arrested for a debt of five pounds, eighteen shillings, which

amount he was to borrow from Samuel Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, and thus free himself from the bailiffs. I have always thought it curious that Samuel Johnson never met Benjamin Franklin: both were living in London at the same time, and both were intimate friends of Strahan's, to whom, it may be remembered, Franklin addressed one of his cleverest letters. One is permitted to wonder what would have happened at a meeting of the wisest and wittiest American that ever lived with the wisest and wittiest Englishman of his time. I believe it has not yet been decided what takes place when an irresistible force meets an immovable body.

It is rather curious too that, although Johnson affected to dislike Scotchmen, practically all who were concerned with the Dictionary were Scotch: five out of six of his amanuenses were, as were also Millar, his publisher-in-chief, and Strahan. Millar must have been sorely tried by Johnson's lack of punctuality, for we are told that when the work was finally done, and the last sheet brought to him, he exclaimed, 'Thank God I have done with him.' Johnson, on being told this, replied with a smile, 'I am glad that he thanks God for anything.'

Eight years before the Dictionary was published, Johnson had printed what he called *The Plan of a Dictionary*, addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. It was an elaborate outline of what he hoped to accomplish by his work, but the noble lord paid no attention to it until, on the eve of publication, Dodsley informed him that, after many years of toil, the book was about to make its appearance, and no doubt reminded him that the Plan had been addressed to him, and perhaps suggested that if he expected the work to be dedicated to him it was time for him to make some sign of his approval.

Chesterfield took the hint and wrote two letters to the *World*, which were fulsome in their flattery. In one he said, 'In times of confusion we must chuse a Dictator. . . . I give my vote for Mr. Johnson . . . and I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language as a free born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson during the term of his dictatorship. Nay, more, I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my Dictator, but like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible.' This, it will be admitted, was very handsomely said, but in between the time when the Plan was published and the Dictionary completed, something had happened: Chesterfield had totally neglected the Lexicographer, who was, indeed, the proudest man in England. 'Ay, sir,' said Johnson, when Boswell taxed him with it, 'but mine was defensive pride.' 'And,' continued Johnson, 'after making great professions he had, for many years, taken no notice of me, but when my Dictionary was coming out he fell to scribbling in the *World* about it.' But Johnson — although he defined himself as a lexicographer, and a lexicographer as a 'harmless drudge' — was not to be beguiled, and, seizing his pen, he wrote what is probably the most smashing letter in all literature: —

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. . . . The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it.

It is a great letter — too long to quote in its entirety — and it must have crushed, utterly, a man less vain and complacent than the man to whom it was addressed. Carlyle called it a 'blast of doom, proclaiming into the ears of Lord Chesterfield, and through him to the listening world, that patronage should be no more.' It was indeed a Declaration of Independence.

The book appeared in two large folio volumes, on February 20, 1755. It was a time of profound depression for Johnson: he had, as he said, 'devoted the labor of years, to the honor of my country that we may no longer yield the palm of philology without a contest to the nations of the continent,' but, as he also said, 'I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss the book with frigid tranquillity — having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.'

II

In this brief paper I shall not attempt to conceal the fact that I regard the present great esteem which the world — our world, that is — has for Dr. Johnson, his *Life*, and his works, with some amusement. It may be that I am to some extent responsible for it: at any rate, if you enter any good bookshop in England and ask for any book by Dr. Johnson in first edition you will almost certainly be met with a sad shake of the head and the remark that Johnson, in first editions, is almost impossible except at prohibitive prices, and that this advance is due to the American demand. And then you may be told — as I have been, more than once — that 'a man in Philadelphia is largely responsible for Johnson's being collected; before he began to write

about him, Boswell's *Life*, a big ugly book in two volumes, was hard to sell at three guineas; there was no more demand for Johnson's Dictionary than there was for — Fox's *Martyrs*, and now you can't get them fast enough.'

Forty years ago my friends used to say, by way of disconcerting me, 'Eddie, tell us something about Dr. Johnson,' and usually I did so, for I had just fallen under the spell of Boswell and was by way — as far as a man with a treacherous memory could be — of knowing him by heart. It is a happy possession and affords one an apt quotation in every conceivable discussion and upon every possible occasion. Have you a difficult business matter to discuss? Do it after a good dinner and not before: remember what Dr. Johnson says: 'Sir, a good dinner lubricates business.'

Since then I have met many Johnsonians, and have come to believe that all Johnsonians are good fellows, — 'clubable' men, as Dr. Johnson would say, — and as the years passed and I came to know wiser and better Johnsonians than myself this suspicion became conviction. Finally came the desire to own, and in some measure to know, the books of the Great Lexicographer himself.

But I remember that my copy of the first edition of Boswell's *Life* was purchased for twenty dollars, — a good copy cannot now be had for less than three hundred, — and the first *Rasselas* I ever bought cost me but ten, and the last, two hundred. And as for the Dictionary — well, Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's copy, probably given her by Johnson, with her inscription and a fine holograph letter from the Lexicographer, cost me only sixty dollars; and a fine copy in boards, uncut, thirty-five! Taking a census of the Johnson Dictionaries now in my library, I find

I have in all five copies of the first edition, besides a copy which was once Charles Dickens's, with his notes therein, and an excellent — shall I say common or garden copy? — a reprint from the author's last folio edition, in one volume, for ready reference, which was once E. Coppee Mitchell's

Why so many?

Let me explain. One copy I bought to show people to whom one copy is as good as another: this saves wear and tear on the copies I highly value. Two came in this way. On the fifteenth of February, last year, my great friend and fellow Johnsonian, Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo, had a sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York of a portion of his library — not of his wonderful Johnson collection, but of books of which he had tired or which did not fit into the period which he has made peculiarly his own. With the idea of paying him homage, I gave a little dinner in New York, the first night of the sale, to a small group of friends and booksellers (friends also). It was a speedy affair: including speeches, we were at the table just one hour and fifteen minutes, and it may be remembered by those present that Mr. Owen D. Young — that accomplished gentleman who, in company with General Dawes, brought order out of chaos in Germany — signally failed to secure a hearing at our little dinner party; whereupon the meeting adjourned to the auction room.

The sale had just begun, and as we took our seats my wife joined my friend Mr. William Jay Turner, who had been one of my party, and I took a seat in the back part of the room next to Walter Hill, the Chicago bookseller, and immediately bought a book I did n't want just to prevent him from getting it. (He did n't want it either.) We were in just the form that brings

joy to the heart of an auctioneer. The books were fine and the sale went merrily.

After a time a copy of the Dictionary, first edition, two volumes, old calf, was put up, and I saw at once that it was not Adam's best copy: it was what might be called 'a spare.' The bidding started at fifty dollars, went to one hundred and fifty, — the then proper price for the book, — then more slowly to three hundred; and finally it was knocked down at three hundred and twenty dollars to — of all people in the world — my wife, who wanted it as a souvenir of a pleasant evening. Whereupon, discovering that my friend Turner was the runner-up, — he wanted the book for the same reason my wife did, and would have paid any amount had he not discovered that he was in competition with Mrs. Newton, — I rose and assured all present that there was, obviously, no 'knock-out' in the room — and the sale went on.

Subsequently, in talking over the events of the evening, which is one of the delights of a good auction, Jay Turner asked me to watch my chance and pick up for him a good copy of the Dictionary, which I promised to do. Several months later, in the catalogue of an English bookseller, I noticed a copy — Mrs. Vesey's copy — priced at forty pounds, and I at once cabled for it. Mr. Vesey was a member of 'the Club' founded by Dr. Johnson, was elected through the influence of Edmund Burke; and it was Mrs. Vesey who gave the famous bluestocking parties. She did n't wear blue stockings herself — a man by the name of Stillingfleet wore them; Mrs. Vesey's were — what they were; certainly not the skin-colored kind so much in evidence to-day. Her copy of the Dictionary, then, was one which Dr. Johnson might have seen in the library

in her house in Clarges Street, and, conceivably, the not too Reverend Laurence Sterne might have referred to it to settle some disputed point in conversation—for, it will be remembered, he was much with Mrs. Vesey, on whom he was very sweet, as he was on every other pretty and attractive woman he met.

Here, then, was a copy of the Dictionary with a 'provenance' of which anyone might be proud, and I certainly hoped to get it; but in due course I received a letter from the bookseller saying that he was sorry he could not send me the desired item, as an hour before my cable arrived he had received a cable from Mr. Adam of Buffalo, to whom the volume must be dispatched. 'That settles that,' said I.

But not so. A month later a bulky package arrived at my office; opening it, I found Mrs. Vesey's copy of the Dictionary, and a wonderful letter from Adam telling me that he had immediately made up his mind not to take my wife's money for his copy of the Dictionary (she had paid for it out of the household account, and we had been living on short rations); that this was a better copy; that it had once belonged to a famous lady and had her signature and bookplate; that it was bound in three volumes, with a separate title-page for the third volume, to be easier for reference; and, finally, that I was to take the copy which had once been his, and upon some suitable occasion to present it with his compliments to the Shakspeare Society of Philadelphia, over which my friend Dr. Furness presides with such distinction. Here, then, was a very pretty 'amenity,'—which Johnson defines as 'an agreeableness of situation,'—and such are not of infrequent occurrence among those who play at this book-collecting game.

III

It is a wonderful book, is Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; and think of the circumstances under which it was composed: 'with,' as its author says, 'little assistance of the learned; without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.' 'What do you read, my lord?' 'Words, words, words,' replies Hamlet. Buckle read it through to enlarge his vocabulary; so did Browning; and no other dictionary can be read with such pleasure and profit, for in it Johnson gave—and for the first time—quotations from esteemed authors illustrating the use of words he defined. He fitted himself for this mighty task by diligent reading, underscoring with a pencil the selections which were subsequently copied out on slips of paper by his amanuenses: his marvelous memory, of course, stood him in good stead, while the range of his reading was boundless. And yet he always spoke and thought of himself as lazy. One day, entering Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room and seeing her dog asleep before the fire, he remarked, 'Presto, you are, if possible, a lazier dog than I am.'

Every reader of Boswell will remember the kindly interest that Johnson took in Fanny Burney: how he called her his 'Little Burney,' and extolled her first—and only good—novel to the skies; saying it was superior to the work of Fielding and equal to that of Richardson. I have always thought this excessive eulogy was by way of return for the interest her father had shown him at the time the Dictionary was published. Charles Burney, not yet the distinguished Doctor of Music which he subsequently became, was then living in

Norfolk. He does not appear to have known Johnson personally, but to have made his acquaintance through his *Ramblers*. When the Dictionary was announced in the newspapers, he wrote Johnson a kindly letter and offered to subscribe for six copies for himself and his friends. I have an autograph letter in Johnson's hand, in which he says, 'I was bred a bookseller and have not forgotten my trade,' but he was not soliciting orders for his book, and asked that Mr. Burney direct his inquiries to Mr. Dodsley, 'because it was by his recommendation that he was employed in the work.' But note the modesty of the great man: 'When you have looked into my Dictionary, if you find faults I shall endeavour to mend them; if you find none I shall think you blinded by kind partiality.'

Then followed further letters on the subject, and seemingly Mr. Burney was insistent that he be sent a prospectus, order forms, and the like — what we would to-day call 'literature' on the subject. A letter has recently come into my hands, from which I must quote, as it shows only too clearly Johnson's habit of procrastination and at least one reason for his depression. This letter is addressed from Gough Square to Mr. Burney, and reads, in part: —

SIR,

That I may shew myself sensible of your favours, and not commit the same fault a second time I make haste to answer the letter which I received this morning. The truth is, the other likewise was received, and I wrote an answer, but being desirous to transmit you some proposals and receipts, I waited till I could find a convenient conveyance, and day was passed after day, till other things drove it from my thoughts, yet not so, but that I remember with great pleasure your commendation of my dictionary. Your praise was welcome not only because I believe it was sincere, but because praise has been very scarce. A man of your

candour will be surprised when I tell you that among all my acquaintance there were only two who upon the publication of my book did not endeavour to depress me with threats of censure from the publick, or with objections learned from those who had learned them from my own preface. Yours is the only letter of goodwill that I have yet received, though indeed I am promised something of that sort from Sweden.

Can we wonder at the great man's depression? Years of work rewarded by poverty and neglect, and one letter of goodwill and a promise of something from Sweden. The day of the patron was past, and the day of the logroller had not yet come.

Slowly, and by degrees, Johnson's Dictionary became a best seller, and a best seller it remained for almost a century. 'What I like about your Dictionary, Mr. Johnson,' said one old lady to him, 'is that it has no naughty words in it.' 'Madam, I hope you have not been looking for them,' replied the Lexicographer. And to another, who remarked that for steady reading it changes the subject pretty often, Johnson admitted that it had that fault in common with most dictionaries. Again, to someone who said that the word 'ocean' was omitted, he replied, 'Madam, you will look for it in vain if you spell it *o-s-h-u-n*.' Garrick, his old friend and former pupil, broke into verse about it, and so marvelous an actor was the little man that his cleverness as a poet of occasional verse has never been fully recognized. Let me quote his lines: —

Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the
pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men:
In the deep mines of science tho' Frenchmen
may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, New-
ton, and Boyle?

Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their
pow'rs,
Their verse-men, and prose-men; then match
them with ours!

First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the
fight,

Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.

IV

Some of Johnson's definitions have given the world amusement since the day of publication. Let me give a few examples.

A *blister* sounds worse than it is: he defines it as 'a pustule formed by raising the cuticle from the cutis, and filled with serous blood.'

Buxom, now understood to mean 'plump and comely,' was defined thus: 'It originally signified *obedient*. Before the reformation the bride in the marriage service promised to be obedient and buxom in bed and at board.' Alas! the word has gone, and 'obey' is going, we are told. I am against change in any form and would put 'em both back.

Johnson's opportunity of studying wild animals at close range was slight, even had his eyesight been good. A *camelopard* 'is an Abyssinian animal taller than an elephant but not so thick. He is so named because he has a neck and head like a camel; he is spotted like a pard' (a pard is a leopard) 'but his spots are white upon a red ground. The Italians call him a *giaraffa*.'

Cant was particularly offensive to Johnson, and he was frequently heard to say, when in heated argument with a friend, 'Clear your mind of cant' — which was 'a whining pretension to goodness, in formal and affected terms.'

A *chicken* was, among other things, 'a term for a young girl.' You have

seen a chicken flap its wings: hence 'flapper,' the word of to-day; and I have observed as I get older that flappers get better-looking and wear fewer clothes.

Much danger lurks in a *cough*: it is 'a convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity.' There is a priceless poem — and a poem is 'sense enriched by sound' — which I wish Dr. Johnson could have known: —

To cough and sneeze
Will spread disease.
So does spit;
Take care of it.

Perhaps because Johnson was himself an essayist, he does not rate that form of composition highly. An *essay* he calls 'a loose sally of the mind; an irregular indigested piece; not a regular and orderly composition.'

The thought of death in any form was at all times abhorrent to him; hence we are not surprised to learn that *death's-door* 'is now a low phrase.'

The definition of *excise* is one of the Doctor's most famous: 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.' This definition roused to fury the Commissioners of Excise, who sought the opinion of the Attorney-General, afterward Lord Mansfield, whether or not it was libelous. He thought that it was, but wisely suggested that the author be allowed an opportunity of altering his definition; it was not changed.

One definition of *favourite* is 'a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.'

Grubstreet: 'Originally the name of a street in Moorfields in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems.' The street still exists, but it is now Milton Street — not named after the

poet, as is generally supposed, but after a builder of that name.

Leeward and *windward*, though of opposite meaning, are both described as 'towards the wind.'

A *lexicographer* is 'a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words.' Johnson was not above making fun of himself as well as others.

Network has indeed a portentous definition: it is 'anything reticulated, or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.'

Oats is equally famous: 'A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' 'Very true,' was the retort of Lord Elibank, 'and where will you find such men and such horses?'

Pastern is defined as 'the knee of a horse.' It led a lady to question him how this slip was made. Johnson's reply is historic: 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.'

And his definition of *patriotism* — that is to say, 'reform' — is not in the Dictionary, but it should be worn as a sort of badge by every would-be reformer: 'The last refuge of a scoundrel.'

A *pension* is 'an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.' When, subsequently, Johnson accepted a pension from the King, this definition was brought up against him, but it moved him not an iota. 'I wish,' he said, with a laugh, 'that my pension had been twice as large, that they could make twice as much fun of it.'

A *poetess* is a 'she poet.' I am afraid this is not a very gallant definition. Perhaps Johnson had in mind Anna Seward, alias 'the Swan of Lichfield,' as she loved to hear herself called.

A *stockjobber* is 'a low wretch who gets money by buying and selling shares in the funds.' We should now say 'stockbroker,' and it will occur to some that the definition is not obsolete.

Tory 'is a cant term derived' (Johnson supposes) 'from an Irish word signifying a savage,' but he indulges himself in one of his rolling periods by adding: 'One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England.' No one doubts that Johnson was a Tory.

Whig is defined as 'the name of a faction'; and in conversation he did not hesitate to say that 'the first Whig was the Devil.'

But it was in the 'Grammar of the English Tongue' that Johnson made his most risible slip — where he says: '*H* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable.' Wilkes, the scamp, pounced on this instantly with the sarcastic remark: 'The author of this observation must be a man of quick apprehension, and of a most comprehensive genius.' Johnson, no doubt, felt the shaft, but malignancy, if it is to be kept in the air, must, like the shuttlecock, be struck from both sides: Johnson let it pass and the sneer was forgotten. It was not until the fourth edition that he paid his compliments to Wilkes in this sentence: 'It sometimes begins middle or final syllables in words compounded, as in block-head.' Johnson would never permit anyone to 'get his goat,' as we should now say.

The list might be longer, but to what end? Only, as Johnson said, that the 'few wild blunders might for a time furnish folly with laughter.' So much for his definitions. Scholars say that his etymologies are defective; Macaulay calls them wretched, and it may be that they are. I hate to quote Carlyle, that dyspeptic prophet, but,

after all, no one had a juster appreciation of Johnson than he. Listen to him: 'Had Johnson left nothing but his Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its genuine solidity, honesty, insight, and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness: it stands like a great solid square-built edifice, finished: symmetrically complete; you judge that a true Builder did it.'

Johnson's Dictionary was based on a work compiled and published in 1721 by Nathaniel Bailey. Bailey's dictionary is a mere list of words. Johnson had an interleaved copy of it made, and worked therefrom. This book was exhibited at Stationers' Hall in London so recently as 1912. Who has it now? Johnson's own copy of the last edition of his Dictionary to be published in his lifetime is now one of the treasures of the John Rylands Library in Manchester. I wonder whether this is the copy that at the sale of Johnson's library after his death, in 'Mr. Christie's Great Room in Pall Mall,' brought the magnificent sum of thirteen shillings! But then, it was disfigured by his notes, and we must remember, too, that his first folio of Shakespeare, similarly disfigured, brought only twenty-two. And consider the price of the smallest scrap of Johnsoniana to-day!

Let us allow our imagination to play for a moment and fancy that the tools of Johnson's trade — his library — could be reassembled and resold in New York City to-morrow, at Mitchell Kennerley's Great Room. What competition there would be, with 'Dr. R.' and 'Brick Row' and 'Dunster House,' to say nothing of the 'Wells of English undefiled,' and Drake, and Beyer, and Walter Hill — all of the talent, with unlimited bids from Adam and Isham

and Young and Clark and Pforzheimer and Hearst, and all the lesser fry of Johnsonians who are numbered as the sands of the sea. I should have at such a sale just as much chance as a canary at a cats' congress; and yet, Doctor, if I did not set your ball a-rolling, I certainly gave it acceleration. They tell me that there are Johnson collectors in England; are there forsooth? And they put a price of five pounds on your *Life* by Boswell; we, of 'the Plantations,' put it at fifty, and it is worth a hundred. It is the greatest biography in the world, and the best part of it, a taste of its quality, was published the year after your death, and is known as *A Tour to the Hebrides*: it is the quintessence of Boswell.

Why is all the world 'Johnsonian-issimus' to-day? Johnson had, according to Taine, 'the manners of a beadle and the inclinations of a constable.' Every Johnsonian will have a different answer, and they will all be right. This is Austin Dobson's opinion: —

Turn now to his Writings. I grant, in his tales,
That he made little fishes talk vastly like
whales;

I grant that his language was rather emphatic,
Nay, even — to put the thing plainly — dog-
matic;

But read him for Style — and dismiss from
your thoughts,

The crowd of compilers who copied his faults, —
Say, where is there English so full and so clear,
So weighty, so dignified, manly, sincere?

So strong in expression, conviction, persuasion?
So prompt to take colour from place and oc-
casional?

So widely remov'd from the doubtful, the ten-
tative;

So truly — and in the best sense — argumen-
tative?

You may talk of your Burkes and your Gibbons
so clever,

But I hark back to him with a 'Johnson for-
ever!'

And I feel as I muse on his ponderous figure,
Tho' he's great in this age, in the next he'll
grow bigger.

V

A happy coincidence enables me to display to my friends an important manuscript of which not everyone, not even every Johnsonian, knows the existence.

In 1772, Johnson, then being in his sixty-third year, wrote in Latin a long ode addressed to himself, with a Greek title which translates, 'Know Thyself.' In it he compares himself — and to his disadvantage — with the great French scholar, Scaliger, and says that indolence and a penury of mind coöperate to prevent him from taking on another task, if indeed he has the requisite knowledge. Instead of which he confesses that he seeks

At midnight clubs, where wit with noise conspires,
Where Comus revels and where wine inspires

(I am quoting from a translation), relief from the dull melancholy which at all times dogs his steps. The poem closes:

What then remains? Must I in slow decline
To mute inglorious ease old age resign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task? Or, were it best,
Brooding o'er Lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labor drudge my life away?

How he answered the self-imposed question is beyond the scope of this paper.

Finally, — and I seem to hear the sigh of relief which is occasionally audible in church at the end of a long sermon, — I wish to dip my flag to the latest descendant of Dr. Johnson's genius, the Concise Oxford Dictionary. I own that colossal monument of wordy learning, the New English Dictionary, so far as it is published, but its possession is a species of swank, and I seldom refer to it. But the Concise is ever at hand. It is a masterpiece of reference and condensation. Derivations do not much interest me, but I like to have some idea of the meaning of the words I am using, and, as I dictate more than I write, I have forgotten — if indeed I ever knew — how to spell. Every foreign word that has worked its way into our language is given in it, and one small joke, for which I love it. I can imagine several learned old gentlemen, sitting and sipping their port after a dinner at the 'high table' in some Oxford college, debating whether the joke might be permitted: wisely they agreed that it might. Turn to the word 'wing': it is defined, 'One of the limbs or organs by which the flight of a bird, bat, insect, *angel*, &c., is effected.' How do we know that angels fly? Who ever saw one? But this is no place for skepticism: the authority of the greatest of universities is not to be challenged by an insect.

THE STUMP FARM. III

A CHRONICLE OF PIONEERING

BY HILDA ROSE

July 6, 1925

THE weeds in the acre on the prairie took me longer than I expected. I'm not used to that kind of work; it takes a Jap to do it, but I experimented, first one way and then another. First I straddled the row on my knees, one knee on each side of the row and with a hand weeder in one hand, hacking at the weeds, and the other hand pulling out plants where they were too thick. I got along pretty good, doing a row in about two hours. But then burning pain came on my knees and I found them red and swollen and some big blisters. That would never do, so I walked to the nearest house and borrowed two gunny sacks and some sack twine. No one lives on the acre I have rented. I rolled a sack around each knee and tied it, and started the second row. I finished the day that way, but it worried me to find that I had slowed down instead of speeding up. As the sun rose higher and became hotter, it was all I could do to keep up my morale and stick her out. I tried all kinds of ways to amuse my mind. I pictured you and the girls drinking iced lemonade on the deck of a beautiful ship, and J. fox-trotting with a handsome lieutenant, going out to the islands. My water jug did n't taste half so lukeky after that. The rows were so long they looked like railroad tracks coming together at the far end. It brought a long-forgotten picture to my mind.

Many years ago I saw Mansfield. I don't remember whom he played with, but I think it was Julia Marlowe. There was some misunderstanding and the heroine went back to her humble life in the country. The hero hunted her up and found her in the 'lettuce fields of France.' Those long rows of lettuce looked just like the long rows of beets. So after that it was n't in the beet fields I was weeding, it was in the 'lettuce fields of France.'

I stood it three days on my knees and then they were so bad I sat down and moved along like a frog in little jumps. In two days I did n't have any seat in my overalls and nothing to patch them with. 'There's always something to take the joy out of life,' as Daddy says. Then I took the hoe and walked stooped, and hoed and pulled, and next day I could hardly get out of bed. My back seemed to have gone back on me. I made breakfast and washed the dishes three times a day for my board, and I planned to write letters nights, but was too tired. I talked to myself all day long; it helped me to forget the blazing sun overhead and the dust and the long, long rows. The utter hopelessness in Daddy's old eyes drives me on. I have thought how nice it would be if we had old-age pensions. Nothing to dread any more. No hunger, no cold. It would be heaven here on earth.

Boy and I have been reading *Alice in Wonderland*. He wants my little

'22' so he can 'get' that March hare who was so mean to Alice. That March hare lives in the woods just east of us—he's seen him lots of times, he says. But out in the beet field the song the Mock Turtle sang rang in my head day after day, but the words were a little different. I tried to get rid of the jingle, but it persisted:

'Will you work a little faster?' said old Summer to the snail.

'For Old Winter's just behind me, and he's treading on my tail.'

It hustled me up all right. I had another acre of vegetables and beets at home and I could n't be at it all summer. Well, I finished it in seven days and came home to find my garden choked with weeds and drying up badly. Have been at it ever since. Except for two days when I loused chickens on a hen ranch down on the prairie. Gee, it was hot in that hen-house. I shed everything but my overalls, and I got thirty-five cents an hour, and we, another woman and I, did a hen and a half a minute. That's ninety hens an hour, but experienced workers do a hundred an hour. My job was to catch the hen with a miniature shepherd's crook that caught the leg, put a ring on the right leg, and pass her to the other woman, who put on lice poison and threw her into the hen yard.

The Spokane paper said the heat broke all records, going to 102 in the shade. There was no time for dreaming, or even thinking. I was glad I was little and thin, and my little crook was flying every minute faster and faster. Poor frightened hens! But I was happy, for I was earning a pair of new shoes for Daddy and a sack of flour. Daddy's wheat is all gone and we have been without bread some time. It's been hardest on the boy, but we'll have plenty from now on if I can pick up a

day's work now and then. The future looks much brighter.

If I were to put down on paper one half of the struggle, one half of the hardships, or picture one winter, day by day, you could hardly believe it to be true, and yet my life is not half so hard as many here, up in these hills. I can plan ahead fairly well; I know food chemistry and what is needed to keep healthy. When winter comes, I'll have about the same amount of wheat for Daddy to thrash out with the old team, enough potatoes and vegetables and sugar beets to make molasses, which will give us all the sweets we need. Fruit is scarce, but I will have crab apples and rhubarb to can, and that will furnish the acids. A cow to make soups for Daddy and Boy. As Daddy says, 'We have taken our noble President's advice and are trying to raise everything we need on the farm.' If everyone would try this, it would be better for them. Every month some family is pulling out because they can't make it. M.'s have gone to live in a logging camp where he can work. S. went back to Oklahoma last week. B.'s lost their place because they could n't pay the interest on the mortgage. L. pulled out with his wife and four lovely children. I asked him, 'Where are you going?' He said, 'God knows.' They lived closest to us, and how little we know even our nearest neighbors. When they left, Mrs. L. and the children walked on ahead and stopped to say good-bye to me. It was exactly twelve o'clock and I had a kettle of soup waiting for Daddy, as he had n't come in yet. The soup was made from field peas and a piece of pork and it was 'licking good,' as Boy says. 'You're starting early,' says I to Mrs. L. 'Have you already had your lunch, or are you going to picnic along the road?' She startled me by saying quietly: 'We have n't had anything to

eat to-day and there's not much show of our getting anything very soon.' I said, 'Come right in. There's soup and bread and butter and rhubarb sauce, lots of it. I'll tell Mr. L. to tie his team and come in too.' I never saw youngsters so hungry in all my life. The little four-year-old girl stood up in her chair and screamed with joy at the sight of the food I put on her plate.

I watched them until they were out of sight over the hill and it was with a feeling of insecurity that I came back into the house. Perhaps it will be me next. There are empty farmhouses all over the West, and each one has its story.

Daddy says every day that he's going to pull out and go to British Columbia. 'Why,' he says, 'it's better than a stump ranch; there'll be grass for the cows and the boy will have a better chance.' I don't want to go. It's so beautiful here. I love it, and I dread the unknown. What could I do there with a feeble old man and a young child?

July 26. — I'm worried to-night, not so much for myself as for my neighbors north a couple of miles. The smoke is rolling up fast, big billows of it in the sky, and one by one the settlers have gone by and none have come back, which means there is a big fire and help needed. I hear S. has been appointed fire warden for this district, and a better man could n't be found, even if he is a bootlegger. A big, clean, helpful man, he was quite downhearted when he got arrested and sentenced to six months in jail. 'I ought n't to have done it,' he told me, 'but times are so hard.' 'Cheer up,' I said, 'no use to worry about it now, but do keep out of the real penitentiary — it's so disgraceful to your family!' Daddy and I don't believe in bootlegging nor lawbreaking, but you can't do anything

in a community if you antagonize people. I would n't sleep nights if I had helped to put anyone in jail. I love freedom so much myself.

July 30. — Mrs. F.'s house is gone. She lost everything, which was n't much, but all she had. More work for our Club. All the men except Daddy are gone there. He can't go any more. A strong wind is blowing the flames north, but if it changes, it will be so thick with smoke one can hardly breathe. We are not in any danger, as there is a road between us, and that's a fine firebreak.

There's about a hundred settlers fighting it, and the logging company just sent down as many more to help. Mrs. L. got out in time. These fires roll awfully fast when it's dry, and there's plenty of slashings to feed it along. I see the smoke clouds rolling faster and faster. And what do you think started it? An orphaned boy that's been working around for his board set fire to a yellow jacket's (yellow hornet's) nest in the woods. Those yellow jackets are pesky, but that orphan had better vanish from this neck of the woods or he might get strung up. We consider anyone that starts a fire as worse than any other criminal. It's looking bad. I go out to look at it every few minutes. It looks awfully close. There are several families that will have to get out before very long. It seems to be only a city block away, but that's on account of the hills and the dense smoke. I can tell when the fire strikes into green timber and when it's in slashings. The smoke is so different. It's interesting to watch it, but I feel bad over the homes that are going. Nothing much in the way of buildings — just shacks mostly — but they sheltered from the storms and each was a home.

Latest reports from the fire: A man just came by and says the Forest

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA

July 14, 1926

Reserve has sent help and that the L. home is n't burned yet, and it may be saved; but they are all out, in case the wind comes up.

August 2. — The fire is still bad and cars are running back and forth all night with men. The wind has changed and it's racing up into the mountains on the reserve. It gives the settlers a chance to back-fire before the wind changes again.

You have reason to be proud of your children. When I see fine children, I know they have pure-bred parents, speaking in stock terms. Many times have I wondered why I married an old man, but I'd do it over again to get my boy. Daddy's ancestors are the finest in Scotland and England. I believe in blood and good breeding and I love Daddy for the beauty of his mind, which is the result of generations. What I mean is this: Leisure is needed to cultivate the mind in music, literature, and so forth. Therefore my boy is more receptive and by instinct chooses the better things because I chose for him a father of that type. There are members of the family still living in the ancestral castle in Scotland. His grandfather was a captain in the British navy and we have his old telescope and several other old keepsakes.

I told Daddy to-day that I was ready to pull out any time he was. If he thought it best to go, I was willing to follow him and work for him. If things get much harder than they are, we can't even exist here and we must go like the others, but never to a city. I'd take up a homestead in British Columbia before I'd live in a city. The country has got into my very bones. I love it — the trees and birds and growing things. And city, what would that give me? A little comfort and starve my soul. Better to die fasting with a flower in my hand.

It did take grit to go to a strange land and my courage almost failed me many times, for I did n't know a soul here or anyone who had ever been here. There were only the government statistics to go by. But when you're down and out there's not much to lose, so I staked my all to get here and I'm not sorry yet. The captain of the steamer was surprised when I told him to land us at a certain point and he told us there was only one white settler there. But he said it did n't matter to him, and he dumped my belongings off on a mud bank where there was no sign of human habitation. I felt like Robinson Crusoe as I stood on the shore of this mighty river and looked at the swamp that edged it, so dense and luxuriant that I had never seen anything like it. The mosquitoes soon put an end to dreaming and we all got busy gathering sticks for a nice smoky fire. The potatoes and bacon cooked over it tasted good in spite of the cinders that got into the pan. We rolled the boy up in a blanket so even his nose could n't be found by the singing chorus. It looked like rain, so we covered our boxes with the tent and spent the night by the fire. Daddy fell asleep and I covered him up from the mosquitoes with a piece of old canvas. A hard bed for old bones, but the best I could do for that night. I sat there alone, thinking of all that lay ahead to do. No home, no shelter, and a long winter ahead. Two o'clock the heavy dew quieted the mosquitoes and I turned the three old horses loose to feed in the swamp. Following them, I was soon lost in the heavy undergrowth, higher than my head, and I called and called, getting more frightened every moment, and at last I heard Daddy's halloo and he came to meet me through the brush. I was trembling all over when he found

me and put his arms around me and held me close. To get lost is a fearful thing here. The captain, the purser, and the cook all warned me to be careful. Then we sat and watched the sun turn the twilight night into day.

The white settler lives a mile inland on a slight rise of the land, as this river sometimes overflows and covers the river flats, but only for short periods and very seldom. This bottom land is very level and from one half to two miles wide only. The soil is very heavy, black, and rich. Above this the land is higher, not so rich, and lighter.

July 16. — The white settler has given us a bedroom where we sleep — but we eat at our little camp by the river. The river is wonderful, over a mile wide and flows north. The banks are very low the farther north it flows. The Indians are extremely dark, unkempt, and shiftless. They live entirely by trapping and fishing. There are swarms of 'breeds,' some of them quite good-looking and once in a while one that could easily pass for white. They furnish the only labor element here and few of them are worth their salt.

July 17. — We have picked out our homestead and will move on to it as soon as possible. It will be tough until we get a cabin and get through the first winter, but if we survive that we'll be old settlers. The more I see of this country, the better I like it. Coming from a dry country with a blazing sky all summer, it is pleasant to see the fleecy clouds go scudding by, and there's seldom a day that we don't get at least one shower. The rain is n't even cold and I go out in it just to get my bobbed head wet as when I was a child back in Illinois. The gardens just love to grow here. Mrs. L. is using green beans, peas, new potatoes, beets, carrots, and lettuce on her table and has radishes coming on new and crisp all summer long. Ever since Daddy

begged to die in Canada, the country of his birth, I have studied it, and chose this spot as the best and most available in my meagre circumstances. Daddy will die happy and contented; we'll have a home without being afraid of being forced to go into some city to die in the slums, and Boy will grow up like Lincoln, in the wilderness.

The 'fur' is pretty well trapped out here along the river. But there will always be some. Dogs are used here all winter and our big black-and-white shepherd dog is very much admired by the Indians and breeds. He is better than their dogs and is worth \$75. Now I'll have him to worry about for fear they steal him. That would break our hearts. We smell like Indians now from sitting in the smoke so much. It's the only comfort one gets during the day, while at night forgetfulness comes when you crawl under a cheesecloth canopy. Well, I have found the place where hay and potatoes never fail, thank God. Once more I can say the Twenty-third Psalm when I wake in the morning as I always used to do.

Sunday afternoon. — Mrs. L. gathered her children around the old organ for a few hymns. Each one of us chose a hymn, even the three-year-old baby boy. The young married daughter, home with her wee babe, chose a song about love from the songs of matrimony in the English Prayer and Hymn Book. Her father said, 'A good hymn.' We sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Rescue the Perishing,' and many others. It gave me hope and strength to carry on when I looked at this wonderful family singing so earnestly alone here in this vastness. I don't know yet just how I'll get a home built. If winter comes too fast for me, I'll have to dig out a room in a small hill on one side of the homestead and put a log front on it. If I have time, we'll build a room entirely of logs. We have an old mower

with us, but no rake, so we'll have to rake what hay we cut by hand.

There are hardships that nobody reckons,
There are valleys unpeopled and still.

But nothing matters, so we get some kind of a shelter before winter comes. The lowest has been 78 degrees below, but it generally stays at 40 degrees below, which is n't so bad. But the winters are very long.

How beautiful it is and how happy we will be in our little home! I found an old hymn in the Prayer Book that appealed to me and expresses what I can't say myself.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions
The river of Thy peace.

There is n't time to write to Mrs. W. and you will pass this letter on, for I am working very hard and one letter must do for all. Love to you all and write once in a while. The mail this winter comes up by dog sleds when no other way can be used. So we are n't entirely isolated from the Outside.

August, 1926

I have just received your letter and the boat is n't back yet and I'm writing in a hurry to thank you for your letter and the things in it. Next two weeks I will write you and Mrs. W. another letter of the events that come and my impressions of this place. I don't know the date; time means nothing here. I am glad Mrs. W. liked the two adventurers she met in the railway depot for forty minutes. I was very tired, worried, and depressed, so I did n't look my best, but I surely felt good when she actually kissed me and Boy good-bye. She did like me a little, and me a perfect stranger too. The

white settler's wife is a college woman and she teaches the children and conducts a real school in a log cabin. Two daughters are home from college and one will teach this year and give the mother a little rest. I'll tell you more about them later, as they are indeed a very interesting family. And these woods and wilderness have human souls buried, I am finding out. That's my specialty, digging up the half dead and helping them to find themselves again. Queer, is n't it? They tell me their troubles and I lay them on you. I am still happy. How wonderful it seems to know I will never starve any more. To always have potatoes and hay for the cow. No 'straw horses' any more. Never to hear Daddy say, like Little Claus, 'Get up, all my straw horses,' and then see the poor ribby creatures try to pull a plough. I have four wool blankets, all heavy, besides quilts. The winter is long and cold and I am trying to prepare for it. I have fifty-six traps and a good location to trap muskrats and also fox. I'll just make it, I figure, and by next fall have a good vegetable garden and what grain I need for bread. I have a grubstake for the winter and spring of beans, dry peas, rice, flour, and vegetables already cached away. The only thing I'm worrying about is a place to live in and I have a month to do it in. No need to worry. Hay for the winter, plenty of milk, fish in the river, and wild game and deer to shoot for meat. I'll make it. 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

September 5, 1926

The silence almost gets me and I have to say to myself that the same sun shines on you. You see the same stars and moon and it's the same old earth, only I am farther north. It helps some as I stand on this bend of the river and gaze in awe on the northern lights as

they play and shake their shimmering curtains. The breeds are afraid of them and have a tradition that they sometimes carry people away. The past two weeks I have seen only two breeds, one Indian, and one white trapper. As winter comes on I don't expect to see even that many in a month. The boy is changing even in the short time we have been here. He is more like a man and takes his responsibilities very seriously. He is allowed two shells each day for the '22' and is supposed to bring in one prairie chicken or rabbit each day. It usually only takes one shell. How proud he is when he comes in! I hear him whistling long before I see him and one day I heard him say to Daddy, 'I guess I can keep the pot boiling for Mother.' He gets lonesome, too, and I have to play with him. There is n't a breed or Indian around here but what he knows their names and all about them. They have named him 'Jabbering Colt' and he thinks that's a fine name. These silent folk find a little white boy quite amusing. Boy has another friend in the Mounted Police who is nicknamed Baldy. He has had many adventures and Boy is a devoted admirer and listener. To live up here far from the madding crowd, automobiles, and movies gives us a saner view of what life is and time to reflect. There is time to look at the stars and wonder at their stillness. I have been reading bedtime stories to Boy and we enjoy them very much. And in the night I sit up sometimes and listen to some of the 'little people' that hunt for crumbs in the dark. Last night one that we call Mrs. Deer Mouse fell into the water pail. I heard her swimming frantically and butting her head against its side. Poor little thing!

I rushed up and emptied the pail outside on the grass and went back to sleep.

The white settler's daughter M. is much on my mind. She is a very sweet and refined girl of twenty-two years and has fallen in love with a breed. Unhappy child, her parents have told her they will treat her as if she were dead if she marries him. She broke down and cried one day when we were alone, and it was so pitiful that I had to comfort her and assure her that it would all come out right in the end and N. was certainly a fine fellow. Well, he is an exception, being good-looking, well educated, and almost white. Yet I feel like a Pharisee, for if she were my girl I'd never allow it. Not for her sake, but I should hate to have breed grandchildren. Some would be quite dark and they are n't regarded as well as whites out in the world. Just prejudice, in a way, but it's there. What do you think about it?

This is but a short letter, but the winter will soon be here and I'm far from ready for it. I had intended to get us each a warm wool sweater, but decided to get two old ewes and a spinning wheel instead. I have Grandma Rose's old cards to comb the wool with and next year we'll have good warm sweaters that I shall knit as soon as I have the wool. Besides, I'll have the lambs. We can get along with what we have this winter. I have to look ahead to the many winters that are coming. There is plenty of hay and I'm going to utilize it. The tent is already cold at night, so I can't sit up any longer, as my feet get so cold. My tallow candle is getting low, and so good night.

Lovingly,

HILDA ROSE

THE HOBBY OF A TRAVELING MAN

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

I

FROM 1914 to 1924 I traveled continuously throughout the United States, selling engineering materials.

Dickens and Thackeray took me through my first year. Something had to. For I soon found that I had within me a capacity for acute loneliness which I had never dreamed of — a loneliness which swept over me in angry waves and threatened to drown me utterly. Superficial diversions left this melancholy strain untouched. Perhaps I took to reading because the characters in Dickens's and Thackeray's books had become so familiar that I looked upon them as friends, and, as friends, turned to them in my trouble. But read I did, endlessly. Now reading involves a distinct technique when one is thousands of miles from one's own hearthside. One cannot enjoy a book in a hotel bedroom. The four unfamiliar walls press in upon one's consciousness and destroy all illusion. To get the full flavor of an author, to come wholly within the comforting influence of his characters, one should be among people. I liked the mezzanine floor of my hotel or a parlor car, where, figuratively speaking, I could rub elbows with others. I found that those about me gave vitality to my book people.

Whenever it was possible to arrange my schedule so that an evening could be spent in a parlor car, I did so. I made rather a ritual of it, and took great care to adjust my window curtain so that I might look out upon the

darkening countryside. One's imagination so easily becomes occupied with the cozy farmhouse lamps gleaming through the night! It is an excellent prelude to reading. 'There,' I would say, 'is that beautiful symbol of family life, a well-shaded lamp. It is only a hundred yards away as I pass it. Grouped about it are happy and congenial people doing just what I am doing — settling down to read after a hard day. All about them is the quieting comfort of familiar things. There is a dozing cat by the fireside, stretching with the exquisite languor of some Persian beauty. Peace has descended upon that household, peace and the plethoric ticking of some portly clock, warm in its place upon the mantelpiece. Can I be lonely with that fireside — even for a fleeting second — near me?'

With considerable ceremony I would pick up my book. Now I do not use bookmarks; they are for precise people who read a book as they would build a brick wall, layer on layer. It delights me to find my place leisurely. Salient phrases catch my eye as, like a child in a guessing game, I find myself growing 'warmer and warmer.' I do not hesitate to reread the last few pages and get fully into the spirit of the story before going on. One cannot waste time on a train. If a passage pleases, it is read again, with no counting of minutes. Time stands still while the earth rushes by. Comfortably seated in a parlor car, I once finished *Vanity Fair* and,

deliberately turning back to the first page, started to read it again.

I had spent some two years on the road, when I realized that something must be done about Saturdays and Sundays. You who have never spent forty-four of the fifty-two Sundays in a year away from home cannot imagine their bleak and awful isolation. I could not bring rational analysis to the problem; the situation held a poignancy which clouded clear reasoning. If this seems overdrawn, I shall ask a question. What thoughts come to one on a rainy Sunday spent looking at the four walls of a dingy hotel bedroom, with the warmth and beauty of home a thousand miles away? Let me answer it: horrid, creeping little thoughts! 'Life is passing. Each minute dragging so wearily away might have held a precious experience if you had been home. You are getting older day by day — and filling your granaries with sawdust. Age has but its memories. What beauty, what warmth, might you have stored in your mind this day if you had been with your friends? At this very moment they are dropping into your home for a cup of tea, their fine familiar faces reflecting the light of candles on the gleaming sideboard. They are talking — brilliant little scraps of conversation, brave mots that one remembers and chuckles over, suddenly, years later. And you're missing it, missing it all. A day that might have been glorious, and is really but twenty-four hours subtracted from your tiny span of life, with not a thought worth recording, not a memory worth holding, not a picture worth recalling, given you in return!' Traveling men may not as a group radiate profound orthodox religious convictions, but they all believe in Hell, for they live in it over each week-end.

I found my salvation quite accidentally. One Saturday afternoon as I searched the mezzanine floor of my

hotel for a suitable reading chair, I became conscious of the fact that I did not care whether I found one or not. I did not 'feel fer readin',' as the Pennsylvania Dutch say. But what else was there for me to do? A morning of walking in the rain effectually dampened any idea of going out. Abruptly something caught my attention. It was the inviting keyboard of a handsome grand piano, and with a wave of relief I realized that there was something in the world, after all, that I wanted to do. I wanted to play. As a child I had spent many hours at the piano, and, clutching at this slight musical background, I sat down and awkwardly traced out an old melody on the keys. To my surprise, a man who had been sitting near by, hooded in black despair, came over to the instrument and asked me to play something else. I realized, of course, that his action was a desperate fling at an overpowering boredom, but nevertheless I was just a little pleased that I had been able to bring even a spark of interest to his eye. So I played through a forlorn little repertoire of hazily recollected tunes, and it was as though a soothing hand had been laid upon my restless spirit.

We talked, this lone gentleman and I, for an hour and a half, and during this conversation he mentioned the fact that a certain local Episcopal church had rather a fine choir. Did I not wish to hear it? I acquiesced eagerly, for I must confess a very soft spot in my heart for choirs. I sang in a boys' choir for many years as a child, and there is a glamour, a mellow glow, over those years which has persisted ever since. Anyone who has ever sung in a boys' choir will carry the memories with him all his life: the dressing before the service, the quieting hand of the rector as he intones the opening sentence, the soft little sung 'Amen,' the queer noises which leak out of the back of an organ,

the breathless hush just before the first words of the opening hymn, the triumphal music of the processional. As we talked, it all came back to me, and I grieved in my heart for the music I had lost during the intervening years.

The next morning I was in church. Memories I had thought dead fifteen years awoke, and my soul was lifted into verdant places. The beauty of it all! After the service, carried by an enthusiastic impulse, I went forward and spoke to the organist, if for nothing else than to let him know how his music had exalted and quickened an otherwise unendurable morning. With quiet pride in the vast organ, he showed me its key desk, and as I looked at it — the church had cleared by now — he said, 'Why don't you play something?' Fingers trembling with excitement, I sat down and found in the rolling profundity of the organ as it responded to my faltering touch a sense of power that was almost incredible. To press that little key, with its featherlike resistance, and hear the beat of oceans, the voices of wind-swept forests, come forth and sweep through the chancel and nave of the church — it was like being temporarily in charge of the universe.

II

I took the church programme with me when I left, and the next day I purchased one or two of the anthems listed thereon. As I clumsily picked them out on the piano I found a great curiosity creeping over me as to the extent of church music. How much was there of it? Who wrote it? Whence came its nobility, its alternate tranquillity and fire? Here were things that were worth finding out. A study of the church hymnal gave me a very faint picture of the army of musicians who have carried the torch of genius through the ages, and I determined to know

more of them. I had found my hobby at last, and in my jubilation cast about for some way to pursue it more closely. Traveling as I did, it would be impossible for me to follow any conventional study of ancient, mediæval, and modern church music, yet I felt that at least I might attempt some rude classification of the music I heard from Sunday to Sunday. So I started a scrapbook, and into it I pasted the programmes or orders of service from the various churches I attended, together with my written impression of each composition used. As new composers appeared in my book I would boldly and freely walk up to the organist of the church I happened to be in and ask him about them. To a man, the organists I spoke to were gracious, patient, and kindly. As my work took me over the country twice a year, I was soon talking to them a second time, then a third, a fourth, a tenth time. Some of them, as the years passed, became firm friends. Cities where Sunday had been a nightmare became cities where Sunday was a day to be looked forward to all during the week. Scarcely a week went by that I was not given an opportunity to play a church organ after service. All during this time, as I encountered interesting new anthems, I would buy them, seek out a secluded piano, and study them.

I read music very slowly and, curiously enough, never improved in this respect; but, once read and learned, I never had need of the music again. When I say that it took me two hours — and still does! — to read the average eight-page anthem, one may see how admirably suited the practice was to filling in dull evenings and rainy Saturday afternoons. My reward was to play it on an organ the following Sunday.

As the scrapbook grew and my hobby assumed larger and larger proportions, there came an interest in the structure of the organ itself, its vast and intricate

mechanism. We are rather given to the use of superlatives in this country, but in the case of the American organ they are deservedly applied. The American organ is one of the great achievements of modern times. Its scientific design, its instantaneous action, its unfailing response, place it technically years ahead of its rivals overseas. But tone is another matter! The loving craftsmanship lavished on old-world instruments cannot be captured, studied, and laid out on a designer's drawing board. It is a creation of the spirit not to be gauged by the slide rule or reduced to the notebook by logarithms. Let us then, while saluting the American geniuses who have made our organ key desks as simple, clean-cut, and efficient as an automobile dashboard, turn and bow our heads before the master craftsmen who have succeeded in giving voice to all that is noble in life.

During a business trip to London some few years ago, Sir Frederick Bridge, organist for so many years at Westminster Abbey, summed this up for me in rather a humorous way. I had been given a letter to him from a mutual friend, — an English organist in New York, — and Sir Frederick was up in the organ loft, playing, as I strolled into Westminster to present it. After climbing some dark stairs, I found myself beside the strangest key desk I had ever seen: wires, 'trackers,' radiated from it in every direction, and I was in mortal terror of catching my toe and breaking something. The distinguished organist read the letter I tendered him, and, fixing me with his pleasant eyes, ordered me to sit down beside him and tell him all about American organs. He asked a great many questions about the electric action used so universally in our instruments; then, falling silent, he raised his musician's hand in a gesture that included the great pipes rising before us, the wires, the keyboard.

'My boy,' he said finally, 'you may trip on it, but it will be sixty years before you can match its tone!' As though to prove what he had said he turned and played 'Adeste, Fideles,' full organ, and I knew at last why the noblest of all hymns had been written. Simply destiny — that it might some day be played upon the Westminster Abbey organ.

III

It has been said that the diapason is the foundation of the organ. If this is true, — and I sincerely believe it is, — there is an organ in the Netherlands which ought to be included in every music-lover's itinerary. I have never seen it referred to and have often wondered why. A few days after my delightful interview with Sir Frederick Bridge, I was walking through the streets of Rotterdam, and, business concluded, was shaping my course toward the lofty nave of a cathedral I had seen during the morning. It proved to be the old Groote Kerk, with its fantastically whitewashed walls, its queerly refinished woodwork, and other heritages of a misguided militant Protestantism. As luck would have it, — for I was leaving for Paris in an hour, — the organist entered shortly after I did, and I was soon listening to such music as I had little dreamed of hearing that day. In my poor little opinion, there are no other diapasons in the world to compare with those in the Groote Kerk organ. Their golden fullness, their bountiful roundness and warmth of tone, are epic. One feels in them all the strength, vitality, all the ruggedness of the Dutch people — their infinite artistic integrity. The thought struck me, as I sat there listening to a Bach fugue, that organs, like architecture, express nationality. Canterbury, Southwark, Westminster — one knows one is in England, for the

organs express solidity, balance, forthrightness. Notre Dame, St.-Sulpice, Sacré-Cœur! These organs are as essentially French as the French tongue — to our ears somewhat nasal, almost a bit strident. And our own organs, St. Thomas's, St. John's, and hosts of others, — there is an astonishing number of splendid organs in this country, — blending everything, mechanically faultless, striving toward a composite perfection, are they not American?

Having mentioned some French organs, I cannot refrain from telling a humorous little episode that occurred in Paris. One bright May morning I set out from my hotel, resolved to hear as many fine organs as possible. I prefer to study them leisurely, of course, when I can, but this time my stay in Paris included only one Sunday and I wanted to make the most of it. Hailing a taxi, I was soon set down at the Madeleine. An incredible mass of people filled the building, and what with the incense, the heat, the many and various worshippers, I found the atmosphere rather overpowering, and left after the first chant. At the curb, I found the same cab I had used in coming to the church and, stepping into it, I directed the driver to take me to St.-Sulpice. I remained in this church about fifteen minutes, and as I came out I noticed my original taxicab, again unoccupied. With a grin I asked to be taken to Notre Dame. It seemed to me that the chauffeur looked at me strangely; certainly the shrug of his shoulders conveyed more than just an acknowledgment of my request. At Notre Dame I found a gorgeous service in progress. Some sort of military festival it was, with a battle flag at the head of each pew, at least three hundred white-robed singers in the choir, and perhaps a hundred and fifty prelates and church dignitaries in the chancel. The music was glorious, and, fascinated by the warmth

and color of it all, I stayed until the very end. Firmly astride of my hobby by this time, I decided to take in one more church before dinner. (Typically American, I know, but you must remember I get to Paris only once a year.) Naturally I had forgotten all about my cab driver, but lo! he was waiting, unengaged, as I reached the sidewalk. 'Sacré-Cœur,' I said bravely. He paused a moment before opening the cab door, and a smile of deep commiseration, a look of understanding sympathy, flashed over his face like the flicker of a curtain. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said softly, 'quelle pénitence!'

Perhaps this hobby — organ music — *has* been a penance, in the sense that penances are supposed to induce peace. Certainly it has carried me far afield. I have learned to know the riverlike sweep of Guilmant, to recognize the insistent beauty of Widor, the vivid efflorescence of Ruebke, and to feel the exaltation of Barnby, Stainer, Buck, and Handel. Names like Franck, Bach, Tschaikowsky, or Boellman on a recital programme bring an electric prickle of anticipation. To me as a layman the study of church music has become an endless pilgrimage. It has its great moments — can any experience in life equal the tranquil ecstasy of hearing Noble's 'Souls of the Righteous' sung at dusk in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine? The utter beauty of its caresses and makes whole again the heart torn and racked by separation from all one holds dear in life. 'They are at peace,' sings the choir. 'Oh, fairest liberty!' And all things that harass and hurt seem small and meaningless. Is not loneliness a form of bondage? Can this be bondage — this opportunity of hearing the man-interpreted voice of God? No! It is liberty in its highest sense. 'They are at peace.' Where there is peace, there can be no loneliness. Oh, fairest liberty!

IT HAPPENED AT DAYBREAK

BY NAHUM SABSAY

I

IVAN KARASS, a private in the second squad of the first platoon, was, according to general opinion in his company, a queer man. But if any one of the soldiers were asked in what consisted Karass's peculiarities he would be at loss to state. And yet the company was right: Ivan Karass was queer.

For instance, he never talked, even when off duty. He always spent his free hours all by himself, either sitting paralyzed of all motion and vacant of all conscious life, or lying stretched on the ground and gazing for hours at the sky. What was going on in his mind no one knew, just as no one knew whether there was anything at all, and just as no one knew whether Karass was a thinker or merely a fool. From his behavior he might have been either, if only fools can have such sober, expressive faces, such clear, scrutinizing eyes, smiling now gently, now bitterly; now greeting you friendlily, now piercing you with a long, tormenting look.

Karass must have been forty. He was married and the father of half a dozen children, they said. From the first day of his life he had lived continually in a small village somewhere in the middle Ukrainian steppes; lived knowing nothing of the world, separated from it by great roadless spaces, by lack of common interests, by his own complete illiteracy, and by the illiteracy of his neighbors. From that drowsy and undisturbed existence, by the order of the invisible Tsar and his sinister

generals, he was taken away and transferred to perpetual crash and collision.

However, Karass had quickly learned the soldier's duty and the ways of war. In fact, the ease with which he could grasp everything new and the quickness of his apprehension were matters of great astonishment to the rest of the men. The more so because of an extreme forgetfulness and a most amazing absent-mindedness which he displayed at times. During one of these spells, the soldiers knew without looking who was the man out of step, or who was the man whose head, appearing above the parapet, had attracted the enemy's fire. Too often it was Karass, and too often the poor devil was thrashed by sergeants, and even by commissioned officers sometimes. That punishment the soldiers watched in silence, tapping their foreheads significantly.

But at times their contempt for Ivan Karass would give place to a quite different feeling. This would happen when, coming out of his long silence, he would start to sing his songs.

He knew only three of them, three old melodious ballads. But each time he sang them with new variations in words, tune, and expression, as if they were songs entirely new. He sang sitting on the ground in his usual pose, his hands about his knees, his eyes closed, and swaying slightly to and fro. And all the men around him, forgetting his peculiarities, forgetting time and place, listened to Karass reverently.

Karass sang of their homes, of their villages surrounded by cherry orchards, of fields of swaying wheat, of clear streams flowing by, and of azure sky overhead. He sang of a hero-Cossack, of his exploits, of his black-eyed, white-faced, tender-hearted girl, and of other girls, and of other Cossacks, and of Tatar unbelievers, their fierce enemy. He sang, and in many a soldier's eye large drops of tears would glitter. Even the sour top-sergeant, leaving his perpetual bookkeeping, would put his chin in the palms of his hands, would close his eyes, and, lost in reveries, would listen to Karass. And Karass would stop all of a sudden, just as suddenly as he had begun. But the silence which he had commanded would still continue a long time, and only gradually the soldiers would resume their interrupted occupations, whispering to each other: 'There's a God's gift in that man.'

Thus, in a mixed atmosphere of admiration and contempt, lived Karass at the front for over a year, among thousands of men, yet all by himself. Then he found a friend.

II

It happened at daybreak late in the fall. That morning, as usual, a voluminous fusillade greeted the sun slowly mounting in the multicolored sky. A small rabbit, which somehow had found its way into No Man's Land, was racing back and forth, bewildered by the racket and spurred up by the sound of bullets whizzing about him. The soldiers from both sides, noticing the little fellow, were following it with the fire of their rifles. But luck was with the rabbit this time: it escaped what seemed an inevitable end by hurling itself into the flare of Karass's loophole at the very moment when Karass, who knew nothing about the

chase of the rabbit by the joined armies, was about to pull the trigger of his rifle. Instantly realizing, however, what had happened, Karass pushed his rifle aside, in no time enlarged the loophole by taking out one of the bags filled with earth, and took the shivering rabbit in his hands.

The fusillade continued. Karass gazed for a moment at the poor beast, then gently put it into the bosom of his shirt, repaired the loophole, and resumed firing. Meanwhile the rabbit, still trembling, had crawled around Karass and remained behind his back tightly pressing against him.

When the skirmish was over, Karass reached for the rabbit, pushed it through the loophole, and gave it a slight shove. The rabbit did not move. Karass gave it another shove, but with no more result. Not only did the rabbit show no intention of leaving the loophole, but it was stubbornly backing, trying to regain the trench. Karass watched it in silence. A shot banged somewhere close by. The rabbit doubled and darted through the hole into the trench. Karass again took the little fellow into his hands, lifted it to the level of his eyes, and smiled bitterly.

The rabbit was a beautiful little creature, barely a month old. Its gray, red-rimmed eyes were open wide; its nostrils and its graceful upper lip moved nervously, giving to the dainty muzzle an amusing expression. Karass put his hands up to his mouth and gently blew into the rabbit's face. The rabbit closed its eyes, threw back its ears, shook its head, and pressed closer into Karass's hands. Karass smiled again, but this time brightly and happily.

The sun was hanging already well above the forest-covered hills. The chill of the morning was changing into the exquisite warmth of an autumn day. A few pearly clouds were spread high in

the sky, making by contrast its blueness still more striking. Greener and greener became the forest beyond the enemy lines and bluer grew the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains still farther away in the west. A sparrow twittered, here a cricket chirruped, and there some insect buzzed. But the men made no sound. Weary, suspicious, irritated, they watched the enemy.

Karass kept the rabbit and tended it as only a very fond mother would look after her child. Was it a paternal feeling, or merely an inherited age-long habit of caring for animals, or else a need for friendship, which thus found an object? Who can tell? The rabbit, in turn, became closely attached to Karass. It followed its master like a pup around the trenches, its muzzle almost touching Karass's heels. They stood watch together, and together slept.

To keep a pet in the trenches is not an easy task. The men themselves had often but little to eat. And moreover the little they had was of no use to the rabbit, who cared not for cold soup, hard bread, and tea. Yet the very hardship through which Karass had to go to provide his nursling with food seemed to make the rabbit still dearer to him. Happily smiling, he watched his pet devour greedily the grass and foliage which, risking his life, he had plucked the preceding night. But vegetation was becoming scarcer and scarcer with the approach of the winter and Karass would have been in a quandary, were it not for the constant assistance of his company mates, who, returning from duty in the rear of the lines, would bring with them all they could find.

Even in the midst of most comfortable surroundings, it is hard at times to bear the last days of the fall, the gray sunless days, days of cold, of penetrating mist, of moaning and wailing winds.

No wonder that to the men in the trenches those days seemed despairing, torturing, insupportable. Not a flutter of life could be seen for miles around. All was either withered or buried alive in the maze of underground excavations. Only the first lines were guarded, and those by single soldiers placed widely apart. All other posts were abandoned and the men were ordered into dug-outs. Here, in semiobscurity, some slept on a thin layer of straw covering the cold and wet ground; others sat for hours around the smoky fires, hungry, tired, miserable. Only on Karass the general gloom seemed to have no effect. As usual, he showed no interest in what was going on around him, his attention being absorbed by the crackling fire, by the fantastic rivulets of smoke slowly rising in the air, and by the rabbit in his hands.

One day, late in the afternoon, a story spread from one dugout to another that Emelian, the captain's orderly, ceding to long-assailing temptation, had stolen a bottle of his master's cognac, had drunk it all by himself, and had made an attempt to kiss the sergeant major. There were many details to that story, both amusing and sad. Sad, when they concerned the manner in which the furious sergeant major had covered Emelian's face with black-and-blue patches. And while the soldiers were speculating on Emelian's future, and Emelian himself was sleeping at the bottom of the trench on the very spot where justice had found him, the captain and the sergeant major were conferring together. First they decided to put Emelian back in the ranks, and then, on the sergeant's suggestion, to give the job of captain's orderly to Ivan Karass.

Easy, compared with the life of other soldiers, is the life of a captain's orderly. His duties are simple, his leisure is large, his food good; during

the fight he can get into a safe place; he has but one master, and this master the captain himself! But what pleased Karass in his new situation was the fact that three times a day he had to go to the officers' mess, where he could get for his rabbit the green stuff he wanted.

Contrary to everyone's expectation, Karass made a fine orderly. He was conscientious and thoughtful, and he looked after his master as a nurse would after her charge. And, what was still more surprising, he somewhat changed. He no more kept apart so persistently; he began to show interest in what men talked around him, and at times he even ventured a word in the general conversation.

III

The first snow fell that year on the fifteenth of November. It started at midnight in tiny, widely separated flakes, but soon it became thicker, and in the morning, when the men emerged from the dugouts, they could see nothing but a white, dancing screen. They found the trenches half filled with snow and immediately set to work. By noon the trenches were clear, but by evening they were filled again. Thus it went on for three days.

On the morning of the fourth day, the news spread about that the regiment was to be relieved that night and was to proceed to some distant place. And indeed that night the regiment was relieved, and when the day broke it was marching miles away toward Rumania.

Partly by train, partly by foot in deep snow, the journey was made in thirty days, and in the middle of December the regiment had arrived at the assigned positions and had relieved a Rumanian unit. Gradually the soldiers changed the Rumanian dugouts to suit their taste, and resumed their

usual life. No, not exactly the usual; for wine in Rumania was more than abundant, the men had found thousands of ways to smuggle it into the trenches, and there was no more gloom, no more unhappiness, although there remained still plenty of causes for both. The officers tried to stop the drinking, but their efforts were not successful; they too were busy with wine. Karass, with his rabbit, had made the march with the light-baggage train which immediately followed the regiment. Arriving at the new positions, he arranged with much care a dugout for his master and a hole for himself and his pet.

The change which had started in Karass while he was still in Galicia kept on developing here. He became sociable, if one can be called 'sociable' who in company scarcely says a word. However, Karass's silence was not uncomfortable now. It seemed as if he wanted to say something and yet could find no words. 'Just like a horse or a dog,' commented the soldiers in his absence, but tapped their foreheads no longer. They began to like Karass. But again, if someone had asked them what made them change their opinion, they would not have been able to tell. Often they treated him to a cup of wine. Karass drank willingly, yet he never drank excessively, nor did he ever try to get wine for himself. Now and then, at the request of the soldiers, he sang, but somehow, in the cold and confinement of the dugout, he was not at his best.

The eve of Christmas came. All along the line the soldiers were getting ready to celebrate the holiday. They brought in much wine and were ransacking the country for food. The officers too had some plans regarding that evening. Soon after supper they began to assemble in small groups in the more spacious dugouts. The captain himself went to a 'party.' But before

he left he told Karass to take a note to an officer in the village close by, who next morning was leaving for Russia.

Karass put the sealed envelope under his hat, took the rabbit in his hands, walked out from the trenches, and took the road toward the village. The night was light, cold, and still. He easily found the officer, handed him the note, and started on his way back. But hardly had he passed half of the village when he met a small party of soldiers stealthily following the dark side of the street. Had not one of the soldiers, who recognized Karass, hailed him in a subdued voice, he would have passed the party without noticing it at all. But being hailed, he stopped, then hesitatingly approached the men. There were six of them, all of the liaison company — a company generally known to be made up of daring and unruly fellows. Karass knew no one of them; yet, having heard him sing many a time, they all knew him.

'Where are you going, Karass?' asked the man who hailed him.

'To the trenches.'

'You have been there long enough already, and you are going to be there the rest of your life, so what is the use of hurrying? Come with us; we'll give you a drink of wine that would make the Rumanian king himself kick up his heels.'

Karass hesitated. He was shy of new company and yet he wished to go.

'Well, are you coming?' asked another man impatiently.

Karass looked at him and noticed two pailfuls of wine crusted over with ice, which the soldier was carrying. He turned his eyes to the other men and saw that each of them carried a pail, or a kettle, or both.

'Well, yes, I'll go,' Karass answered in a voice which betrayed indecision. He was not sure that it would be the right thing to do.

The house used by the off-duty liaison men stood by itself a mile behind the village. It must have been an uninviting place even when its proprietors lived in it, but now, when they had left it, fleeing the daily cannonade, and when first the Rumanian and then our soldiers had ravaged it, the place looked appalling. The scanty furniture had been used as fuel. The fence, the benches, the inside doors, and the greater part of the partitions — all were having the same fate. Only the smoke-covered dirty walls and still dirtier floor remained intact.

When Karass, following the soldiers, entered the house, he found there half a score of other men, sprawling on muddy straw in front of an open fire. The dim, reddish flame, the only light in the room, playing on the faces and figures of the soldiers, created a bizarre yet exquisite picture. The arrival of the newcomers made the men jump to their feet and stirred up a noisy movement. Order was soon established, however. The wine was placed in the middle of the room, and all the men sat down in a tight circle around it. They talked, laughed, joked, but touched not the wine, waiting for something else. Karass too, after placing his rabbit and his overcoat in one of the dark corners, took a seat in the circle and with marked self-consciousness and awkwardness observed his new companions.

A few minutes later four more men entered the house. These brought a beheaded cock and a small trench bag of potatoes. There was another commotion among the seated soldiers. But this time the joy did not last. It became at once evident to all that the party's search for food had not been successful. Is there any hungry man whose heart would not fall at the sight of one meagre cock and five

pounds of potatoes on one side, and a score of hungry men on the other? True, there was some mouldy black bread. But not bread the men's stomachs craved.

The soldiers retook their seats around the wine and, cursing energetically, heard the misadventures of the returning party. Meanwhile three of its members carried their spoils over to that part of the house which once had been the kitchen, and began cooking the supper.

The original plan was not to drink the wine till the supper was ready. But the temptation was too great. The cups were in their hands and the wine stood only an arm's length away. First with apologies, later without them, one man after another began to help himself. The cooks, realizing what was going on, appeared from the kitchen, took one of the kettles, and started an affair of their own. Presently all were gay, happy, talked all at a time, drank to Christmas, to their homes, and to each other.

Karass, like the rest of the men, drank cup after cup. The expression of his face, his pose, his behavior, everything changed entirely. His usual sadness and shyness were gone. He smiled knowingly; his eyes streamed enthusiasm; he was beautiful; he was Olympian.

At last he put away his filled cup as if he had made up his mind not to drink any more, and he began to talk. Astonished, the soldiers hushed, lowered their cups, and listened.

'Do you know what I think?' he asked in his musical, soothing voice. 'I think,' he continued softly, receiving no answer, 'I think the war is wrong. And not only the war, but everything is wrong around us. I think that the officers, the priests, and the people in the cities know that there is no God, but they fool us telling that there is.

At times it seems to me I know why they do it; but then again I can't understand. Why should there be a Tsar? I wish I could read. I have heard people saying that everything is explained in the books. I wish I knew what makes the aeroplanes fly, and what makes a man's voice go through a wire in the telephone. . . .'

A long time Karass thus talked, now making statements, strange, amazing statements, betraying much eager thought and much brooding over everything he saw and everything he heard; now exposing the enigmas of his mind, all kinds of them, from striking, significant inquiries to naïve metaphysical questions which are so often asked by children. Karass talked quietly. Not a single time he raised his voice. The words were coming out of his mouth smoothly, as if he had repeated them to himself thousands upon thousands of times. But Karass was not calm. He lived intensely these moments. In the semiobscurity of the room his eyes glittered mysteriously, and he passed them from one face to another as if trying to find in his audience answers to the thoughts that assailed him.

But alas! This was the wrong place to look for deeply hidden truth. Puzzled and perplexed, the soldiers regarded Karass, and they wondered what would happen if officers, policemen, or priests heard him talk this way.

IV

And while Karass talked and the soldiers, forgetting their wine, listened, there was one man, Doobov, who was absorbed by entirely different matters. For a long while he looked attentively into the corner where Karass had left his pet. Finally he rose, nonchalantly crossed the room a few times, went into that corner, sat down, and covered

the rabbit with Karass's overcoat. Neither Karass nor anyone else noticed Doobov's manoeuvre. And Doobov, seeing that his trick had succeeded, picked up the overcoat with the rabbit in it and carried it out to the kitchen. For a minute or two there was heard an argument, then a sudden laughter, and a clatter of cups. Then Doobov appeared and retook his place.

Karass was still talking, but his unwonted enthusiasm was diminishing. He glanced once more at the faces of soldiers about him, waved his hand as if in disgust, ceased talking, and gathered himself into his usual pose — his head lowered and his hands around his knees.

'Say, Karass!' Doobov broke the silence. 'Why don't you sing us something?'

Karass did not answer, but the rest of the soldiers resumed their hubbub, which eventually grew to a higher intensity than caution warranted. They continued to drink. The pails were almost empty.

Seeing that Karass drank no more, they began to pass him filled cups. He accepted the wine, but drank only one or two cups, emptying the rest on the floor behind him. The soldiers talked, laughed, argued. Someone started a song, which was taken up by the others. Karass too joined in, and his voice stood out in the chorus. Then, one by one, the soldiers dropped out, leaving him alone.

What a power there was in Karass's voice! How easily could he, by means of a simple melody, in one moment fill the soul with warmth and longing, and rout the created illusions in the next moment, frustrating the awakened expectations, and sending the soul to a torture!

Unattended, the fire became dim. Darker became the room and still more fantastic appeared the figures who sat

close to the fireplace. They sat with their heads lowered, their eyes closed, their wine forgotten. And Karass sang and sang.

It seems that in every gathering of men there is one whom nothing can affect. So was it here. A loud yawn, followed by the exclamation, 'I wish the supper was ready,' interrupted Karass. Karass stopped his song without bringing the last sentence to an end.

'Well, it's ready,' declared the cooks, who also had been listening to Karass from the threshold of the kitchen. In less than a minute the fire was made higher; everyone had found his wooden spoon and the remnant of his daily allotment of bread; then two circles were formed, and in the centre of each were set down a dish of steaming potatoes and meat and a new pailful of wine, foresightedly concealed by someone at the beginning of the feast.

The food was quickly gone, but the wine lasted still. The men were already drunken. They shouted, swore, while one or two wept pitifully.

But Karass neither laughed nor wept. He was serious and composed. Wine seemed to have no further effect on him. He carefully wiped his spoon with the last piece of bread, ate the bread, returned the spoon to the man who had lent it to him, slowly arose, and picked his way into the corner where he had left his pet and his overcoat.

The overcoat he found easily, but the rabbit he could not find. For a moment he stood motionless as if trying to remember something; then he went into another corner. Failing there also, he rushed into the third, and then the fourth, and then finally began to crawl all over the floor, spreading the straw apart and looking everywhere.

The hubbub in the room continued. Of all the crowd only four men seemed to remember that Karass was there. These were Doobov and the three cooks, and these followed his movements with much interest. And Karass, having covered all the floor twice, straightened up, returned to his place in front of the fire, and timidly asked the soldiers: —

‘Countrymen, have n’t you seen my rabbit? He was right there in that corner.’

The noise dwindled away. The soldiers turned their heads toward Karass, looking at him vacantly. Karass repeated his question, this time even more timidly.

‘Your rabbit is in your belly,’ came Doobov’s voice from the dark. ‘Peace — be — to — his — soul,’ he added a second later, in a praying manner. To which a dozen other voices solemnly responded: ‘A — m — e — n.’

Karass seemed to understand nothing. With an expression of inquietude on his face, he stood in the midst of the silenced soldiers, passing his eyes from one to another. ‘Where is my rabbit?’ he asked the third time.

No one answered.

A quiver passed over Karass’s face. His eyes opened wide, his lips began to tremble, then two large tears rolled out from his eyes and crept down his cheeks.

Sobered and perplexed, the soldiers looked at Karass, daring to ask no questions.

V

Day was breaking. The stars had already begun to pale and the sky was gray. In the east a strip of orange light appeared above a chain of low hills. Then a rich red glow spread higher up, while a delicate green band took the place of the orange light. Then a thread of gold advanced along the crests of the hills. The sky was growing bluer.

Karass was walking slowly across the soft white snow, his eyes staring straight before him. He entered the tortuous communication pass leading into the trenches, went by the first line, and stopped in a forepost. Here he put his arm on the parapet and, fixing his eyes on some distant point, remained motionless.

The sun had cleared the top of a hill.

The shadow of a small animal crossed the field of Karass’s vision. Karass started violently. In an instant he had leaped over on the other side of the parapet, and was racing wildly toward the German trenches and shouting, ‘My rabbit! My rabbit!’

A score of rifles snapped in front of him. Hundreds of others immediately joined. Not knowing what was going on, our soldiers began to answer. Then machine guns entered into the action, and finally artillery, ours and the enemy’s.

But Karass heard nothing. For him at last the war was over.

FUNAKURA

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

Who in Funakura can walk is there. Motionless they stand in road and field, the silence not the silence of great heat alone, or of the hour of the day, Pan's hour, but the silence of an Oriental place, no note of insect or animal or human being. The mayor is among them, the chief of police, the president of the bank, the two doctors. Thirty years ago there was a *missionnaire catholique*, but no other foreigner has ever visited the village of Funakura in the *hiura* of Kamitogo in the island of Kiushiu.

The mayor advances. The mayor is unsteady upon his high stilt-like *geta*. The timid thing in each of us is large in him.

He bows. I bow. He bows again, the crowd behind him bows, and he and I and they bow.

The mayor regrets that life in Kiushiu is crude.

I shake my head.

He takes my protest as a compliment, and bows. I meet his bow with a bow, and he counters my bow with a bow, at each fresh impulse a fresh unrest rippling over the crowd. The crowd is sensitive as a thicket of bamboo, the pliant tops yielding deferentially to every new current of air.

The mayor waves me toward the village that lies half an hour in the distance, and he leads the way, and I follow, and the low rumble of many hundred *geta* follows me.

A gentleman from the rumble catches

up, talks for a time, and retires. Another catches up, talks, retires.

Once we pass an old woman kneeling by the roadside, and once a boy too lame to meet us, and once an old man. Before each the procession halts. Someone speaks for the crowd, and a dialogue ensues, shy in the presence of the stranger, and astonishing for how it has nothing to do with the occasion, each phrase marked by a formal bow, hands and knees upon the ground, and the nose brought down till it rubs the earth.

'Old man,' begins the speaker for the crowd, 'it must make you very happy to have your daughter home from Tokyo.'

'It makes me very happy.'

'She seems lovely.'

'Nay, she is lovely.'

'Yes, she is lovely.'

A pause. The speaker bows, the crowd bows, the procession moves, the old man, agaze, remains on his knees.

Till now the road has been straight. Just ahead it will bend toward the village. Here a cry breaks the quiet. The cry is peculiar. Even in the shrill of day I am uneasy. I appeal to the mayor. He nods in the direction of a house across rice fields, and as he nods the cry swells once more. It begins strangely, ends strangely, is not of an animal, not of a human being. It is the cry of the insane. An old sage lives in that house with only his wife, and sometimes he shrieks at intervals

through the day, and sometimes is abroad and shrieking all the night, or stalks from door to door and in a tone of summons forewarns the population, as he did of my coming. I am surprised he should be at large. The mayor assures me he is not dangerous, that the insane are rarely kept in an asylum, and the asylum is the jail.

Nevertheless the experience has made me aware of the thirteen hundred miles to Yokohama, has made me conscious of a tip of earth pushed up from the sea, one Occidental on it, many Orientals, the Orientals mumbling quiet, neither the whisperings nor the noddings fathomable, the spirits therefore illimitable, and from the illimitable it is never far to the dreadful. I begin to suffer funny little anxieties about what they may be thinking. I wish absurdly that I did not have to smile and nod. I should like to free my voice, but cannot, as in a dream.

Then a house, then a scattering of houses, then a street lies before us burnt and ancient and deserted — not a person, not a stir. The hard sun is upon it and brings out the uninhabited look. I am thinking of the yellow dead Pompeii, when a girl of about five brings up stock-still before me. She is naked, and her tight brown belly protrudes in gallant fashion. Her eyes are on me, yet she only slowly sees what her eyes see, is shaken by that sight, recovers the use of her good sense, and flees.

The doctor smiles. The doctor has come to point out the house where they found the Buddha with unequal eyes. It was his own mother's experience. She had screamed in her sleep, had been roused by her husband, had related that she had beheld a Buddha with one eye large and one eye small, not an image, but a living god. She knew where she had beheld it. Though it was not yet light, husband and wife

got from bed and went. It was a newcomer to the village. He heard the two amazed people, was not himself amazed, led them where he slept, and there in the earliest streaks of day stood the god, one eye large, and one eye small.

Seeing that this interests me, another points to another house. There were born there in quick succession four daughters, and it is not for daughters that the nation celebrates the Tanabata, so when the fifth child came also a daughter, the father named her Sue, which in our language means Last, and when the sixth came a daughter he called her Mitsu, signifying Enough; but when the seventh was the same, wrath overpowered him, and the whole village heard him bellow, 'Tome,' meaning, 'Stop.'

Laughter meets this conclusion, and the procession moves lightly onward.

Mine is one of the grand houses, less Japanese and less lovely. The mayor helps me into the vestibule. Women hasten to take off our shoes, put them with the geta in a trim row before the door.

Before the door every cranny has filled. So many in so narrow a place, all smileless and silent, makes them more than ever a multitude, and now as one piece the multitude bows. Up and down, as far as I can see, every creature is bending.

The mayor draws me into the room, and after us one by one come the village worthies, each rid of his geta by an imperceptible shake, each going to his place as if it had been rehearsed, each letting himself sink till his buttocks have found his heels. I am at the garden end of the large circle. For me there is a pillow. I shall remember it long, this first moment upon my knees, these Japanese gentlemen, like porcelain figures, sedately in a ring. They fan themselves assiduously.

The room smiles in its confidence of dimension. No solitary adornment breaks the openness. Two alcoves lie in the opposite wall; above the one a lattice door; within the other a metal vase, and behind the vase a poem in large ideographs, saying that morality is like the bamboo, meaning that it is straight and strong and true.

The president of the bank whispers to the doctor, who whispers to the mayor, who looks at me, begs me be at my greatest ease, not to sit upon my heels, but to kick my legs freely from under. I obey, it may be too eagerly, for all are amused; the fans express it; and the fluttering floats beyond the room where, in the doorway, in the vestibule, in the street, from every projection of the houses round, sallow faces and squirrel-like eyes follow the scene.

'We are touched by this coming of the friend of a friend of ours,' the mayor begins.

Then another, 'And we hope that the sun has not been too hot.'

'We hope that the dust has not been too heavy.'

'We hope that the road has not been too weary.'

'We are grieved that we have so little to give.'

And an old woman, 'But we have our hearts.'

The talk that continues so simple has yet something singular. At first I thought it ignorance of words, but now I know that it is more than words. There is an emphasis that resides wholly within the idea, and still wears as an insistent rhythm wears. The drum in Oriental music has grossly that effect. It is as if the speech smothered a passion in the thought, so that, though the thought could glow, it could not flame. As it heats, however, its sense clears. The interpreter is easier to follow.

The glasses of sake meanwhile circle,

and a nervous bowing seesaws the air. A gentleman slides up to speak to me alone. It has to do with his perplexity at my having journeyed so far to visit so uncharted a spot. Another comes to tell me of an English teacher in the middle school in Kagoshima who after twenty-five years can speak no Japanese, is married to a Japanese who can speak no English, the partnership ironically happy. One tells me that to-morrow he will show me the sword dance, by which in times of national discouragement the spirit has often been kept alive. One declaims that for scientists and artists there is no nation. One cleaves in: Even should there be war between my country and his, I need have no fear. One hastens to explain that the phrase, 'even should there be war,' implies only an extreme contingency.

Then out of the crowd someone calls for *banzai*. *Banzai* means ten thousand years of prosperity. Each gentleman at once shifts from his haunches forward to his knees, the swarthy circle seeming fiercely to come down upon me. Lugubriously and marvelously someone pronounces my name. Lugubriously and marvelously all pronounce it after him, and on the last tone appear to brace themselves, to set their faces, to suck a blast from somewhere deep below, then splutter forth: '*Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!*'

This is the first free burst of flame. It is damped as by a hand. What occurs is like a chill change of mood. But among so many I look about me almost expecting something physical to explain it. A boy slides toward me, bows low, addresses me formally. Then all bow low and mumble formally, and disappear. I say disappear, because the speed with which they go, the lack of bustle, the noiselessness, would in the Western world beg for comparison unless among apparitions.

I rise and stretch upon my toes and feel myself thin and tall. For the first time I note how very low the room is. Everything was meant to be seen from one's knees. The lovely instinct worked from that point, conceived the garden, and placed the narrow street. The latter is deserted now, the sun is gone, and round me in an empty room runs a ring of empty cups.

II

The light has begun to fade. The garden walled, the trees dwarfed, a rain basin cut as if by water long dripping on rock, straw-roofed outhouses with toyhouse angles—all that even at noon must be unreal when twilight falls is dream. It seems somehow somewhere else, and I myself in no such undoubted place as Funakura in Satsuma in Kiushiu.

A great Japanese emperor once said: 'Twilight is everywhere.' He was looking then, as I am looking now, out upon dream, and I see that such a setting may give a simple musing depth. I believe the schoolboy who tells me the words are a poem, that they may even be a great poem.

Did the emperor mean that some hour of beauty is part of every place and thing? Or did he mean merely that the immensities are common, to every creature sun and air? Being an emperor, it is the latter that he meant, very likely; yet one may have hoped, knowing now how unutterable are the twilights in these islands, that there was something also of the former. The former is what the twilight means. It is as were it saying: 'Follow me; see how I float lightly out of the heaviness of night, and how I conclude in an intelligible gentleness the unintelligible hardness of day; twice in each diurnal revolution I cast this mantle of mood, cast it always with a feeling of flight;

when I glower, I smile; from a capacity that never knew ache of emptiness I bring always the fresh kakemono.'

In the little street a holy man goes by, lifts his eyes heavenward, drops them again, chooses to look within instead of without. A student under a stupendous straw, more like a sail than a hat, reads in a book as he walks, stumbles nearly headlong, but sticks to his page. An elderly man contends with an elderly man, passionately and all-excludingly, his coachman of the emblazoned ramshackle coach watching apparently nothing more remarkable than the dirt that is driving backward while he is driving forward. But Buddha is wise. He expects a slow conviction, or perhaps he expects none, paints for the charm of painting. To-night he uses grays—pale grays and heavy, grays far away that are nearly black, grays overhead that are like the grays in Dutch skies with the filmiest overlay of gold, and in the west above the rooftops a gray that is drunk with red.

Silently, as is the rule of the Japanese meal, we hurry through the rice and tea. To-night the village fêtes the god of business. The god of business is not important among gods; his affair has been left to boys of fifteen. Early they canvassed for paper lanterns, brought them to the end of the street, where the village shrine stands upon a mound of ground.

At the foot of the mound are two tall poles, and on the top of the poles, but as if high above and pressed into the pale heaven, two pale lanterns. With the darkening these take body, and those yellow ones low along the ground grow yellower. One by one the houses bring forth the lanterns of the houses, the coats of arms upon them smeared by weather. Patches of holiday kimono stamp increasingly this gilded darkness. The darkness

reels, sport movements break it, wind and children jostle and jar. It is the Orient of night and fancy and freakish shape and freakish motion. It is imagery on an eyelid, riot without clash, carnival in dream.

But there is no sound above the blunt footfall. At Rosmersholm it is said the children never wept and the old never laughed. That keeps returning to me now, for these children never weep, and the laughter is not like laughter, is much of mind, and little — but I am not sure — of heart.

We mingle with the throng, follow eighty-year-old grandmother into the street. Grandmother lived in this village when Perry put into Tokyo Bay, saw one generation troop to the Chinese-Japanese war and the next to the Japanese-Russian, can count a family seven hundred years on one plot. Where she comes the crowd yields.

'That lantern at the roof edge,' a man in the crowd points to a cylinder yellow and huge, with one pitchy ideograph at its middle, 'how long do you think it has hung there?'

Seeing it is thickly oiled, I venture it may be so much as a year.

'A year!' He has a voice of thunder. 'Half a century. It was put there to remember the day Sizuka was betrothed. That was the tenth of the Meiji.'

A woman hobbles from the house, says she has heard talk, understands the foreigner thinks her lantern odd. She will make a gift of it to the foreigner. I am affrighted at the thought, assure her that I could not be the one to profit by so unusual an act. Peremptorily she lays discussion, knocks the glorious thing from its holdings, presents it with its past and its cobwebs.

We continue through the throng. At the end of the street, on the top of the mound, is a small stone box with a poor gilded image. A taper burns before the image. The breeze snuffs

the taper again and again, but the boy who has charge remains as unperturbed as a cherub. Each time he relights, a shiver runs in the dark, and for a moment the gilded thing comes alive. I step before the gilded thing. I step away. Grandmother follows me. And queer is the effect of that. For a curtain, it seems, has been let down, and when it lifts it is as upon someone else, so is the change like transfiguration. Something appears actually gone out of her. There is the deadness of a portrait, and the effect is only heightened by the black kimono and the parched feet and the gray hair flat against the rocky head. The centuries between us stare. She sinks. She prays. When she rises, whatever it was, it drops like a cloak, and she goes from the mound gay and vivid as she came.

We descend again to the street. Several join us, among them a boatman and a tall woman, and together we make for the river. The tall woman carries a tall lantern. We leave the throng, enter a dark little way where only a single shop lamp has still the dim hope of some belated transaction. Under the lamp a frog, a prodigious instance, skin slopping like an animal of the opera, bounds boldly out of his gutter, eyes me, compels me to go round him, and, when I am gone round, with a flop flings himself about, and in his gigantic absurdity continues to eye my disappearing visibility.

The river is black, the boat blacker, a long boat steady as a raft. The Japanese huddle at one end, and the tall woman holds the lantern low, so that the shadows over the huddle lose themselves upward. The tall woman does not hail from these parts; her sharpness is outlandish where all is soft. When we have got to the other shore, unexpectedly she is brushed by the overhanging cedars, starts to shriek, catches herself, quickly doubles her

thin length, half smothers the shriek between her knees.

The boatman looks long at her, shakes his head, then says gruffly: 'Too shallow for a body to drown.'

And the huddle is convulsed at his words. Convulsed, but without a tone, and quieted by the vision of a barge approaching like a phantom. It is not the barge that one sees, only its contour in mist floating considerably above the level of the river. One knows that the lanterns are deep in the hull, that the barge is really an inverted lampshade, and yet one is confused at what can be the source of such a ghost. I am all won over to long low boats and pale living lanterns. They make life by making mood, and show the hand of man as not always rude in the face of nature.

While the barge is passing, the boatman trails his oar, then takes it up again. It is a huge oar, and he swings ponderously on the hinges of his ankles. There is about the movement the peace of a heavy pendulum. The silence adds to the feeling. Only once does he tear the night with his big voice, and once the keel divides the weeds, and a bird wakens and sends a single terrified cry through the dark. Immediately there is a whirring needling above our heads.

'It is bad,' the boatman grumbles, 'it is bad. Look there, the dragon flies!'

They move in the night like figures seen through water, and the silence is even deeper after this, for everyone knows that in the bodies of the dragon flies dwell the souls of the dead.

At a landing we tumble over the rim of the boat, and pick a way between large boulders up a hillside. Behind us, in glimpses, the other shore. The other shore might be a hanging lit by a poor calcium light. But the spell is broken. My companions have begun again to talk. Suddenly they burst in

truculent dispute. Something about a new railroad. This railroad, it is the loud hope, will push through Sendai to a point above where we are. Me they forget in their earnest, go on without me, the talk going with them.

For some minutes I have been sensible of movement in the one house on this bank, it may be forty feet below; and now the boarding separates, and the interior of a room is disclosed. Candlelight comes from a lantern the shape of a toy drum. A man lies on his arms, his feet swinging up behind him; he is old; his chest is propped by a pillow; he moves his finger along the page as he reads by this light so perfect for any other purpose. Next him kneels a woman, sleeping, but balanced. The top and the sides of the room are in shadow.

I am saying to myself that a Japanese idyl has come to me through a kind of rift in eternity, when I see that there must also be a room to the left, for a door opens, and into the bright rectangle steps the naked figure of a girl somewhere in her late teens. She stoops for her geta, moves across the dark front of the stage, takes a place between the old woman and the old man, then draws a kimono toward her shoulder. But the kimono slips to her hips, making it appear she has risen from the cloth by some mischievous touch. Her skin is dark, her hair black, her breasts firm and virgin. The night shrinks to mere accompaniment. I cease almost to breathe, fearing some snap will discover me. And so it does. The Japanese are returning, loud still on their railroad. The young thing only casually turns, only casually regards us, in part conceals herself.

A few minutes later our path leads by the front of the house. The old man bows, and the old woman bows; the face of the young woman is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

MARCO POLO'S LIVES AND MINE

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

FROM the silver aureole about his slack gray paws, from the wide-eyed kitten face contrasting with his corpulent maturity like some superfine soft owl, and from his perfect knowledge of where to place himself in every landscape most to beautify it, I judge that Marco Polo has attained unto the seventh of his incarnations. He wakes, to cast a green, severe look upon me before sleep converts him utterly into a breathing mat, the fur at the centre heaving up and down with his tranced purrs.

I think he guesses, with the clairvoyance won from Egyptian vigil and those high fence ways he walks where I should fall, that I envy him his gift of nine lives, and that now, while the more-than-twice-born sleeps, I am going to pretend his nine lives are my own.

Marco, I know I have no right! You are not even my cat. Be a little generous! I will give them all back when you stir — but I am too weary of galloping always, leaving behind beauty, leisure, and irrelevancies as I tear to keep pace with the one existence fate has doled out. Now, luxury! I shall have space to be expansively noble, to be absurd. Space, but not too much time, for Marco may wake. Each life must be rounded, deep, and brief, timed to the rhythm of his tranced purrs.

1. The scholar. Creaking spiral stairs of libraries, up which I pass to my own table in dust-hung galleries; untoward hours when I flit to and

fro, a ragged scarecrow, on campuses, glancing at some clock half overgrown with ivy. Not Europe only. Walls of the Orient that too much sun has crumbled shall receive me. We meet disreputably, fellow students, at our chosen tavern. Ambrosial discussion; wine; ribaldry; brawls. What a thing to strike one's head against, — the wrought Indian shield of shining brass, — what a thing to behold through blue smoke for one's last, lingering gaze! I have taken towers of notes, imparted not one tittle, and the lively curse of acquaintances resounds as they peer through the intricate manuscript written in undecipherable code. My spirit hovers with interest before passing to

2. The farmer. The service of the earth; the pacing herds; the streaming pail; the cart wheel slicing the black loam; the tyrant seasons. When I marry it is but to move from my father's farm to my own across the road. Every circumstance of my school days, my wedding, the rearing of my family, the neighbors know even better than I. I sleep in the fullness of years, and when the anniversary of my birthday rolls around they put hydrangeas upon my grave, in milk bottles shiningly clean and filled with water, to keep the heavy-headed flowers fresh the longer.

3. The traveler. Every month is my migratory season. Wherever stream can leap I shall leap. I shall spend my life following rivers. Orinoco, Penobscot, Beaver Kill, Dnieper, Congo,

Kennebec—they are the streets of my wild, mysterious state. No valley the mists leave reluctantly, no fiord slope where sun walks late, no far horizon line that sprouts glittering towns like cherub wings, shall be unknown to me. When finally I miss my footing on some inaccessible peak and traverse the distance it has taken the stream four million years to hollow out, I shall pass in the twinkling of an eye to

4. Wife and mother. A perilous adventure, to find the snubbed irrel-evancies of husband and self now manifested more firmly than in marble in the being of our young. Our power is too frightful—we stand like witch and warlock over our material. Is it possible that the creatures of our flesh revolt against us? What if they conquer us? What if, in so conquering, they satisfy some wild anarchic desire of my own against which all my established life fiercely contends? I shall need something comparatively restful after this.

5. Poet. Not a jagged young poet full of teeth, but a mellow middle-aged bard who lives in the sort of august seclusion that provokes publicity. I have a yellow house beside the sea. Swallows encircle my head when I walk. Do I desire friends to share my perfect meal and watch in the wide sunset the green crabs fighting on the shore? I send up a skyrocket as messenger. Even my friend the emperor will come at a certain celestial signal. The confidential interviewer of wind and wave and mandarins of old, the poet laureate to distinguished gatherings, I behold beautiful women and unpreoccupied men hang upon my autumnal sighings. Posterity is in its proper place, in go-carts. I pat it on the head and pick up its rubber rings for it. Still without a rival, still in demand, I expire with reluctance into

6. Lover. One love is too small for me, the will-o'-the-wisp, the child with sea-green eyes and hair the color of maple leaves in April when the sun shines through them, the child with many lovers. I give, with beauty and a dreamy wonder, as the young earth gives, in spring. And if there are those who think me too generous with my favor let them look upon my serene maturity following a fantastic youth, and be satisfied. I live in the lives of those about me. Like some inarticulate earth goddess I surround children and dogs, men and women, with my ample affection. My old friend Richard obtains a clerkship—hour after hour I brood upon it with deep happiness. Pauline, the scorned, the detested, is in hospital, forbidden by physicians to see anyone—an unnecessary prohibition, for who would come? I come and stand for a long interval of time outside the room with my hand upon the doorknob, that she may know she is not alone. When I die I am bitterly missed by many obscure and unimportant people.

7. Scourge of God. The wind, which blows where it alone desires, has blown all my toys away—length of years, leisure, family, position, fame. Night and day before my eyes something appears that has no archetype on earth. How can I, miserable man that I am, create its like? By implacable truth I see humanity as herded cattle. While prison exists I am not free; while poverty exists I am accursed. With lightnings of the border from which I came I smite the evildoer. To my end, bitter, shameful, and overwhelming, I am reconciled.

8. Invalid. Here is the mountain wall against which all the soft, vague clouds of the world break and thereby fructify the populous valleys. So everlasting is it that if a god come down there is no other way that he can

pass. The mountain wall is the height of my agony. Yet in a small village I am merely one passing subject of commiserating gossip, or exist only as a name to hush children when they come too near. I go, unregretted, to

9. Sage. I am old enough to let any ragtag, bobtail, or baby give me either dole or greeting. I sit in the torrid sun with my beggar's bowl, beside the

brown river — calm, passive, remembering. There is something in the outer manifestations of this my ninth life so forcibly recalling Marco Polo's that I glance suddenly in his direction, to meet the green, severe gaze again upon me.

Take them all back, Marco! I have lived all nine of them in one firelit hour full of vivid shapes.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HONORABLE ALFRED E. SMITH

I

SIR: —

The American people take pride in viewing the progress of an American citizen from the humble estate in which his life began toward the highest office within the gift of the nation. It is for this reason that your candidacy for the Presidential nomination has stirred the enthusiasm of a great body of your fellow citizens. They know and rejoice in the hardship and the struggle which have fashioned you as a leader of men. They know your fidelity to the morality you have advocated in public and private life and to the religion you have revered; your great record of public trusts successfully and honestly discharged; your spirit of fair play, and justice even to your political opponents. Partisanship bids fair to quail before the challenge of your personality, and men who vote habitually against your party are pondering your candidacy with sincere respect; and yet — through all this tribute there is a note of doubt, a sinister accent of interrogation, not as to intentional rectitude and moral purpose, but as to certain conceptions

which your fellow citizens attribute to you as a loyal and conscientious Roman Catholic, which in their minds are irreconcilable with that Constitution which as President you must support and defend, and with the principles of civil and religious liberty on which American institutions are based.

To this consideration no word of yours, or on your behalf, has yet been addressed. Its discussion in the interests of the public weal is obviously necessary, and yet a strange reticence avoids it, often with the unjust and withering attribution of bigotry or prejudice as the unworthy motive of its introduction. Undoubtedly a large part of the public would gladly avoid a subject the discussion of which is so unhappily associated with rancor and malevolence, and yet to avoid the subject is to neglect the profoundest interests in our national welfare.

American life has developed into a variety of religious beliefs and ethical systems, religious and nonreligious,

whose claims press more and more upon public attention. None of these presents a more definite philosophy or makes a more positive demand upon the attention and reason of mankind than your venerable Church, which recently at Chicago, in the greatest religious demonstration that the world has ever seen, declared her presence and her power in American life. Is not the time ripe and the occasion opportune for a declaration, if it can be made, that shall clear away all doubt as to the reconcilability of her status and her claims with American constitutional principles? With such a statement the only question as to your proud eligibility to the Presidential office would disappear, and the doubts of your fellow citizens not of the Roman Catholic Church would be instantly resolved in your favor.

The conceptions to which we refer are not superficial. They are of the very life and being of that Church, determining its status and its relation to the State, and to the great masses of men whose convictions deny them the privilege of membership in that Church. Surely the more conscientious the Roman Catholic, and the more loyal to his Church, the more sincere and unqualified should be his acceptance of such conceptions.

These conceptions have been recognized before by Roman Catholics as a potential obstacle to their participation in public office, Pope Leo XIII himself declaring, in one of his encyclical letters, that 'it may in some places be true that for most urgent and just reasons it is by no means expedient for (Roman) Catholics to engage in public affairs or to take an active part in politics.'

It is indeed true that a loyal and conscientious Roman Catholic could and would discharge his oath of office with absolute fidelity to his moral

standards. As to that in general, and as to you in particular, your fellow citizens entertain no doubt. But those moral standards differ essentially from the moral standards of all men not Roman Catholics. They are derived from the basic political doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, asserted against repeated challenges for fifteen hundred years, that God has divided all power over men between the secular State and that Church. Thus Pope Leo XIII, in 1885, in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States*, says: 'The Almighty has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, and the other over human things.'

The deduction is inevitable that, as all power over human affairs, not given to the State by God, is given by God to the Roman Catholic Church, no other churches or religious or ethical societies have in theory any direct power from God and are without direct divine sanction, and therefore without natural right to function on the same basis as the Roman Catholic Church in the religious and moral affairs of the State. The result is that that Church, if true to her basic political doctrine, is hopelessly committed to that intolerance that has disfigured so much of her history. This is frankly admitted by Roman Catholic authorities.

Pope Pius IX in the famous Syllabus (1864) said: 'To hold that national churches, withdrawn from the authority of the Roman Pontiff and altogether separated, can be established, is error.'

That great compendium of Roman Catholic teaching, the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, declares that the Roman Catholic Church 'regards dogmatic intolerance, not alone as her incontestable right, but as her sacred duty.' It is

obvious that such convictions leave nothing in theory of the religious and moral rights of those who are not Roman Catholics. And, indeed, that *is* Roman Catholic teaching and the inevitable deduction from Roman Catholic claims, if we use the word 'rights' strictly. Other churches, other religious societies, are tolerated in the State, not by right, but by favor.

Pope Leo XIII is explicit on this point: 'The (Roman Catholic) Church, indeed, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion, but does not, on that account, condemn those rulers who, for the sake of securing some great good or of hindering some great evil, allow patiently custom or usage to be a kind of sanction for each kind of religion having its place in the State.'

That is, there is not a lawful equality of other religions with that of the Roman Catholic Church, but that Church will allow state authorities for politic reasons — that is, by favor, but not by right — to tolerate other religious societies. We would ask, sir, whether such favors can be accepted in place of rights by those owning the name of freemen?

II

Furthermore, the doctrine of the Two Powers, in effect and theory, inevitably makes the Roman Catholic Church at times sovereign and paramount over the State. It is true that in theory the doctrine assigns to the secular State jurisdiction over secular matters and to the Roman Catholic Church jurisdiction over matters of faith and morals, each jurisdiction being exclusive of the other within undisputed lines. But the universal experience of mankind has demonstrated, and reason teaches, that many questions must arise between the

State and the Roman Catholic Church in respect to which it is impossible to determine to the satisfaction of both in which jurisdiction the matter at issue lies.

Here arises the irrepressible conflict. Shall the State or the Roman Catholic Church determine? The Constitution of the United States clearly ordains that the State shall determine the question. The Roman Catholic Church demands for itself the sole right to determine it, and holds that within the limits of that claim it is superior to and supreme over the State. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* clearly so declares: 'In case of direct contradiction, making it impossible for both jurisdictions to be exercised, the jurisdiction of the Church prevails and that of the State is excluded.' And Pope Pius IX in the Syllabus asserted: 'To say in the case of conflicting laws enacted by the Two Powers, the civil law prevails, is error.'

Extreme as such a conclusion may appear, it is inevitable in Roman Catholic philosophy. That Church by the very theory of her existence cannot yield, because what she claims as her right and her truth she claims is hers by the 'direct act of God'; in her theory, God himself directly forbids. The State cannot yield because of a great mass of citizens who are not Roman Catholics. By its constitutional law and in the nature of things, practices of religion in its opinion inconsistent with its peace and safety are unlawful; the law of its being — the law of necessity — forbids. If we could all concede the 'divine and exclusive' claims of the Roman Catholic Church, conflict would be eliminated; but, as it is, there is a wide consensus of opinion that those claims are false in fact and in flat conflict with the very being and order of the State.

In our constitutional order this con-

sensus is bulwarked on the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States that our religious liberty and our constitutional guaranties thereof are subject to the supreme qualification that religious 'practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State shall not be justified.' (*Watson v. Jones* 13 Wall. p. 579)

The Roman Catholic Church, of course, makes no claim, and never has made any claim, to jurisdiction over matters that *in her opinion* are solely secular and civil. She makes the claim obviously only when the matter in question is not, *in her opinion*, solely secular and civil. But as determination of jurisdiction, in a conflict with the State, rests solely in her sovereign discretion, no argument is needed to show that she may in theory and effect annihilate the rights of all who are not Roman Catholics, sweeping into the jurisdiction of a single religious society the most important interests of human well-being. The education of youth, the institution of marriage, the international relations of the State, and its domestic peace, as we shall proceed to show, are, in certain exigencies, wrested from the jurisdiction of the State, in which all citizens share, and confided to the jurisdiction of a single religious society in which all citizens cannot share, great numbers being excluded by the barriers of religious belief. Do you, sir, regard such claims as tolerable in a republic that calls itself free?

And, in addition to all this, the exclusive powers of the Roman Catholic Church are claimed by her to be vested in and exercised by a sovereignty that is not only created therefor by the special act of God, but is foreign and extraterritorial to these United States and to all secular states. This sovereignty, by the highest Roman Catholic authority, that of

Pope Leo XIII, is not only superior in theory to the sovereignty of the secular State, but is substituted upon earth in place of the authority of God himself.

We quote Pope Leo in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States*: 'Over the mighty multitude of mankind, God has set rulers with power to govern, and He has willed that one of them (the Pope) should be the head of all.' We quote Pope Leo in his encyclical letter on *The Reunion of Christendom*: 'We who hold upon this earth the place of God Almighty.'

It follows naturally on all this that there is a conflict between authoritative Roman Catholic claims on the one side and our constitutional law and principles on the other. Pope Leo XIII says: 'It is not lawful for the State, any more than for the individual, either to disregard all religious duties or to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion.' But the Constitution of the United States declares otherwise: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.'

Thus the Constitution declares the United States shall hold in equal favor different kinds of religion or no religion and the Pope declares it is not lawful to hold them in equal favor. Is there not here a quandary for that man who is at once a loyal churchman and a loyal citizen?

Pope Leo says that the Roman Catholic Church 'deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion.' But the Supreme Court of the United States says that our 'law knows no heresy and is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect.' (*Watson v. Jones* 13 Wall. p. 728)

Americans indulge themselves in the felicitation that they have achieved an ideal religious situation in the United States. But Pope Leo, in his encyclical letter on *Catholicity in the United States*, asserts: 'It would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church.' The modern world reposes in the comfortable reflection that the severance of Church and State has ended a long and unhappy conflict, when the same Pope calls our attention to the error of supposing 'that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced.'

Is our law, then, in papal theory, no law? Is it contrary to natural right? Is it in conflict with the will and fiat of Almighty God? Clearly the Supreme Court and Pope Leo are profoundly at variance. Is it not obvious that such a difference of opinion, concerning the fundamental rights between two sovereignties operating within the same territory, may, even with the best intentions and the most sensitive consciences, be fruitful of political offenses that are odious among men?

Citizens who waver in your support would ask whether, as a Roman Catholic, you accept as authoritative the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church that in case of contradiction, making it impossible for the jurisdiction of that Church and the jurisdiction of the State to agree, the jurisdiction of the Church shall prevail; whether, as statesman, you accept the teaching of the Supreme Court of the United States that, in matters of religious practices which in the opinion of the State are inconsistent with its peace and safety, the jurisdiction of the State shall prevail; and, if you accept both teachings, how you will reconcile them.

III

At the present time no question assumes greater importance than the education of youth. The legislatures of Tennessee, of Oregon, and of Nebraska have of late laid impious hands upon it and the judiciary has sternly curbed them. From what has been said above, it is clear that the claims of the Roman Catholic Church touching this point, more than those of any other institution, may conflict with the authority of the State.

It is true that in the famous Oregon School cases the Supreme Court of the United States held a state law unconstitutional that forbade parents to educate their children at church schools of every denomination. But there was no assertion in the law that the church schools in question gave instruction inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State and there was no allegation of that tenor in the pleadings. On the record the church schools were void of offense. But, had that feature existed in the cases, it would necessarily have led to a reversal of the decision. There would have been a conflict between Church and State as to whether the instruction was inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State. The Roman Catholic Church, if true to her doctrine and dogma, would have had to assert exclusive jurisdiction over the determination of this point. Equally the State, in self-preservation, would have had to assert exclusive jurisdiction. The conflict would have been irreconcilable. What would have been the results and what the test of a sincere and conscientious Roman Catholic in executive office or on the bench?

Nothing can be clearer to the American mind than that the plain political teaching of Pope Pius IX and of Pope Leo XIII, as set forth in their encyclical

letters, is inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State within the meaning of those words as used by the Supreme Court of the United States in its great decision. That it is 'not lawful for the State to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion'; that it is not universally lawful for the State and the Roman Catholic Church to be severed and divorced; that the various kinds of religion in theory have their place in the State, not by natural right, but by favor; that dogmatic intolerance is not alone the incontestable right of the Roman Catholic Church, but her sacred duty; that in the case of conflicting laws of the State and the Roman Catholic Church the law of that Church shall prevail, are propositions that would make up a strange textbook for the instruction of American youth.

IV

A direct conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the State arises on the institution of marriage, through the claim of that Church that in theory in the case of all baptized persons, quite irrespective of specific consent, Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, jurisdiction touching marriage is wrested from the State and appropriated to the Roman Catholic Church, its exercise reposing ultimately in the Pope. In Roman Catholic theory the civil contract over which the State claims jurisdiction merges in the religious sacrament of marriage, which is, as to baptized persons, exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Church. Pope Pius IX in 1864 proclaimed in the famous Syllabus: 'It is error to hold that the sacrament of marriage is only a something accessory to the contract and separate from it.'

It would be generally conceded that the Roman Catholic Church — and

indeed any religious society — has the natural right, in case of a question as to the validity of the marriage of a member, to determine as to whether that member may receive its sacramental ministrations and on what terms. Action by the Church would obviously relate only to the religious incidents of the civil contract and would leave untouched the civil contract over which the State claims jurisdiction. But the doctrine expressed by Pope Pius IX and the nature of the claims of his Church forbid such reasonable action. The Church proceeds in disregard of the law and sovereignty of the State, and claims, at its discretion, the right to annul and destroy the bond of the civil contract. The practical result of such claims in the conflict of Church and State appears in the light of the recent and notorious annulment of the Marlborough marriage.

The essential facts are few. It was the case of a marriage between two 'Protestants,' solemnized within the sovereignty of the State of New York, by ecclesiastics of the Episcopal Church duly authorized in the matter by the commission of that sovereignty. The parties took up their residence within the sovereignty of England. Twenty-five years after the marriage, and after the birth of two children, the wife, disregarding the remedy of annulment that existed in the law of England and in the law of New York, as well as in the Roman Catholic Church (and, if she were entitled to it at all, could have been had for the asking in either jurisdiction), sued the husband for divorce in the English courts, on the grounds of his gross misconduct. The divorce was granted. After the divorce both parties contracted civil marriages with new partners, religious marriages being difficult for them for obvious reasons. The wife's second marriage was contracted with a Roman Catholic. An

annulment of the first marriage became manifestly desirable.

In the courts of New York and of England, several matters barred the way. New York had solemnized the contract under the due and usual safeguards as to the freedom of the contracting parties, and, in her sovereign right, recognized the contract as valid. England, at the request of the wife, had recognized the New York contract as valid and had taken jurisdiction over it so as to base the civil decree of divorce upon it. The parties for twenty-five years had proceeded in a course of life based on the assumption that the marriage was valid, and the wife, by her own election under the advice of able counsel, had waived all claim to annulment and had sought divorce. In the jurisprudence of every civilized country the wife was estopped from claiming annulment, by her own acts, by the lapse of time, and by the conclusive presumptions of secular law established in the interest of social morality and the sanctity of contracts. But the wife applied to the Roman Catholic authorities, who granted the annulment upon the theory that she had been under fear and duress at the time of the marriage thirty-one years before, and had not known in all that time that such fear, if it existed, established her right in the Roman Catholic court to an annulment. Disregarding facts in the case which might reflect upon the ingenuousness of the ecclesiastical court of the Sacred Rota at Rome, we would point solely to the fact that in the proceeding before that court the sovereignties of New York State and of England, and all that they had done in the matter, were ignored. The evidence at the time on the record of the English court, and conclusively against the claims of the wife, was not even produced. The decree was granted on an *ex parte* hearing, on the testimony of

interested witnesses only. It would be difficult to find a more utter disregard of the sovereignty of States than this by the sovereignty of Rome, touching that comity which, in good morals and public decency, is supposed to exist between sovereign powers.

In your opinion, sir, are such proceedings consistent with the peace and safety of States?

V

The Mexican situation has brought the claims of the Roman Catholic Church into great prominence in this country. It is inevitably linked with issues that will concern the Executive Office at Washington for the next term. We have been very fully advised of the claims of the Church in the matter through the official opinion of that eminent jurist and Roman Catholic, Mr. William D. Guthrie, of the American Bar, prepared at the request of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of America and extensively circulated.

Mr. Guthrie challenges the right of Mexico to enact into her constitution the provision that 'the Mexican law recognizes no juridical (that is, juristic) personality in the religious institutions known as churches.'

It must be borne in mind that this provision is not a statutory enactment of administrative law under a constitution — it is a part of the constitution itself, of the organic law legally adopted by the political sovereignty of the Mexican people, absolute and supreme in creating their constitutional conditions. The opinion claims that this provision violates international law, the principles of liberty and justice of the civilized world and of American constitutional law. If the opinion is right, then a political sovereignty,

convinced that its existence is best served by the constitutional elimination of churches as juristic personalities, cannot lawfully proceed so to decree in its constitution.

Further, Mr. Guthrie maintains: 'The Roman Catholic Church is not opposing the separation of Church and State in Mexico, provided that such separation be not a sham or screen, and will leave the Church free to teach the Gospel, to educate children, and inculcate sound and true spiritual doctrine and moral rules of conduct, without dictation from or supervision by government officials, and subject to reasonable police regulation.'

The opinion proceeds upon the theory that the Roman Catholic Church should determine, in case of conflict with Mexican sovereignty, what are 'sound and true spiritual doctrine and moral rules of conduct.' The political teaching of Pope Leo XIII or the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX would be regarded as sound and true by the Roman Catholic Church, but it would in reason be regarded as suicide by the autonomous Mexican State—or any other State.

Mr. Guthrie enthusiastically quotes Lord Acton: 'Where ecclesiastical authority is restricted, religious liberty is denied.' And he invokes public opinion in the United States, and international opinion generally, in a protest against the Mexican constitutional and legal situation, because, he says, it is 'in clear conflict with the basic doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, and the deep belief of her members, that she is ecumenical and universal in the very sense and scope of the belief that all people ought to worship God, and that their Church (the Roman Catholic Church) was founded by Christ, true God and true Man, for the governance of all men living under the skies.'

The claim here asserted for the Roman Catholic Church is exclusive of every other religious foundation as having any spiritual rights under the Saviour of Mankind; and it is bluntly asserted in a word that connotes a sovereign jurisdiction in theory over all men in spiritual affairs without regard to their assent. It is the last official promulgation of the ancient and dangerous theory of the Two Powers.

Americans, as well as other peoples, may deplore the Mexican standard of what is inconsistent with the peace and order of the State; but we submit that the application of the Mexican standard by the Mexican people in Mexican affairs, in the assertion of an undisputed national sovereignty within its own territory and over its own people, cannot be held contrary to reason, and null and void in law, however much it may impugn the sovereign claims of the Roman Catholic Church, afford a minority a reason for rebellion, or offend the sentiments of other nations.

Mr. Guthrie's appeal opens up international questions of a grave character. He assures us that the problem of dealing with the Mexican situation 'is extremely delicate and complex'; that the Mexicans are 'resentful of foreign advice or interference, especially on our part'; that 'our treatment at times has inflamed a sensitive and proud people to intense indignation'—and so forth.

In all this may inhere a long series of unhappy international episodes. Into the complex of prejudice and resentment of a sensitive and proud people, according to Mr. Guthrie we are to project American opinion that the Mexican Constitution is intolerable because it invades the prerogatives of the ecumenical and universal Roman Catholic Church. We are, by the expression of American opinion, to invade

the sovereign rights of Mexico and at the same time to register our own surrender of religious liberty *de jure* to the claims of that Church.

How serious might be the crisis, if Mr. Guthrie's premises were to be accepted by the people of the United States, is seen in his declaration that 'many historical precedents of action on the part of the Government of the United States of America, as well as of other countries, could be cited which would abundantly support a protest or remonstrance, and even armed intervention, at the present time in Mexico, in order to assure to the Mexican people religious liberty.' Armed intervention! — and, Mr. Guthrie goes on to explain, the Papacy and the Mexican Hierarchy refrain from asking for it, not because it is unlawful and unreasonable, but because 'history admonishes them of the horrors of civil war and of the danger of inviting interference by foreign powers and arms to compel what the aggressors conceive to be either religious liberty or the only true faith.' It is clear that Washington is saved an international episode only out of considerations of expediency and policy by the Papacy and the Mexican Hierarchy.

'To this Society (the Roman Catholic Church),' wrote Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States*, 'the only begotten Son of God entrusted all the truths which He had taught in order that it might keep and guard them and with lawful authority explain them, and at the same time He commanded all nations to hear the voice of the (Roman Catholic) Church as if it were His own, threatening those who would not hear it with everlasting perdition.'

It is the voice of that Church that speaks to America by the American Hierarchy in the words of its dis-

tinguished counsel in the Mexican situation; and your fellow citizens are concerned to inquire what authority you ascribe to that voice.

VI

We have no desire to impute to the Roman Catholic Church aught but high and sincere motives in the assertion of her claims as one of the Two Powers. Her members believe in those claims, and, so believing, it is their conscientious duty to stand for them. We are satisfied if they will but concede that those claims, unless modified and historically redressed, precipitate an inevitable conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the American State irreconcilable with domestic peace. With two illustrations — and those relating to English Christianity — we have done.

In the sixteenth century the decree of Pope Pius V in terms deposed Elizabeth, Queen of England, from the English throne and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. The result is well known. Much that pertained to the venerable forms of religion in the preceding centuries became associated in the popular mind of England with treason — even the Mass itself when celebrated in the Roman form. Roman Catholics were oppressed in their rights and privileges. Roman Catholic priests were forbidden within the realm. The mills of God turned slowly, but they turned. The Roman Catholics of England endured the penalties of hostile legislation with heroic fortitude and resignation. Public opinion slowly changed and gradually Roman Catholic disabilities were removed, and in 1850, under Cardinal Wiseman, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy was restored in England, with no other condition than that its sees should not use the ancient titles that the Hierarchy of the Church

of England had retained. Peace and amity reigned within the realm, irrespective of different religions, and domestic repose marked a happy epoch. But the toleration and magnanimity of England bore strange fruit. Scarcely was the Roman Hierarchy restored to its ancient privileges when the astounding *Apostolic Letter* of Pope Leo XIII appeared (1896), declaring to the world that the orders of the Church of England were void, her priests not priests, her bishops not bishops, and her sacraments so many empty forms.

But this was not all. Reaching hands back through three centuries, the Roman Pontiff drew from obscurity the case of John Felton, an English citizen who in 1570, contrary to the law of treason at that time on the statute book of England, posted on the walls of London the decree of Pope Pius V already referred to, deposing the English Queen. Felton was beatified in 1886 by the act of Pope Leo XIII.

The honors paid him were rendered three hundred years after his treasonable act. There lies their sinister import. They are no part of the mediæval milieu; they belong to the modern world and must have judgment not by

mediæval but by modern standards. One would have supposed, in view of the critical situation in modern States in relation to the respect for authority of government and the obedience of citizens to the law, that the beatification might have been omitted. One would have supposed that the changes in political thought and theory through three hundred years would have dictated the wisdom of letting the dead past bury its dead, and the memory of blessed John Felton rest in peace with those abandoned political doctrines that inspired his heroic but unhappy deed.

Is the record of the Roman Catholic Church in England consistent, sir, in your opinion, with the peace and safety of the State?

Nothing will be of greater satisfaction to those of your fellow citizens who hesitate in their endorsement of your candidacy because of the religious issues involved than such a disclaimer by you of the convictions here imputed, or such an exposition by others of the questions here presented, as may justly turn public opinion in your favor.

Yours with great respect,
CHARLES C. MARSHALL

(The ATLANTIC's columns will be open to further discussion of this subject)

OUR NAVAL ACADEMY

BY HORACE J. FENTON

I

IF there is any profession to-day that requires men of adaptability, of broad and accurate knowledge, men who are spiritually and mentally well disciplined, — cultured, if you please, — it is that of the naval officer. The naval officer probably must face in his career more trying, if not more delicate, situations, perform more varied duties, and adjust himself to more adverse circumstances than must almost anybody else. Besides being a sailor and a military leader, he must be an engineer, something of a scientist, lawyer, business man, educator; and, as passing events in Central America and the Far East indicate, he is frequently compelled to be a diplomat. His academic training, therefore, ought to be as broad and thorough as time and means allow, and the Naval Academy, which is his conduit into the service, should rank second to none as an educational institution.

It may be thought impertinent, perhaps, in the face of victorious elevens and boxing teams and flattering reports by visiting boards, to intimate that this is not the case; that the Naval Academy, *our* Naval Academy, in reality falls considerably short of being as great an educational force as we should like it to be. Such, however, must be the almost inevitable conclusion of anybody who breathes its atmosphere long enough to become tolerably familiar with its government and its methods — provided that he

be not burdened with too much Alma Materism or blinded by the glitter of the dress parade.

I have known the Naval Academy for over twenty years. I have seen it grow from an institution of five or six hundred students to its present enrollment of over sixteen hundred. I have watched its transformation from a group of old-fashioned buildings, yet marked by a certain individuality and classic beauty, to its present rather garish magnificence. For more than two decades I have watched our Academy mould the pick of American youth from sometimes puny, undeveloped boys into vigorous, stalwart men; from high-minded, clean boys into still higher-minded, cleaner men; and, I regret to say it, from plain democratic youths into men touched by the blight of snobbery. What I have to say, therefore, about the Naval Academy is not based on hearsay, but on long experience. It will not be eulogistic in tone, yet I hope that it will not be regarded as mere destructive criticism. But there are certain aspects of this great national school, on which we spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, which are certainly open to animadversion, and some of these aspects I mean to mention.

When one considers the fact that the administrative head of the Academy changes normally every two years, and that with the change comes a greater or less shifting about of the teaching

staff, one cannot help wondering how the school functions as well as it does, or whether it might not function a good deal better if the faculty were more stable. Think of the effect of such a system on any one of our universities. Approximately every two years a new superintendent with a different personality and different ideas takes charge. With him come new heads of departments, a new commandant to enforce the discipline, and a fresh lot of younger officers to carry on much of the classroom work. These officers are not selected because they have any peculiar fitness for teaching: most of them have not looked for years at the subjects which they are expected to teach; many in consequence have rather less knowledge of those subjects than they amassed while midshipmen; and, what perhaps is worse, many find the work extremely distasteful. It would seem as if no school could properly carry on educational work under this system.

In considering this matter, however, it is well to notice that a fair proportion of the teaching staff is composed of civilians, graduates of some of our best universities, who like the work and have special adaptation and training for it. These men carry on some real educational work there and bring to the midshipmen a certain amount of what may loosely be termed university culture. But they are about the only members of the faculty who really attempt to do any effective teaching. The young officer-teachers, it is true, conduct recitations, but with few glittering exceptions they seem to make little effort to present their subjects to their students or to clarify knotty points in them. Then, too, it is well to know that the officers in charge of the station make no pretense about the matter, but very frankly will tell you that the Academy is not, and does not pretend to be, an educational institu-

tion; that it is merely a training school where boys are put through a 'course of sprouts' to make them able to command men and ships. I have had them tell me that again and again. A commander in the navy put it to me this way once: 'These boys don't need poetry here; they need power.' And a recent superintendent is reported to have said: 'What the midshipmen need to see most is the stripes on the officers' arms.'

An incident in my own experience well illustrates this peculiar point of view. A few years ago while I was conducting a recitation in *Hamlet*, the head of the English department, now a captain in the navy, came into the section room near the close of the period. I at once called on two midshipmen in succession to answer a simple question bearing on the text. Either through lack of preparation or through confusion over the officer's sudden entrance, both flunked badly. Just then the dismissal bell rang, whereupon the officer sprang to his feet and, shaking a fat forefinger at the two unfortunates, burst out: 'Now, you two young men, let me tell you something.'

Breathless, almost, I waited to hear what he had to say about the value of Shakespeare, the need of careful study, and so forth. Not a syllable of either. All he said was the following, and it has burned in my mind ever since as peculiarly illustrating the regard which ranking officers at Annapolis sometimes seem to have for the cultural subjects in the curriculum:—

'When you two get back to quarters go to the barber shop and get shaved. You are a disgrace to the Naval Academy.'

That recitation certainly ended with a snap, and everybody present was sharply reminded that a neat and natty appearance should come first in the

naval profession. Shakespeare was well enough, perhaps, but he should never get in the way of the barber!

Discipline — that is the word. It is the everlasting stringent discipline, which often stresses nonessentials, that makes the Academy function as well as it does. Boys work hard at Annapolis because they have to work hard; they study hard because the lessons are long and classroom help is often lacking. Under this relentless discipline they put forth the best that is in them, which cannot always be said of students elsewhere. If a midshipman oversteps the rules, and they are legion, he is at once 'bawled out' or punished in a severer way. If he becomes slack or lazy or indifferent, he is compelled to brace up, or he is branded a failure and goes out. When a boy enters the Academy he soon learns to get into a rapid stride and to keep everlastingly at it. For this discipline and its effect on the midshipmen I have nothing but praise. Under it the vast majority of them become alert, ready, attentive, and self-possessed to a high degree. Their bearing in public is usually beyond censure.

Thus administrative heads may change frequently, the teaching (training) force may shift like a kaleidoscope, regulations may be altered every little while; nevertheless the Academy continues to function with considerable efficiency, and every spring it graduates in a blaze of glory several hundred specimens of rather vigorous American manhood, very capable as a rule, but broadly educated — no.

II

The traditional method of instruction at the Academy is really a hindrance rather than a help to education. It is not pedagogy. Midshipmen do not go to recitations to be taught, but to

exhibit what they have garnered out of the textbooks. The officer-teacher, instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, or professor — all do exactly the same work in their respective departments — is not really expected to teach, but to listen and record marks. Hence to achieve a passing grade becomes a midshipman's main ambition; if he gathers any intellectual or spiritual culture by the way, that is quite secondary. Generally speaking, the instructor is hardly anything more than a referee between the struggling midshipman and the textbook. Owing to this fact, and to the further fact that the lesson assignments are often tremendously long while study periods are sometimes painfully short, it is no wonder that midshipmen frequently feel that they are not learning very much. Said a midshipman to me recently: 'They don't teach you much down there.' And I well remember how jubilantly another once remarked in my presence: 'Well, thank the Lord I've finished calculus.' 'Good,' I said. 'What did you learn about it?' 'Nothing,' said he.

Allowing a reasonable discount for youthful overstatement, one must admit nevertheless that these remarks suggest that the methods of instruction at the Academy might stand considerable improvement. Indeed, to a close observer the midshipmen often seem like children flung into a pool: if they can swim out, well and good; if not, then they go down — or 'out' in a different sense. If a midshipman graduates with a good standing after four years, it is really a credit to his own energy and brains, for he must largely work out his own salvation at the Naval Academy. Classroom instruction avails him but little.

Furthermore, if he graduates with his innate sense of American democracy intact, with no false impressions of his

value to the world, he is indeed lucky. A little self-conceit is probably natural to most college graduates. It is a part of the effervescence with which youth is endowed and a result of an inability accurately to estimate values. The Naval Academy is not a hotbed of snobbery, as thoughtless people have sometimes asserted, yet the atmosphere and the environment of a midshipman are such that, if the seeds of snobbishness are in him, they find easy cultivation. He wears a uniform which national prowess has made highly respectable, and extremely attractive to the feminine eye. He is paid liberally by the Government for studying the same courses that college men elsewhere have to pay for out of their own pockets. It is easy for him, therefore, to get the impression very early that he is a select individual, rather above the common herd. He is likely to learn that it is not befitting his station to carry his own luggage if he can help it; that is work for menials. If he learns to be very selective in his associates, it is not surprising, since social as well as military rank is highly esteemed in naval circles, and nowhere more so than in Annapolis. The necessity for being selective may even be forced upon him. Some few years ago a midshipman was severely reprimanded by the commandant for taking to a hop a very respectable young lady then living in the house of a junior officer and looking after the children. What! Bring a governess to an Academy ball! Horrors! But when, a few days later, it was discovered that the young lady in question, who had brought contamination to the regiment, was the daughter of a very eminent Yale professor who had become righteously indignant over the affair, profuse apologies were made by the superintendent—not to the midshipman, but to the Yale professor. This, I think, is an extreme case, not

likely to happen often. It illustrates not so much a general Academy rule as the extent to which a single officer may go in his laudable zeal for the welfare of his charges.

The Naval Academy is not at heart a democratic institution. The seeds of genuine democracy are neither sown nor cultivated there. It is therefore no wonder that some young men graduate with a highly magnified sense of their worth. I have personally known more than one member of a graduating class, coming from humble but respectable parentage, openly to ignore both father and mother during the festivities in June Week, presumably because the latter did not fit in with the society of which they themselves were a part. On the other hand, many boys come to the Academy whose natural fibre is too fine and whose common sense is too strong to allow them to become inoculated with the virus of superlative egoism. They are the same upstanding, clear-sighted, democratic fellows when they graduate as they were on the day of their entrance. There are many such in the service today; they are the hope of the service, and of the nation, too. But they are the spiritually sane and strong, whom no environment can materially change.

Unfortunately the Naval Academy often suffers from being a one-man institution. The superintendent, usually a captain or an admiral in the navy, frequently rules the Academy yard as he would the deck of a battleship. His word there is law, and every man, woman, and child bows to that authority. Boards may suggest and advise, but the superintendent decides. Women may fret and wish that the next cup of tea which the superintendent takes may choke him; nevertheless they obey the countless, and sometimes trivial, regulations that emanate from his office. The Academy

yard is not large, but within its limits has existed at times a veritable Prussian autocracy. This happily is not the case at present, but there is nothing except the sanity of the superintendent to prevent it.

When a recent superintendent came to the Academy almost the first person he met in a stroll about the yard was the chief of the labor gang.

'What's your job?' demanded the admiral.

'I'm boss of the labor gang, sir,' was the straightforward reply.

'You're boss, are you? Well, let me tell you that in this place there is only one boss, and I am that. Understand?'

Whenever such bossism has existed at the Naval Academy in the past, the inevitable result has been to breed a spirit of subserviency such as one can scarcely find in any other institution of learning within the United States. I have known times when personal independence in small matters or big was permitted to only one man; when to walk humbly before the superintendent became the creed of all who would find life within the Academy yard even passably agreeable; when junior officers who happened to incur the displeasure of the superintendent suddenly found themselves ordered to some distant station; when instructors who dared to evince a modicum of personal spirit were compelled to resign. Thus this great, splendidly equipped, elaborately furnished institution, which ought to be the breeding place of independent thought, simple democracy, and the best American idealism, may, and sometimes has, become a harborage of lick-spittle humility, such as tends to sap one's natural genius as an iron ring around a branch chokes the fibrous growth. Leadership in any institution undoubtedly should be vested in one person, but unless it is tempered by a decent

respect for the feelings and opinions of others it is not true leadership. Naval Academy superintendents have not always been leaders of the highest type.

Under the trying conditions which at times obtain it would seem as if the Naval Academy would scarcely attract civilian educators of a very high grade. In fact, a former superintendent is reported to have said: 'No civilian of any real ability would come to the Academy to teach.' If he meant by this remark that the character of the instruction given to the midshipmen was such as did not require any unusual ability, it was a sad commentary on the Academy as a national school. At any rate the remark well illustrates the traditional naval point of view, which is that the Academy, being only a training school, requires neither scholarship nor professional skill nor experience in the faculty, but mainly the presence of men in uniform able to maintain the Spartan discipline. And, as young men can do that as well as old men, only youthful officers are ever sent to the Academy to carry on classroom work. Officers of any considerable rank and experience never do any teaching there. The natural consequence is that the profession of pedagogy is not really held in high repute at the Academy, and the civilian professor, who is devoting his life to the work, is not usually regarded as of much importance in the scheme of things.

It is therefore an easy step to the belief that no man of ability would come to the Academy to teach, and that those who do come are not men of ability or they would go somewhere else. Hence the civilian teachers on the faculty occupy a rather humble sphere. Call them instructors, professors, or what you will, they are generally regarded by the ranking officers at the Academy as necessary appendages, perhaps, but as little more than that.

They are subjected to all the petty annoyances of a military society, but are granted few of its compensations. At most of the social and academic gatherings they take, or are given, a back seat. Their names are printed in the annual Academy register frequently without their academic degrees, although after every officer's name appears his U.S.N. University degrees seem to have but little significance at the Naval Academy. Neither age nor experience nor literary or scholastic accomplishment receives decent recognition. The most accomplished scholar ever attached to the English department, a man of genuine literary ability, who had done more for the study of naval history, for example, than had all the rest of the force put together, was in June 1924 forced out of the Academy because he had somehow incurred the personal ill will of the reigning superintendent; and that, too, after a service of twenty-one years.¹

Thus the position of the members of what we might call the educative force at the Academy, as distinguished from the training force, is often belittling and unhappy. Only by cultivating a certain callousness to the slights and those 'spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes' can an educator retain any marked degree of self-respect. Much of the recognition that his ability and services at a university should bring him is withheld. Indeed, what he does of a nonintellectual, non-professional character seems to be regarded as of more importance than his scholastic accomplishments or his work as a teacher. So we have the rather unedifying spectacle of professors in mathematics, English, and modern

languages putting in most of their spare time outside of the classroom coaching officers' bowling teams or midshipmen's tennis and track athletics. And these activities have in more than one case undeniably had their professorial rewards!

III

Educational ideals are apparently not high at our Naval Academy. Greater emphasis seems to be laid on outward appearances than on inward graces. A well-known Maryland jurist, long familiar with the Academy, once said to me: 'It is a good thing for a boy to spend a year or two at the Academy. He learns to say "Sir," is taught to keep his nails clean and the soap out of his ears, and to know the value of a fresh collar once in a while.' The indictment underlying this sarcasm is strong, to say the least, but it shows that to thinking, observing people, who see beneath the glamour of the uniform, our great national school is stressing the unimportant over the important things of life. A department chief who can place a newly reaped chin above the glories of Shakespeare is no slight evidence of that fact.

I have said that the Naval Academy is regarded mainly as a training school. It may be that this is what we wish it to be rather than a national university. It may be that, while Yale, Harvard, and other great institutions continue to stress broad scholarship, we shall continue to be satisfied to have our Naval Academy magnify the importance of the classroom mark and the shaven chin. But if we wish this school to sow in the minds of its students the seeds of a liberal culture as well as to give them a certain readiness to adapt hand and brain to material ends; if, to put it bluntly, we wish the Naval Academy to take equal rank

¹ The hostility of the superintendent was incurred by the professor's contributing to the *Atlantic* two articles critical of the navy and its traditions. See the *Atlantic* for November 1918 and March 1919. — THE EDITORS

with other American institutions of learning in the classroom as well as on the gridiron and in the ballroom, then certain changes in administration and method should be adopted.

A more fixed and more stable policy should obtain at the Academy. A constant shifting of administrative heads can scarcely benefit any institution. Being a naval school, it should be under naval control, but the officers chosen for duty there should be men with especial fitness for it; they should not be selected on the present hit-or-miss plan. To transfer a man from the deck of a battleship to a college classroom for a few months and expect him to do efficient educational work there is about as fatuous a policy as could be devised. It seems worse, perhaps, to place him in a position to supervise such work. Yet this is exactly our policy at the Naval Academy to-day, and it always has been.

Furthermore, the Academy should never be a one-man institution. Its head should be a capable administrator, never a dictator; and broad-minded directorship, when found, should be given some permanency there. The superintendency of the Naval Academy should be such as to encourage independent thought and scholarly ambition, never the subserviency which has certainly vitiated the atmosphere in times past. It should stimulate activity on the part of midshipmen and instructors through ambition rather than through fear.

The cultural education of the men who are to represent us in the ports of the world should be given more serious attention than at present; it should be considered at least as important as the physical training, not less so. In the two great English naval schools the subjects of English, modern languages, and history continue through the four years; with us they practically cease at

the end of the second year, and much of the work in these subjects meanwhile is of the preparatory-school order.

Then, too, the teaching body at the Academy should be an educative force, not a mere group of umpires to call strikes and outs. The more professional departments — seamanship, navigation, discipline, and others — should be controlled wholly by naval officers. Unquestionably the naval officer can bring to the midshipman out of his practical experience that which no civilian can bring, and much that the midshipman needs. On the other hand, the departments of English, modern languages, mathematics, and possibly the more technical departments of physics, electricity, and steam engineering, should as surely be filled by university-trained teachers, men who have chosen teaching for their life work and who represent the best cultural and educational ideas of the times. And the members of the civilian corps should be given more permanency; they should not be regarded as temporary appendages, hired from year to year. A professorship at the Academy should mean in both honor and emolument what such a position means in the best universities. To-day it means little except salary. Indeed, if a professor occupies himself outside of the classroom in serious reading or doing some useful work calculated to make himself a better teacher and citizen, instead of playing golf or tennis or bridge whist or coaching midshipmen's athletics, he is likely to be looked upon askance. It would seem as if university ideals in education should prevail at the Academy, not preparatory-school notions.

Moreover, the Academy should be divorced from politics, as are the English naval schools. It is hard to see how this can be done absolutely, since the institution is one of the playthings of Congress, but an effort should be

made to minimize political influence over it as much as possible. Appointments to the Academy are still frequently given to curry political favor or to pay a political debt, and rumors that appointments can be purchased for money, and have been purchased, will not down. Political influence has not yet ruined the Academy, but to my certain knowledge it has at times kept slack and unable boys there month after month to the exclusion of possibly worthier ones.

Finally, the ambitions of the midshipmen should be stimulated above the acquisition of marks and the attainment of social and naval rank. In

other words, let the Naval Academy strive to educate in the highest sense, to give its students at least the groundwork of a broader and a sounder culture and a keener vision of life's realities, as well as a disciplined hand and brain; and with its material equipment and noble traditions it should become a splendid model for other institutions to follow. American colleges to-day may be said to educate their students without disciplining them very much; the Naval Academy disciplines its students extremely well, but I question if it gives them that broad knowledge which their profession demands.

BUILDING A MODEL CITY

BY JOHN REAY WATSON

I

THE Commonwealth Government of Australia is building, on a virgin site in the bush, a Federal Capital which is to be the most beautiful garden city in the world. This new city has begun its career under most favored conditions, although there was a great deal of political wirepulling before the site was finally selected by the Commonwealth Parliament. Within the limitations fixed by the Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth it is an ideal site. It is in the east of Australia, in the State of New South Wales, about 80 miles from the coast, 35 degrees south of the equator and 149 degrees east of Greenwich. It lies in an amphitheatre of hills, with an outlook toward the north and the northeast.

The average altitude above sea level is 1800 feet. The site consists of gently undulating country, and prominent hills of moderate altitude have been reserved in the plan of the city for the erection of public buildings. The chief eminence has been named Capitol Hill, and there, in imitation of Washington, the Parliamentary buildings will be erected. A 'temporary' building in which the Commonwealth Parliament will meet for the first time in May next, when the seat of Government will be formally transferred from Melbourne to the new city, has just been completed at a cost of \$2,500,000. This two-story structure is built of stone and will last for a hundred years, but it is officially regarded as temporary,

because the intention of the Government is to erect in the distant future, on the opposite side of Capitol Hill, a more costly and beautiful building as the permanent home of the Commonwealth Parliament.

The name of Australia's new Federal Capital is Canberra. The accent in the name has been officially placed on the first syllable, to preserve the aboriginal sound of the word; but for some years Australians have been accustomed to place the accent on the second syllable, and it is by no means certain that the official edict will triumph over custom.

Building operations have been carried out on the site for six years, but progress has been comparatively slow, and it will be many years before the city becomes a place of any importance apart from its official status. Its population at present is less than 5000, and more than half consists of workmen engaged in building houses, making streets, laying down water supply, electric light, and sewerage, and laying out public parks and gardens.

But, despite its small size and its unfinished condition, Canberra will become, next May, the capital of Australia. The Duke of York will formally open the first session of Parliament on May 9, 1927. He will make the voyage from England to Australia in the British battleship *Renown*, and the transfer of the seat of Government from Melbourne—with a population of 900,000—to Canberra will be carried out with much stately ceremony. Owing to the small size of the new city, the accommodation available on this occasion will be sufficient to provide only for the numerous official guests. Members of the general public who desire to attend will have to camp in tents and provide their own meals.

In opening the first session of Parliament at the new seat of Government, the Duke of York will be

following in the footsteps of his father, who exactly twenty-six years before, when he was Duke of York, inaugurated the federation of the six Australian States by opening the first session of the first Commonwealth Parliament in Melbourne.

Although Parliament will continue to meet at Canberra every year, ministers will continue, for some years to come, to carry out much of their official work in Melbourne when Parliament is in recess. A first batch of civil servants, numbering about 600, will be transferred to Canberra early in 1927, in time to get settled down to work before the opening of Parliament in May. The Federal Capital Commission, which is invested with the responsibility of building the city and of controlling its affairs, will have at least 500 new houses ready by the time the influx begins. Civil servants will have the option of purchasing these houses from the Commission for cash, or on terms extending over twenty-five years. Those who do not wish to purchase houses will be able to rent them from the Commission. Those who prefer to build their own houses and employ their own architects to design them will be able to obtain sites from the Commission on lease; but no house or building of any kind may be erected until the design has received the approval of the Commission.

The Commission has built twenty-seven different standard types of houses, and in order to prevent residential streets from presenting an appearance of monotonous regularity no street will contain a row of houses of the same type. The rents will range from \$4.50 a week for a four-roomed cottage, suitable for a workman and his family, up to \$15 a week for a better house of seven rooms, suitable for civil servants who have incomes of upward of \$4000 a

year. The purchase prices of these standard houses built by the Commission will range from \$4500 to \$9700, according to type and size, but the price will not include purchase of the land. The ownership of all land within the city site, and of more than three fourths of the total 900 square miles of Federal territory of which the city forms part, is invested in the Government, and it has been decided by Parliament that not a foot of it shall be alienated. The Federal Capital Commission has power to grant leases for ninety years, at a rent of 5 per cent of the unimproved value of the land.

All the houses built by the Commission will be single-story, as is the general rule throughout Australia, and they will contain many labor-saving devices. In this direction, as in many others, Australia has in recent years been departing from inherited English practice, and has been copying American customs. Hot water will not be laid on throughout the house, as is the custom in America, for no central heating apparatus will be installed. Australia's winter is very mild and lasts for only two months. The English system of open fires is followed, but as the sun shines brightly even on most of the winter days, it is only in the winter evenings that fires are required as a rule.

The site for Canberra was selected mainly because its contour and topographical features lend themselves to the construction of a model city. And in 1911 the Commonwealth Government instituted a world-wide competition for designs for the new capital. Three prizes of \$8750, \$3750, and \$2500 were offered. The competition was widely advertised in Europe and America in order to attract the attention of architects and town planners in the chief countries of the world. Competitors were

requested to give special consideration to the allocation of appropriate areas, suitably situated, for public buildings and offices, and for commercial, residential, and industrial purposes. Experts from many countries sent in designs, and the first prize was awarded to an American architect, Mr. Walter Burley Griffin of Chicago. The second prize went to M. Eliel Saarinen of Helsingfors, Finland, and the third to M. D. Alf. Agache of Paris.

Mr. Griffin's design, which has been somewhat modified by the Federal Capital Commission, provides for several artificial lakes, supplied with water by the Molonga River, which flows through the site. On the north side of the river will be the civic quarter, with the town hall occupying the most commanding position. On the south side will be the Government quarter, with the Parliamentary buildings on Capitol Hill, the most elevated area of land within the site. The town hall and the Parliamentary buildings will be about two miles apart. A large central park will surround the Parliamentary buildings, and outside the park, on a succession of terraces reaching down to an artificial lake, other public buildings will be erected.

All the main roads will radiate from Capitol Hill as the most commanding point of the city. In this respect and in certain others Canberra will correspond to the design of Washington, which has its main thoroughfares radiating from the Capitol. The chief streets will be 200 feet wide, so as to give ample room for a strip of garden down the centre and the sides. Many town planners regard such enormously wide streets as an artistic mistake, and prefer irregular streets of moderate width, which follow the contour of the land. At Canberra the streets will be laid out on a rectangular plan. Outside the city area of twelve square

miles, a belt of country — over 150 square miles — will be reserved for parks and public purposes. One of the essentials of a garden city is that it be surrounded by a belt of open country or agricultural land, but few garden cities could afford 150 square miles.

There will be numerous parks, public gardens, and open spaces within the city; around every public building there will be a garden. All the streets will be lined with trees. Special efforts will be made to beautify with trees, garden plots, and fountains the corners where main streets intersect. Every plot of ground on which a house is built will have room for a flower garden in front and a kitchen garden at the back. Trimmed hedges instead of fences will separate the house plots from the streets. The Commission will not allow a fence to be erected at the frontage of any dwelling site. Each block of houses will have a communal garden, where the children will be able to play and the adults to sit amid beautiful surroundings when they are at leisure. The needs of young children are being catered for by large playing grounds in the suburbs, fitted with swings and Maypoles. Sports grounds for football, cricket, tennis, and golf are being prepared, and swimming baths will be built at several places along the river bank. All this work is being done by the Commission, as the trustees of a city owned by the people of Australia.

II

It might be thought that there would be eager competition to live in such an ideal city, but on the contrary the civil servants who are to be transferred are protesting loudly. In Canberra there are no theatres and no daily newspapers; there are no trams and few shops. The educational facilities provided at present are only for

young children, and therefore civil servants whose boys and girls are attending the higher schools in Melbourne, or the university, must leave them behind to finish their education. This means an expense which not many can afford. In the new city there will be very few business or professional openings for their children when they have to begin to earn their own living, and therefore they will have to be sent away to the large cities, such as Sydney and Melbourne. This will mean a severance of family ties at a time when young men and women are in need of parental supervision and guidance, and it will involve the parents in expense, as the salaries earned by the young people will not be sufficient to keep them until they have been at work several years.

The civil servants complain that the cost of living will be 20 per cent higher in Canberra than in Melbourne, and they are demanding that the Government shall make up this difference in the form of a bonus on their salaries. It is the general experience that all manufactured goods are dearer in country towns than in the big cities, though meat and vegetables are cheaper in the country. The civil servants also complain that the prices of the houses they are asked to buy are much higher than the prices of similar houses in Melbourne. It is officially admitted that the prices of the Commission's houses are higher, but this is due to the fact that the costs of construction are higher, as labor and materials cost more in the country. Another grievance in connection with housing was ventilated by the civil servants, but this has been removed by the Government. It was said that when hundreds of them had to leave Melbourne simultaneously for Canberra they would not be able to sell their homes except at a considerable loss, as the placing of

several hundred houses on the market simultaneously would bring down the value of such property. The Government has decided to take over, at a reasonable valuation, the houses owned by civil servants who are transferred. These properties will be disposed of gradually, so as not to glut the market.

The civil servants have another grievance in the fact that, as Canberra grows and property becomes more valuable, they will not derive any benefit from the increased value of the land on which their houses are built. The benefit of all increases in land values will be reaped by the Commission as trustees of the nation, because none of the land will be sold to private owners. As already stated, it will be let on lease, and the leaseholders must pay as rent 5 per cent of the unimproved value. Purchasers of ninety-year leases will not have their rents increased during the first twenty years of occupation, but then and after the land will be revalued for rental purposes every ten years.

The wives of civil servants are loud in their complaints. They will be separated from friends and relations, and will have to begin life again in a small community. The shops in the new city will be so few and their stocks so small that shopping will be robbed of all its joys. There will be no plays to see in the evenings, for Canberra as yet is too small to support a theatre. The main source of entertainment will be one movie theatre. The Commission has laid down an electric plant for power, heating, and lighting; so far, however, it has not installed a coal-gas supply. The houses are equipped with fire stoves, but those householders who want electric stoves must provide them. In the great majority of houses in Australia the cooking is done on gas stoves, and those housewives who have to make their

homes in Canberra hate the idea of going back to fire stoves, or adopting the new fashion of electric stoves.

The Commission is endeavoring to placate the dissatisfied civil servants and their wives. It has been arranged that their household furniture shall be conveyed free of charge. It will be packed and unpacked without cost to the owners. A civil servant has only to give the Commission written instructions as to how he wants his furniture arranged in the various rooms, and he will find, when he enters his new home, that the carpets have been laid, the beds set up, the pictures hung on the walls, the crockery, pots, and pans put in their places, and a bowl of flowers arranged on the hall table. During the interval while his furniture is being transferred from Melbourne to Canberra, he and his wife and family will be the guests of the Commission at one of the hotels.

An honorary committee of residents will be appointed in each suburb to arrange programmes of outdoor and indoor amusements. A recreation hall is being built in each suburb, and it will be the duty of the committee to arrange amateur theatrical performances and concerts. Lending libraries and welfare centres are being established. An appeal has been issued by the Commission to prospective residents of the Federal Capital to cultivate 'the community spirit,' so that everyone will contribute to the task of making life in the new city bright and happy.

The legislators who are to shift the scene of their labors from Melbourne to Canberra view the prospect philosophically, for they will not have to transfer their homes. They will not have to endure the discomforts and limitations of the new city for more than six months of the year, and some of them will be able to reach their homes for week-ends. There are only

111 Members of the Commonwealth Parliament—75 in the House of Representatives and 36 in the Senate. For most of them the journey to Canberra will be longer and more inconvenient than the journey to Melbourne has been. The distance by rail from Melbourne to Canberra is 500 miles, with a break in the middle, owing to the difference in the railway gauges of the two States of Victoria and New South Wales. Canberra is not on the main railway line which connects Melbourne and Sydney, and it has been proposed to build a branch line from Canberra to the nearest point of the main railway at Yass, but the Federal Public Works Committee reported against it. The cost would exceed \$3,750,000 and the revenue would be small. Much of the passenger traffic would consist of Members of Parliament, who travel free, and civil servants whose fares when on official duty would be debited against the Government.

The Federal Capital Commission is building four residential hotels, four boarding houses, and five hundred dwelling houses. For a time the Commission will itself run these hotels and boarding houses, but it will later on transfer the management to private enterprise. The Commission's municipal socialism extends not only to the ownership and management of water supply, electricity supply, and a motor-bus service, but also to the ownership and management of a laundry and bakery business; but its activities in these directions are not to be regarded as experiments in municipal socialism so much as necessities evoked by exceptional conditions in starting a new city. Compared with American hotels, the tariffs at the Commission's hotels at Canberra will be modest. The minimum tariff at the principal hotel where Members

of Parliament will stay during the Parliamentary session will be five dollars a day, including meals. Two of the other hotels will charge three dollars, and the fourth will provide board and lodging for single men at ten dollars a week, for married couples at sixteen dollars, and for single women at seven dollars a week.

At present Canberra is 'dry.' It is the only city in Australia where prohibition prevails, although, as the result of local option polls, the hotels in a few municipal areas in Melbourne and other cities have been closed for some years past. But the closing of such hotels does not mean absolute prohibition in these areas. Bottled liquors of all kinds can still be obtained from grocers licensed to sell them. There is a prohibition organization in Australia which has gained in strength since prohibition came into legal operation in the United States, but it has not much political influence. During the war the trading hours of hotels in Australia were reduced, the closing hour being fixed at 6 P.M. Previously hotels were open until 11 P.M. or midnight. The reduction of hours has met with such general approval that the liquor trade does not contemplate any attempt to obtain an extension.

But there is very little support among the people of Australia for prohibition, and it is doubtful if the new Federal Capital will remain dry for any length of time. It was made dry originally when building operations were begun, to prevent drunkenness among the two to three thousand workmen.

The majority of the members of the Commonwealth Parliament are not prohibitionists or teetotalers. A committee of the two Houses, which discussed the question of liquor at Canberra, passed a resolution in favor of the retention of the Parliamentary

refreshment bar when Parliament is transferred to Canberra. But the House of Representatives felt that it would be invidious for Members of Parliament to be able to obtain liquor while residents of the Federal city were unable to do so. It was therefore planned by Parliament to give residents of Canberra the opportunity of deciding by a local option poll whether liquor shall be sold in the Federal Capital as elsewhere in Australia. The question of opening a refreshment bar will be deferred until the local option poll is taken. Much will be heard during the campaign concerning the great benefits and deplorable disasters which prohibition has brought about in the United States. The campaign will be restricted to a very limited area, — to a population of about 5000, — but the issue whether the Federal Capital of Australia is to be wet or dry is of some importance to both sides.

III

The story of how Canberra came to be built is of interest, because it provides one of several instances of the way in which the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia has copied the Constitution of the United States. The Australian Constitution, as originally drafted, contained no provision for building a Federal Capital. There was jealousy between the two most important States, New South Wales and Victoria, as to which of them should have the capital within its borders. There was a movement to make Sydney, the largest city in Australia and the capital of New South Wales, — which is the oldest of the six Australian States, — the Federal Capital, but this was vigorously opposed by some of the other States, especially by Victoria. The men who drafted the Constitution thought it best to postpone

this controversial question until after the popular vote on the acceptance of the Constitution had been taken; but the vote in New South Wales in favor of the Constitution, though greater than the vote against it, fell short of the total fixed by the Parliament of that State as a condition of acceptance, and therefore another convention of representatives of the six States was held to amend the Constitution so as to make it acceptable to New South Wales. One of the chief amendments was the inclusion of a clause similar to Article I, Section 8 of the American Constitution, which deals with the seat of Government. It was laid down in the amended Constitution that the seat of Government should be in Federal territory, situated in New South Wales. This was a sop to that State; but, in order to appease other States which were opposed to Sydney's being the Federal Capital, the clause provided that the Federal territory should be at least 100 miles from Sydney; and as a sop to Victoria it was provided that the Commonwealth Parliament should meet in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, until the Federal Capital should be built.

It was generally expected, when the Commonwealth Parliament came into existence in 1901, that not more than ten years would elapse before Parliament would sit in the new capital. But when Parliament began to function it had more urgent matters to attend to than building the capital, and for twenty-six years Melbourne has remained the temporary seat of Government. Members of successive Parliaments — with the exception of representatives of constituencies in New South Wales — were in no hurry to give up the comforts of Melbourne and transfer the scene of their labors to a new city in the bush. The war was

also a factor in lengthening the delay. But the original cause of delay was the selection of a site.

This was a matter on which the other States had open minds, but representatives from New South Wales contested with much vigor the rival claims of sites within their own constituencies. In 1903 a Seat of Government Bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, with the locality of the site left blank so as to allow Parliament to decide by a majority on the locality, but the final choice of Canberra was not made until 1908.

The American Constitution provided that the seat of Government should not exceed ten miles square, the equivalent of 100 square miles. The Australian Constitution, when amended to provide that the seat of Government should be in New South Wales, provided that the Federal territory should be not less than 100 square miles. The Act passed by Parliament fixing the site at Yass-Canberra provided that the area of the Federal territory should be not less than 900 square miles, and should have access to the sea, the object of extending the territory being mainly to give the Commonwealth control over the catchment areas of the small rivers which flow through the Yass-Canberra site. It was also provided that all the land within these 900 square miles which belonged to the Crown—that is, the unalienated land which belonged to the Government of New South Wales—should be transferred by that Government to the Commonwealth Government without payment. In order to avoid having to pay an extravagant price for the purchase of private lands within the selected territory, it was fixed by statute that the price paid by the Commonwealth Government to private owners must not exceed the value of the land on the date that the Act was passed. The

highest price thus paid as compensation to private landowners within the Federal territory for the resumption of land has been \$15 an acre. For some of this land within the city site, which has been leased by the Federal Capital Commission to private persons for building purposes, rents aggregating \$4000 an acre per annum are being received by the Commission. It will be seen that the building of the capital promises to be a very profitable enterprise for the Commission as trustees of the nation.

Public life in Australia is remarkably free from graft, and there has been no suggestion of graft at any stage in connection with the site and the building of the city.

Access from Canberra to the sea has been provided by the Government of New South Wales granting the Commonwealth Government the right to construct a railway to Jervis Bay, 120 miles away. An area of two square miles at Jervis Bay has also been granted by New South Wales to the Commonwealth for the purpose of providing port facilities.

Canberra is 204 miles from Sydney—more than twice the distance required by the Constitution. It is 429 miles from Melbourne; 912 from Adelaide, the capital of the State of South Australia; 929 from Brisbane, the capital of Queensland; and over 2500 miles from Perth, the capital of Western Australia.

The building of Canberra on a virgin site has increased enormously the value of the land, but the Commonwealth Government reaps all the benefit. The greater part of the Federal territory of 900 square miles was Crown land, transferred to the Commonwealth free of charge. The Government has spent about \$3,750,000 in acquiring land from private owners, who had used it mainly for

grazing sheep. The Capital Commission has held several auction sales of business and residential sites within the twelve square miles reserved. The prices realized reveal what a big asset the Commission possesses, and what a big annual revenue will ultimately be obtained. Some of the business blocks in the centre of the city — which for the most part is still unbuilt — realized at auction \$400 per foot frontage. The bidding for some of the best corner blocks, consisting of one sixth of an acre, reached \$18,000. This represents the unimproved value of the land, and the bidder pays the Commission an annual rent of 5 per cent of his bid. Eventually the Commission will have an annual income of millions of dollars from the rents of business and residential blocks in the new city. This income will wipe out the cost of construction, including the cost of many large public buildings, and will eventually provide a surplus that will be paid into the national treasury.

Steps have been taken to prevent land speculators from making money out of the Federal Capital. The fact that not a foot of land can be sold outright by the Commission eliminates the speculator to a considerable extent, but it is also desired to eliminate the speculator in leases. There is a provision in every lease that building operations must be begun within twelve months of the purchase of the lease, and completed within another twelve months. No lease can be sold by the original purchaser until the building conditions have been fulfilled. But so rapid has been the increase in land values that some original purchasers of leases have been able to sell out at considerable profit.

The remainder of the Federal territory outside the city area — with the exception of 150 square miles reserved

as a belt of open country round the city, and 170 square miles forming the catchment area of the chief river providing the city water supply — is being leased as farms and grazing areas.

In appointing a commission of three members to control the construction and development of Canberra, the Commonwealth Government followed the example of the United States in connection with Washington. But the Canberra commissioners hope to profit by some of the mistakes made at the American capital, which was laid out before the garden-city idea was born. The leasehold system with regard to land at Canberra gives the nation, instead of the individual, the unearned increment arising from increased values of land. Moreover, the fact that the Commission controls the whole of the land means that it controls the development of the city according to plan. Washington has not developed according to the design on which it was laid out, but has spread in a north-westerly direction, with the result that the Capitol, instead of being the centre of the city, is on the southeastern outskirts. But the Canberra Commission can prevent development in any one direction at the expense of the general plan of the city. It throws open only a limited number of blocks of land at a time, and therefore it can carry on development in all quarters of the compass successively. The building provisions in the leases will also be a factor in the development of the city according to plan. Blocks of land cannot remain vacant while leaseholders wait for a rise in values; nor can huge unsightly buildings of many stories be erected in the business quarter. It is doubtful if Canberra will ever become an important industrial city, but the design provides for an industrial area, separated from the business, governmental, and residential districts.

What form of municipal government shall be instituted will be left for the Commonwealth Parliament to decide. To deprive residents of the right to elect a municipal body to govern the affairs of the city would be opposed to the democratic sentiment of Australians, but on the other hand it will be necessary for the Capital Commission to retain extensive powers in connection with the construction, development, and government of the city. Residents of Canberra — like those of Washington — will have no Parliamentary vote. The Commonwealth Parliament would be willing to give them the vote, but for a great many years the city will be too small in population to justify its being given the right to elect a member of the House of Representatives; and, being Federal territory, it cannot be amalgamated for electoral purposes with any of the adjoining Federal constituencies of the State of New South Wales.

All over the world the people interested in town planning and garden-city ideals are looking to Australia. Canberra has advantages that no other garden city in the world possesses. The site has been selected because of the advantages it offers for such building; there are no private property rights to be considered; there is a great deal of public money available. Although the garden-city movement, which owes its origin to Mr. Ebenezer Howard's book, *Garden Cities of To-morrow*, — first published in 1898 under the title, *To-morrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform*, — has spread to all civilized countries, there are very few garden cities in the world. There are some hundreds of garden suburbs and small areas laid out on town-planning lines. New York has a 'Garden City,' which, however, has no claims to be regarded as a city; London has a garden suburb at Golders Green, and

twenty miles away at Welwyn a small garden city is being built as the first of a series of satellite towns which will be ringed round London. There are small communities living under model housing conditions at a score of places in England, of which Port Sunlight and Bourneville are the best known, and there are somewhat similar model housing areas in other European countries. But the world's only example of a complete garden city is Letchworth in England, where in 1904 six square miles of land in an agricultural district were purchased by the First Garden City Limited to enable Mr. Ebenezer Howard to give practical expression to his plans. Letchworth is planned to carry a population of 35,000 on an area of two square miles, the remainder of the land forming an agricultural belt round the city. There are now about forty factories in Letchworth, operating in a specially planned industrial area, and the population numbers 12,000. The streets are wide, and are lined with gardens and trees. The workers have good homes with plenty of air and sunlight, and each house has a small garden.

But Canberra is being laid out on a much larger and more elaborate scale. Far more money will be expended in making it a model city than any private company can afford in making Letchworth beautiful. Already more than \$10,000,000 has been expended, though little more than a beginning has been made. The public buildings to be erected will rival the magnificent public buildings at Washington. As the Federal Capital of a country which is almost as large as Europe, Canberra has a great future before it; as a State-owned city, it is a unique experiment in civic government; as a garden city, it is destined to prove an inspiring example to town planners in all parts of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MAÑANA

ESPECIALLY since a corrupt Spanish bureaucracy was deprived of power in Cuba, and the government bestowed upon corrupt Cubans, it has become a dogma the world over that Spain is a decadent nation.

I came to Spain expecting to find anæmic yellow faces, the sapped vitality of degenerates; when not sunk into a coma from indigence or secret vice, I looked to find the people cribbed and confined by a mediæval religion; pale children in gutters I looked for, and few of them. I was wrong. By and large, they are the healthiest-looking animals in Europe. Not those in the industrial cities, but those in rural Spain — which is infinitely the largest part, and will remain so. The Spanish land, the Spanish mountains, and above all the Spanish character forbid an invasion of anything more industrial than a Ford.

If, then, the Spaniard has devoted himself neither to building factories in which to burn soft coal, as we have done, nor to conquering backward nations, like the British, what has he done with his biceps and brain?

Most Americans will be unable to survive a visit to Spain, but those who do will be better men. By visit I do not mean Cadiz or Madrid, train de luxe, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Burgos, cathedrals, the Prado, monasteries, a bullfight, and home in time for the hunting. That has its uses, but it can be done without leaving America — that is, leaving it linguistically, gastronomically, socially, or mentally. The sort of thing I mean is a *sojourn* in

Spain, be it long or short, where trippers are not.

One or two simple principles are absolutely necessary to American survival. The first is: Be courteous on all the occasions when you would be courteous at home, and likewise on all those when you would n't. If you are, the Spanish will outdo you exactly twofold in every courteous word and act; if you are n't, and become, say, brusque, they will either put you in jail or leave you on top of a mountain without anything to eat. The second principle is: Whenever you are in a hurry, do nothing about it. This is more important than the first. It will secure for you most of the good things in Spain.

Of course I had read of these laws of Spanish character in books, — on the Soul of Spain, the Heart of the Iberian, and all the rest, — but never ground them by circumstance and calamity into my bones, and my diary.

Here is the working of the first. My friend and I entered Spain on foot on a discouraging day of mist, over the pass that had been used by Hannibal, Cæsar, Abd-er-Rahman, and Napoleon. For a week the clouds had been a swaying bank of moisture over the French side of the peaks. Just at the frontier, the watershed of the Pyrenean wall, they broke, and gave us Spain.

It was partly the sunlight of Spain that melted them. We looked down upon baked, castellated barricades running fifty miles into the plain. Real or natural *castillos* grew out of their tops, and the flanks of the mountains were dyed many colors: red and orange, for example; blue and green. Between,

the Spanish valleys lay lush with vineyards and grain, or arid with rock and sand. The country seemed poised — a rude balance between desert sand and Eden.

At first historically infected with memories of Rahman and Hannibal, and then smitten with the scarring, boiling beauty of the landscape, we stepped on, in a happy hypnosis, till we met three soldiers. Then came a wave of concern for our defective passports. We had been moving over the frontier, before, through remote and unguarded mountains where no customs officer had ever trekked. The *carabineros* wore the green musical-comedy costume of the Spanish soldier, with fireman helmets turned up and flattened in back. They assumed attitudes and manners of immense dignity — the Spaniard has tons of it in reserve — and studied our papers with black brows. The senior official fingered the passports; the others fingered their guns; we fingered nervously the newly changed pesetas in our breeches' pockets.

Suddenly the situation changed: the tail of a Spanish eye had caught sight of our kodak; we offered with courtesy to take their picture. Passports were folded up, uniforms brushed, and faces screwed into expressions of military rigor. We snapped the three soldiers; we shook hands, we exchanged addresses, we conversed in bad French, we saluted — we entered Spain.

Principle No. 2. We entered Canfranc, a tiny frontier village which the guidebook had told us to avoid. It had the immemorial look of all Spanish towns — baked, built of stone and slate, and resembling the landscape. But there were no *monuments historiques* there; it was just a village where we went to wait for the Jaca bus.

The bus was due at four o'clock. It was the mail bus into Spain. By 4.30 it

was n't in sight on the road from the Somport pass into France. But sometime about 5.30 five thousand sheep arrived instead. The children of Canfranc ran among them, pinched their tails, and made them hurdle each other in fright.

At 5.45 the mail bus squeezed its way along Main Street, and we climbed on the roof of it. Then, about six, the tiny town awoke into a rich, varied, and amazing life. The *paseo* began! The mayor, aristocracy, the thirty tradesmen with their wives, the peasants, and incredible numbers of children appeared mysteriously on balconies and in the street. We hoped the bus would n't start. It did n't.

The people passed each other, slowly, with that amazing dignity of the Spanish, talking with animation, gazing with consummate curiosity at everyone else — as though they had n't seen them at yesterday's *paseo*. There were the young bloods, with English-cut clothes and faces like American sophomores. Also, stuffing the balconies and the windows, one-hundred-per-cent Spanish señoritas, carrying on, in the authentic manner of romance, a commerce of chaff and looks with the lads below. Farmers passed on donkeys, and hay loads fell from mules' backs to the side of the road. A man appeared with five musical instruments, which he distributed to tiny boys and girls who screamed with delight as they took them. He kept the cornet himself. They followed him, dancing and leaping over the cobblestones, down the narrow street where the sheep had gone.

The show went on for an hour; nothing whatever happening — in an American sense. Nobody playing baseball, or pitching quoits, or going to see Harold Lloyd. Just explosion after explosion of animal spirits, and the gayest curiosity about the lives and loves of

everybody in Canfranc. Not the slightest interest in Madrid, or New York, or the League of Nations.

The mail bus left at 6.30, two hours late.

Any guidebook, or history, or newly baked tripper from Spain will tell you slyly that the key to Spanish character is *mañana*. Nonsense. It's perfectly true that the Spaniard puts off till tomorrow such things as business appointments, the building of railroads, or the conquest of the Riff. What of it! All matters of real importance, like singing or worshiping God or making love to his señorita, he attends to without a wasted minute — to-day.

CLOUDS

He comes from Texas and his eyes have kept the blue innocence of its skies. He is over six feet, sparing of gesture, conceals the stump of his amputated forefinger. From the corner of the right eye to the base of the skull runs a purplish scar, and his face is a network of wrinkles and lines that make him appear almost forty; but he is eight years younger, and when I looked in the candid, shadowless eyes I knew that I was talking to a boy.

It was pleasant to sit on the deck and listen to his low voice. Oh yes, he was telling me his troubles. They were like all agonies, for men suffer in much the same way. The fog drifted in past the islands, the wind grew chilly; we went to the lower deck where the seaplanes rest on their catapults.

He explained carefully how they were shot off by compressed air, going in forty feet from perfect stillness to sixty miles an hour, and how it was necessary to guide them straight and then up into the air, not letting them touch the water, and this was not easy. He had been flying for nine years. Yes, he was 'pretty good.' One bad crash. Only

two men in the Navy had more 'hours in the air.' Sorry he could not show me the engine. It was a lovely engine.

I looked up at the seaplanes and I wondered what characteristics were imperative for the man that flew in that tiny, deadly seat. Elegant as a wasp; small and cruel and fascinating; what was it in men's brains that made them capable of flying, or hopelessly incapable of even the first violent rush from the catapult? There are born artists, engineers, lawyers — what was an aviator? That flying aged men prematurely, I saw; that they were, all I had met, very quiet in manner, I remembered and observed. Courage — but what kind of nerves? Imagination? What did he think of death? Death that flew with him, did it grin or smile, promise or end all things? Or did he not see the companion that soared with him? I could not ask. Only observe carefully, listen patiently, and hope for the unconscious revelation.

We left the ship, came to the house. He talked — of Texas, of his family, of his life, of the war, and of the problem that was consuming him; but still I did not hear the words that would tell me of his inner and secret attitude toward the invisible companion. Did he, like a Regular Army man I know, have to chew gum to control fear? No man is without fear, and by now I knew that he had nerves.

We went for a drive. The ocean, the hills, the glowing beauty of the evening sky, he seemed hardly to observe. There were fifteen minutes left, and I should probably never see him again. I decided to take the risk of indirect attack. Money, root of all evil, would be the Navy's criterion of his risk. To my discreet inquiries he said simply: 'I get almost as much as the captain of the ship.'

I brought it out very simply: 'Are you ever afraid?'

He did n't move an eyelash. 'An aviator,' he answered slowly, 'never has time to feel.'

'I'd like to fly,' I told him. 'Will you take me?'

'You'd be afraid.'

'Yes,' I confessed. 'Yes, but I want to go up. Will you take me?'

'In the seaplane?'

'In the seaplane.'

His face relaxed just a little. 'It's against regulations. A woman went up once; got scared — hysterical; grabbed the controls. She was killed. But I could arrange it — in New York.'

'Good.'

'Remember this: Never go up except in an Army or Navy machine.'

'I'll remember.'

He looked at me now with a different expression. 'Tell me,' — I was to tell him! — 'what do you think happens after death?'

I waited, not answering.

He went on: 'Are we just animals? When we die, are we simply dead? I've seen so many men die.'

I nodded.

'This certainly is a pretty place,' he went on, apparently with the same train of thought. 'It's right pretty. Ever been to Yosemite?'

No, never. And I did n't, at this moment, want to talk about it. But, by the mercy of an all-wise Providence, I kept silent.

'Yes,' he continued, 'I'm slow, not quick-minded. That's best for an aviator — because then you're quick-minded for the machines, see? You can't ever lose your head — and you have to be sort of quiet — phlegmatic — and when you know you're going to die — and be dead — and not have time to think — is n't that best? When I came to your house the other night, as soon as I saw you I knew.'

'What?'

He nodded his head. 'That you

understood; that I could tell you. Listen, don't you ever write comedies. You write about men — as they really are. You know better than any other woman I've met.'

We were almost at the village. Had I heard all that there was to hear? He was silent again, evidently thinking. 'The Yosemite,' he drawled, 'is the best there is on earth. It can't be beat.'

'So I have heard.'

'But when you get to foolin' round with clouds, you're sort of less interested down here.'

My heart almost stopped beating. There it was, all of it! At last the words that expressed everything. Had I searched a hundred years for them I could not have found them. That phrase would have made hours of boredom worth while! He had said it absolutely. Perfectly. There was nothing more, nothing less, to be said. But he continued, slowly. 'I'd like to take you up, to show them to you — big white ones — their canyons, colors, shapes — up there. With the earth beneath you. Nothing much makes any difference. Will you come?'

'Yes.'

'This is a mighty pretty place,' he said politely. 'You've been very, very kind; I've enjoyed the drive.'

I'd shown him my place, my corner of the world; he'd do the same, show me his: 'I'll take you up, and we'll dive into a big white one — with canyons.' Then he added slowly: 'We'll fool around with the clouds.'

AN ELEMOSYNARY INCIDENT

At twilight, as I was walking hurriedly through the Latin-American city on the street called 'Gracious' and thinking whimsically of the effect such a name might possibly have upon its frequenters, — much in the style of the 'Great Stone Face,' — a shuffling man

in rags, very melancholy as to his looks, fumbled awkwardly ahead so as to hinder my passing him. He was evidently too twisted with some lifelong deformity or paralysis to be able to bend his body, and at the instant that I realized this as an explanation of his meandering walk the accident occurred.

About each foot was wrapped a quantity of cloth in lieu of shoes, and the bandages on the bulky left were working loose. Suddenly the rotten cloth on the dragging foot broke, and from it there rolled in every direction, to the gutter, over the pavement, toward my feet, dozens, scores of pieces of money!

The Midas of this quite respectable horde could do nothing to save his gold from flooding the street to land in the pockets of numerous ragged newsboys who seemed literally to spring from everywhere and nowhere, scrambling and shouting and chasing his wealth. Of coppers there were surprisingly few; lesser silver and nickel coins, worth about ten and two cents by exchange at the time, predominated, but there were various dollar values also, and even some dirty, torn, crumpled bills of larger denominations.

The beggar-millionaire looked anxiously about, but, whether normally dumb or merely stricken so temporarily by his torture, it is certain that he said no word, nor made any desperate effort to reach his rolling stock himself — he simply looked at all of us. Within less than a minute so numerous were his helpers that I desisted, to remain watching the original half-dozen boys in tatters, other passers-by, and a well-dressed professional man who had been waiting for his car, as I now recalled, when the run on the bank began.

Thus it is my pleasure, as an unoccupied witness, to affirm that apparently there was not a penny of that cash but was restored to the beggar by each finder directly or placed in the old felt hat the fellow held till it was weighty enough to burst in its turn! Its owner's face was so wrinkled and expressionless that one was not sure of any smile or look of pathos, gratitude, or wonder illuminating it especially; but when the last coin that sharper eyes than ours had found was turned in he stayed the boys and men about him with an odd hitch of a hunched-up shoulder and solemnly proceeded to repay each with a single coin. He began by offering a very tiny copper to the prosperous-looking professional man and went all the way around until every helper had had the chance to accept or reject tangible evidence of his thanks. Several took what he gave; the rest, with utmost courtesy, as if transacting matters of diplomacy with an ambassador of vast prestige, thanked him with perfect gravity, but suavely waved off his aid — among these being, of course, the well-dressed gentleman, who departed tipping his hat to my beggar acquaintance as must one true to courtesy acknowledge a favor.

It was curious to note that to the ragged who had scrambled in his aid he chose to proffer coins of greater worth than those intended for me and others waiting for cars toward the suburbs. Perhaps it was his theory of greater recompense for greater temptation resisted. As my car, marked 'Paradise,' clanged into sight, drowning the voluble chatter of the witnesses, he was shuffling along again without a backward glance, as one too big to pay attention to trifles after his own generous distribution of largess.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Madame Balascheff, born Princess Marie Cantacuzene, daughter of Prince Cantacuzene, Russian Minister to Washington during Cleveland's administration, is the wife of Pierre Balascheff, a prominent party leader in the Duma before the war. For several years following the Revolution she and her five sons did their best to make a new home for themselves on a swampy little duck farm in France. But the odds were too great, and Madame Balascheff is now working for a Parisian notary — eight hours a day in the office, two to four hours copying at home in the evening. Our account is drawn from letters written to an old American friend, Mrs. Foster Stearns of Worcester. **William B. Munro** is the first appointee to the Jonathan Trumbull Professorship of American History and Government at Harvard University. ¶Editor, critic, and professor, **Bliss Perry** goes lecturing every autumn so that he may go fishing every spring. ¶To the knowledge of an economist and sociologist **H. H. Powers** adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. Formerly professor of economics at Smith College and Cornell, of late years he has been identified with the Bureau of University Travel. **Vincent Sheean**, who spent last summer in Persia, now sends us from Paris a story redolent of New York. ¶Certain notorious political trials, familiar to us all, are cases in point for **F. Lyman Windolph's** discussion of legal ethics. Mr. Windolph is a practising lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Aquah Laluah is a young African who has studied for several years in Europe. She is a member of an ancient African family and the granddaughter of a native king. ¶English author of seven novels, assistant editor of the *New Leader*, and an active member of the Independent Labor Party, **Mary Agnes Hamilton** is a frequent and dark-haired visitor to New York City.

¶Professor emeritus of philosophy, **George Herbert Palmer** has for nearly two generations been a famous teacher at Harvard University. ¶'I have always thought it curious,' writes **A. Edward Newton**, 'that Samuel Johnson never met Benjamin Franklin: both were living in London at the same time, and both were intimate friends of Strahan's. . . . One is permitted to wonder what would have happened at a meeting of the wisest and wittiest American that ever lived with the wisest and wittiest Englishman of his time.'

Not till the spring thaws are over can we expect to hear the results of **Hilda Rose's** venture into the promised northlands. Last summer she gave up an unequal struggle on a Western stump farm, as recounted in her earlier letters in our two preceding numbers, and moved her family north to the virgin country on the shore of Peace River, Alberta. Once a month a dog sledge brings the mails. **Kenneth Griggs Merrill**, vice president and manager of a Chicago manufacturing concern, has found an ingenious 'way out' of the mental doldrums that beset a commercial traveler. ¶A young Russian officer who served in Galicia and in Flanders, **Nahum Sabsay** first came to this country in 1918, where, after a year spent in shops and factories, he entered the Harvard Mining School. Following graduation he joined the staff of Dr. Augustus Locke of California, whose encouragement and criticism in 'off hours' aided Mr. Sabsay in his mastery of English. **Dr. Gustav Eckstein** is an associate of the Cincinnati College of Medicine. ¶Because — shall we say? — of her environment in a Brooklyn library, **Viola C. White** has shown herself a poet and essayist of charm.

Charles C. Marshall is an experienced attorney of New York City who has throughout his active life been closely

associated with the Anglican Church and has made himself an authority upon canon law. Before its publication his important 'Letter' to Governor Smith has been submitted for comment and possible reply to important members, both lay and clerical, of the Church of Rome. ¶An observing and informed critic, **Horace J. Fenton** levels a searching though not unfriendly gaze at a great institution which should deserve our unlimited confidence. **John Reay Watson**, an editor and journalist of long training, is a resident of Melbourne, Australia.

* * *

The *Atlantic's* own opinion of the value of Professor Ripley's famous book, *Main Street and Wall Street*, is well known. We are glad to publish in our Bookshelf a review written from another angle by a banker of light and leading, but are still of the opinion that the improvement in the conduct of corporate business to which Colonel Ayres alludes is the result of just such sharp and intelligent criticism as Professor Ripley supplies.

* * *

Here is a symposium selected from the many replies to Joseph Wood Krutch's diagnosis of 'The Modern Temper,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. The opinion is almost unanimous that if Science leads to such conclusions as Mr. Krutch's the world will feel the need of another Guide.

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is an awful thing to question an editor's judgment, but I don't like the title of an interesting article in the February *Atlantic*. It is called 'The Modern Temper,' but that does not properly describe it, for it is not representative of the modern temper in general, but only of a particular segment of modern thinking. It ought to be called 'The Temper of Me and My Friends,' or perhaps better 'A New Ecclesiastes,' for it represents exactly the spirit of the Greek skepticism which manifested itself in the book *Ecclesiastes*, saturated with pessimism and holding all things to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

The Hebrew writer left a little place for God, for whom your author has no use whatever. He curiously enough sets up an altar to Science, for which alone of all human activities he seems to have great respect. He dismisses lightly art, poetry, literature, history, and religion as the offspring of imagination engendered upon de-

sire, and thinks that Science has a different parentage. Is not Science the offspring of imagination engendered upon curiosity, and in what respect is its parentage more honorable? A deeper study of epistemology might lead to sounder conclusions.

I am glad to have read the article because it illustrates finely how far the mind may go when once it has cut loose from all philosophical moorings. I hope we may have more by the same writer.

A WESTERN READER

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When Joseph Wood Krutch, exponent of the 'Modern Temper,' hands down a verdict in 1927 that the whole universe is without meaning, I feel he is acting prematurely and on insufficient data.

In spite of the Copernican Theory and Darwin's *Origin of Species*, in spite of modern chemistry and psychology, the modern intellect, it seems to me, is comparatively as far from compassing the essence macrocosm as the original cave man. The human imagination balks at the conception of infinity. Space and time are inconceivable for us without a beginning and an end. How, then, can intelligence solve the riddle of the universe, which is hopelessly akin to the problem of infinity? If after thousands of years of speculation and science we are still but a step from total ignorance, in what respect should the modern temper differ from that of 5000 B.C.?

In the face of such absolute mystery I prefer to stand like the first man and *live*. When my intellectual curiosity says, 'Is there a meaning in life?' my intellectual honesty replies, 'I do not know,' and in this dilemma I accept Professor James's memorable advice and 'Will to Believe' that life is worth while.

Life on these terms is not robbed of its poetry by modern biology and psychology, as Mr. Krutch affirms. Because we discover a flower has its roots in the mould, is the blossom any less fragrant? Is the fine symmetry and rhythm of an athlete any less worthy of Pindaric Ode because we suddenly discover his biological kinship with the 'humblest insect that crawls'?

Metabolism in the amoeba may be an elemental act of 'stomach' in which the organism folds itself about a lump of food, but that does not destroy the human conception of eating which has evolved into the rites of hospitality. Sex in the earthworm may be a primordial function involving physical proximity and secretion, but the mating of birds is just as truly a scientific fact, accompanied by lyrical flights which furnish excellent precedent for the love songs of the troubadours. Perhaps to the Freudian mind of the earthworm the average

nightingale is suffering from an acute attack of anachronistic illusions; but the phenomenon certainly cannot be charged off to the account of the Saints or Santa Claus.

In many respects it seems to me Mr. Krutch has examined a square inch of the great canvas of life and then declared the whole picture a mess.

DONALD B. SNYDER

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is more than one reason why you are a favorite with me, but the chief reason is that you make me think. The February number proved especially stimulating. I had had a sudden bereavement which made immediately acute my questioning in search of something to believe. Joseph Wood Krutch's 'The Modern Temper' may seem a queer source of comfort for one seeking light on the subject of personal immortality. On the first reading it was heavily depressing. Then succeeded a feeling of relief to find how much there was with which I could disagree, how much even my inchoate creeds still held to enrich my life compared to the bleak outlook there pictured. Perhaps my reading has been too largely orthodox. If I read more of the modernists I might achieve almost a conservative faith. A lucid statement of a definite position which one can either accept or argue crystallizes one's own ideas from out the vague and muddy uncertainty in which they were dissolved. For this I am grateful to Mr. Krutch.

Mr. Krutch tells us man is instinctively and emotionally an ethical animal, that man loved an anthropomorphic God made in man's own image, but that this God has retreated and surrendered control of the universe, that nature's purpose is not understandable in man's terms (if indeed she has any purpose), that the realm of ethics has no place in the pattern of nature, that man has developed sensibilities and established values beyond the nature which gave him birth, and must probably remain an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element.

To begin at the conclusion and work backward: if man is, as Mr. Krutch says, a part of the universe of nature, and man is instinctively and emotionally an ethical animal, then ipso facto there is an ethical element in nature. Man is it. Not all of nature's qualities need be exemplified in every one of her productions. If man is the unimportant creature he is pictured he could not establish values beyond the nature which gave him birth. The more surely he is merely one part of a great universe which spreads beyond him, the more surely he can create and develop nothing alien to that universe.

Man is young. He is learning to talk. It is the

first glimpse of a vaster perspective that frightens him in the dawn of his adolescence. That nature is not understandable in man's terms should not be taken by Mr. Krutch as proof that nature is nonethical. Man may yet learn new terms and a larger understanding of nature than merely the working of the physical phenomena he has recently learned to see. The predicament in which we find ourselves is that of the youth who acquires a little knowledge and becomes self-conscious before he gains wisdom.

Now out of this conception of mankind growing from infancy to maturity I have gained the answer to my own problem. I shall not say to my children that my code is right and any deviation wrong; I shall try instead to instill the feeling of need for some code which shall seem high and noble to them, and trust they may go further than I can in the evolution of man's understanding of God and the ethics of nature.

ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE HOLLADAY

* * *

Further evidence of the interdependence of widely different trades reached us too late to be included in E. E. Calkins's paper, 'Business Has Wings,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*. We quote from an editorial of the *New York Times*. It is to be expected that 'very short skirts should cause a rise in stocking profits; that huge fur collars on women's coats set the milliners to making skull caps, and that corsets . . . should leap into display advertising when Paris says that frocks will be fitted. But who would think that because women are wearing no high shoes the cost of building would be affected?' Such is the case, according to a recent builders' report. Goat hair was a favorite supply of plasterers some years ago. They still prefer it to the substitutes they have been compelled to use since women have taken to wearing low shoes. When more kid leather was used, there was an ample supply of hair for mixing with plaster, but now, due in part to the absence of high shoes, in part to the fact that many slippers have no leather about them except the sole, goat hair has become a rare product — and the cost of building is affected!

* * *

If mathematicians are to be believed, at least a score of them are losing sleep over Carl Christian Jensen's problem of the Spider and the Fly in his contribution to the

January *Atlantic*. Here is one who speaks for the fraternity.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

MY DEAR MR. JENSEN:—

Your reference in your recent article to the defenseless fly and the hungry spider has started a seemingly endless discussion. I puzzled over the matter for several days—consumed reams of paper, wandered aimlessly about, muttered meaningless phrases; my friends looked askance and sadly shook their heads. At last, in desperation, I took the problem to several mathematicians of local repute,—engineers, 'math' instructors, a college president, and so on, ad infinitum,—saying that my education had been rudely interrupted while in the throes of calculus, and that the problem undoubtedly called for a solution by some method in that part of the text I had not covered. Without exception they report that the correct answer is forty-two feet.

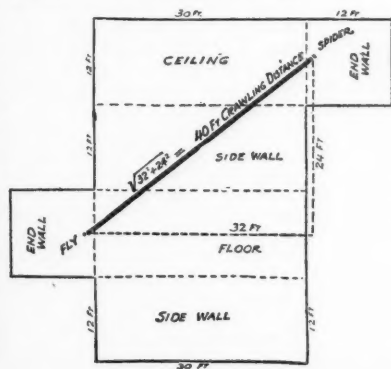
Frankly, I am in a dilemma—my sanity is being questioned—and I am asking you to get me out of this impossible situation for which I feel that you are responsible. Pray enlighten me as to the method of your solution.

I can easily understand how it is possible to make forty out of forty-two in golf,—that is done quite frequently,—but the application of that principle to a problem of this sort is taking advantage of one's good nature.

L. EDWARD ATTWOOD

Mr. Jensen's solution is vexingly simple.

A room is 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet high. On one end wall is a spider. He is 1 foot from the ceiling and 6 feet from each side wall. On the other end wall is a fly. He is 1 foot from the floor and 6 feet from each side wall. The spider desires to reach the fly in the shortest possible travel, crawling all the way.



This reader, a college professor, has a clue as to where we shall find the 'Missing Rooms' lately lamented by John Carter in our February issue.

?, ?

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I have just finished reading 'The Missing Rooms' by John Carter in the February number.

'Even if we make a lot of money, what can we do with it? Buy a home? Where? . . . Our young men can no longer go West or South. . .'

Buy a home? Where? Try—but, on second thought, I won't tell you! For, as Abraham Cowley remarked nearly three hundred years ago,

I should have then this only fear:
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

I have no doubt that they would 'hither throng to live like me,' if what I *know*, and what Mr. Carter *says*, are true. Mr. Carter says that 'a very ordinary sort of city wedding can run to \$10,000 without the slightest difficulty'; my house, I know, cost that amount, and is provided with nursery as well as guest chamber; and one of my neighbors has just built a house similarly equipped for \$9000.

I will, however, venture to suggest that if young men can no longer go West or South, there is still the North.

And if 'five thousand dollars a year does not begin to provide the simplest and most ordinary amenities of life,' and if 'less than a tenth of the heads of families submitting income-tax returns in New York City have incomes over \$5000 a year,' then I am certain that if I should disclose my residence men would 'hither throng to live like me.'

For I have far more than the simplest and most ordinary amenities of life on less than five thousand. Why not conclude that perhaps Mr. Carter's statement that 'our opportunities lie in the city' is an error?

As I write this, my house is so quiet that I can hear the clock tick in the next room. Both my children are out playing on a snow-locked street free of automobiles. There is no factory smoke to darken the sky. We have good schools close at hand, playgrounds and athletic fields, a good public library, a private school and a college, three or four factories well situated, and well-lighted streets. We can see the same movies that Mr. Carter can see in the new Paramount Building, we can be bored by the same *Abie's Irish Rose*, and we can listen to the singers and players and preachers of New York without spending two hours in the subway.

There is more real culture on some of our farms here in — but I really must refrain from telling you where — than there used to be in many of those old-fashioned homes with quiet evenings around a dim dining-room-table lamp. If, as Mr. Carter says, 'one can see that this old-fashioned home was poised on the fact of cheap labor,' the old-fashioned home need not go out of business; for labor is cheaper and more intelligent and quieter than ever before. It slides quietly into my house over a wire. It brings in no muddy shoes, it leaves no sweaty odor behind, and it is never in the bathtub when I want to use it.

I have no smoke-house, no scullery, no sewing-room, no servants' hall, no drawing-room, no dressing-room, and no dairy, in my house; but in spite of these Missing Rooms, it is still a home.

CARL J. WEBER

'Home, Sweet Home.'

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Carter's article on 'Missing Rooms' strikes at the root of many of our domestic difficulties. 'Home, Sweet Home' may be doggerel verse, but it expresses a longing which most people feel.

As a friend of mine, himself a cliff dweller in New York, recently expressed it, 'What can you expect of the children to-day? They are born in a hospital, they live in an apartment, and they will probably be buried from a "funeral parlor."'

Oh! for 'a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'

C. R. B.

'Homette, Sweet Homette.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

This warning is directed to those who have to live with the diminutive — in a homette — anywhere.

A CATASTROPHETTE — IN OUTLINETTE

The lady leaped from the bathtubette
Right into the cosy kitchenette.

Alas! the doors behind her mette,
And mashed her to a flat insette!

Such haps will come again — or yette —
Though this sad case is hypothette.

ALICE GRAY TRUSLOW

'Another Apartment Tragedy.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Having but one bathroom in a small apartment to accommodate a large family, and finding door to said bathroom locked over time,

I enter after departure of family and observe a copy of the *Atlantic* staring me in the face from among the toothbrushes and cold creams!

Now what do you know about that?

JEANNETTE F. HALL

* * *

This further elucidation of the Bahai Movement is related to the writer's earlier letter in the January *Atlantic*.

GENEVA, N. Y., R. D. #2

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In view of the numerous letters of inquiry which I have received, and in order that I may not seem unnecessarily cryptic about the prophets mentioned in my letter to the Reverend Mr. Swisher, I tender the following information.

I had reference to the Bahai Movement, which as a religious and social body claims the solution of certain world problems. It started in Persia in 1844 when the Bab, or gate, announced the imminence of a great world teacher and exhorted the people to prepare for his coming. The response of the bigoted and fanatical Shi'ahs was prompt; they imprisoned the youth, applied the bastinado, slaughtered many of his followers. The Bab carried on the leadership of his flock by such devices as dropping instructions concealed in walnut shells from his prison window into the hands of a follower waiting below. His influence spread alarmingly, with the result that six years after his Declaration the Bab was shot in the public square at Shiraz by a squad of soldiers. He was then thirty-one. At the time foretold by the Bab a prophet appeared who proclaimed Himself the promised Messiah for whom the people of all religions were watching. He was given the title of Baha'u'llah, 'the Glory of God.' After many vicissitudes He was permanently imprisoned in the deplorable fortress at Acca, Syria — in the words of the Bible, 'the Valley of Achor.' He was accompanied by a large following of His believers and His family, including the son who was to be known many years later in America as Abdul Baha.

The Baha'is believe that Baha'u'llah voices the spirit of the age in His plea for universality. By such unifying and welding agencies as a belief in the oneness of humanity, the common Source of all religions, the abolition of economic extremes, an international tribunal, and the harmony of science and religion, He says that Universal Peace can be attained in this century. The adherents of this religion constitute a fraternity of all races, colors, and creeds, and furnish a sample of that brotherhood which we hope will spread throughout the world.

Yours sincerely,

DORIS H. MCKAY

